









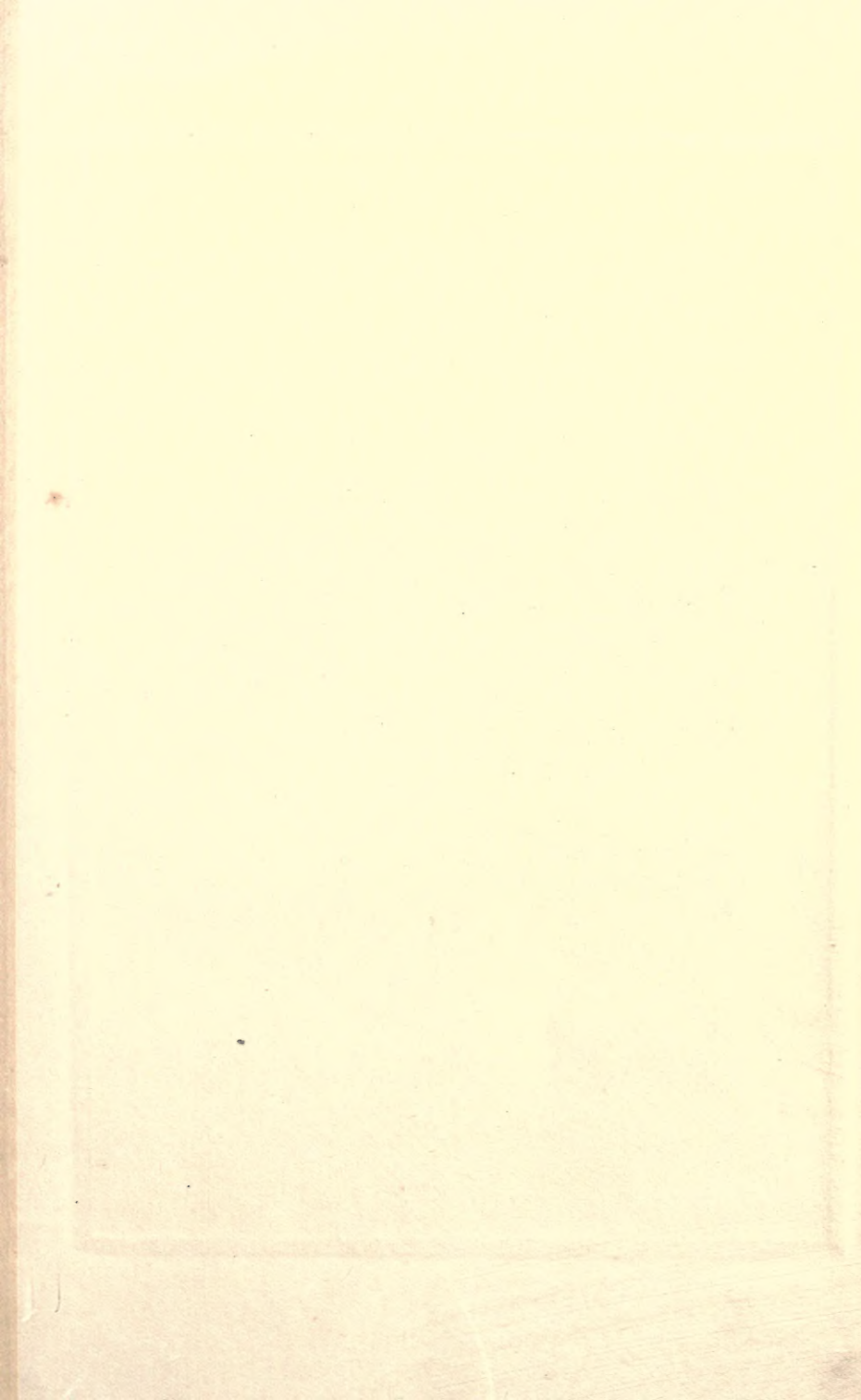






EDWARD BOWEN







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June 1875  
W. L. Goble



# EDWARD BOWEN

*A MEMOIR*

BY THE

REV. THE HON. W. E. BOWEN, M.A.

*WITH APPENDICES AND ILLUSTRATIONS*

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‘KINDLINESS AND NEIGHBOURHOOD, AND CHILD-LIFE,  
AND THE FRESH WIND OF HEAVEN . . . AND THE SUN-  
BREAK UPON THE STAINLESS PEAKS, AND CONTEMPT OF  
WRONG, AND PAIN, AND DEATH.’

## PREFATORY NOTE

THIS memoir of Edward Bowen is written to meet the needs of two classes of readers: the first, his old friends and pupils; the second, scientific educationists. It is for the sake of the first that I have dwelt, at what may seem to some rather disproportionate length, upon his work before 'youth had grown to man.' But I am confident that those who cared for him not as a leader of his profession but as one by whose side they 'trod the rough path of the world,' and whom they loved and admired with a love and admiration that they have given to few others however near and dear to them, will wish to have these specimens of his earlier power and talent. As regards the educationists, the memoir will, I hope, show them a man pre-eminent among Public School Masters, even in a survey of the last hundred years, who in some things differed widely from commonly received opinions, and entertained ideals which have yet to find their full expression in general practice. Edward Bowen's influence has been very great at Harrow, but it has yet to be fully felt through all the length and breadth of the scholastic world.

The responsibility for this memoir was offered to

two of his colleagues, and it was only when they felt unable to accept it, that it passed to me, his nephew. I have in writing it laboured under one serious disadvantage ; though an old Harrovian, I was never in Edward Bowen's house or form. I have therefore had to depend on others to make good what was lacking in these respects. But none surpassed myself in one qualification—in affection for him ; and I may perhaps add that during the last years of his life I knew him very intimately.

I need not mention *seriatim* those colleagues and pupils of Edward Bowen who have helped me in this task, and without whose willing assistance it could never have been accomplished. The usual expressions of thanks have a formal air, and I am therefore unwilling to use them to those who have assisted me in these outlines of a portrait of one of the noblest and best men whom any of us has ever been privileged to know. It will have been to them, as to me, a sad pleasure to do whatever could be done by us for the memory of one who will always hold a place by himself in our recollections. We are only too well aware that we 'shall not look upon his like again.'

I owe it to the courteous co-operation of Messrs. Macmillan, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, the Editor of the 'Journal of Education,' and the Controller of His Majesty's Stationery Office, that I have been able to make use of some of the matter which is included in this volume.

W. E. B.

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## EDWARD BOWEN

EMINENCE as a public schoolmaster would not by itself necessarily justify a memoir of the work of a lifetime. There are many men in the front rank of our educational army showing important qualities—a power of organisation, a capacity for discipline, a gift for teaching, a character which elicits loyalty and affection—who would not have any very strong claim, even in these days when ‘of making books there is no end,’ to a biographical record of their labours and successes. And if the best that could be said of Edward Bowen were that he was one of those excellent and high-minded masters to whom we owe the value of our public school system, it might well have been felt that his life should have been allowed to pass out of human sight without any further memorial than private affection and esteem. But when one who is not merely eminent, but in some respects almost unique, dies after long years of public service—years marked by striking and attractive attainments of various kinds—it is only right and fitting that some attempt should be made to extend the circle of those who hitherto have felt, it may be his force and power, it may be his charm and persuasiveness, by some sketch of him, even though it be but a comparatively slight one; nor is the justification of such a sketch any the less complete—on the contrary, the case behind it is strengthened—if, as in the present instance, the man of whom it is a brief account was, from the very nature of his work and calling, known only to a few, in comparison with the many who are acquainted with the name of a leading statesman or a victorious general. A master at a public school scarcely occupies a very prominent

place in the eyes of the nation at large, unless indeed he ventures out of his own proper sphere into some other, such as politics or theology. As a schoolmaster, however, he is known well enough by those who have the desire and the opportunity to make themselves conversant with the inner working of the great educational machine; but to the outside world he is known, either not at all, or only very superficially. Especially is this the case if he never takes a headmastership, and is always in theory no more than one of the ordinary rank and file. The present memoir is of a man who was from first to last an assistant master, though for many years he was responsible for the separate organisation and direction of an important side of the school work. At the same time it is an account of a man who is felt by almost all who were brought into real contact with him to have been largely unlike anyone else, to have possessed qualities and gifts, powers and capacities, which were of most remarkable worth and brilliance, and such as hardly any men—even when a long period of time is allowed for the comparison—can claim to share with him.

Doubtless there were some sides to Edward Bowen which, taken one by one, could be more or less easily paralleled. Not a few men have been excellent scholars and have possessed literary gifts; many men have gained the regard and confidence of their colleagues or subordinates; many men have shown a power of genuine friendship; many men have been able to win the love of those younger, even much younger, than themselves, and to retain that exquisite sympathy with child-life which we never see without being touched by it; many men have been able to lighten drudgery and to add interest to labour. In possessing one or another of these qualities Edward Bowen was not more than the equal of others, and stood neither by himself nor with only two or three about him. But his pre-eminence lay in this—that the characteristics attaching to him were possessed by him, both in a rare degree severally and at the same time in a rare combination. It is because of this that he stands out so far from his associates and contemporaries. Thus he had a striking power of discipline and government,

as striking perhaps as that of Vaughan. As a source of moral inspiration he was scarcely second to Arnold, while as a teacher he was much superior to Arnold. He had the vigour, the energy, the manly hardihood of Thring. He had all the classical scholarship, all the literary delicacy and grace, of the present Dr. H. M. Butler. Such a combination of characteristics would by itself have produced a very impressive personality; but Edward Bowen's personality was made up of more qualities even than these. He possessed many interests beyond literature and scholarship, and was more or less proficient in the subjects connected with them. He was a good astronomer and a fair mathematician. He had a wide acquaintance with military history, and knew of the Napoleonic period as much, perhaps, as any Englishman living. He was enough of a Biblical critic to keep pace with most modern discussions upon questions of authorship, date, integrity, interpretation. He was a keen politician, and deeply interested in all social, and to some extent in all ecclesiastical, reforms. He was a song-writer who, in his own line, was unequalled. He was a vigorous athlete—a splendid walker, a zealous oar, an indefatigable football player, a good cricketer. The 'Times' and 'Daily Graphic' brought each summer morning the interest of county scores as well as of Parliamentary debates or of foreign telegrams, and he followed the career of some batsman or bowler with the same closeness and keenness as the development of some political or industrial question.

But to these things—sufficiently remarkable by themselves—Edward Bowen added a character of the rarest beauty and purity. He was a man of deep loveliness, capable of giving to others, and of drawing to himself from others, intense affection. He combined simple and unpretending goodness with lofty aims and the most exalted idealism. His friends turned to him upon any question of morals or duty or honour with an assurance that was absolute. He was virtually a father confessor to most of his colleagues, both old and young. No man, again, ever possessed in a higher degree the quality of self-forgetfulness. 'Surely,'



wrote the present Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, immediately after Edward Bowen's death, 'a more gracious, brilliant, lovable spirit has rarely been given to the earth, as if to suggest that unselfishness does not always imply a preliminary struggle.' It has been surmised indeed that the 'preliminary struggle' may perhaps have taken place in him also somewhere, somewhen, unnoticed and unknown; but, if that were so, the victory was complete. He was, too, deeply and sincerely religious. It was characteristic of him to direct in his will that no memorial should be raised to him; it was equally characteristic to make the exception that a small cross might be placed at the head of his grave. He never, indeed, brought forward his religious feelings into the glare of public notice; but those who knew him really well, and who walked in intimacy with him along the even tenour of his way, whether at Cambridge or at Harrow, saw at times the unmistakable evidences of an intensely spiritual nature. His religious life has been picturesquely and aptly compared by one, who was almost a life-long friend,<sup>1</sup> to the Spanish river the Guadiana,

which plunges at a certain point in its course below the ground, but throws up thereafter to the surface, at one place and at another, certain bubbling pools, called by the natives with unconscious poetry the 'eyes of the Guadiana.' They are only pools, but they prove that the stately river is pursuing an uninterrupted course below. So was it with the religion of Edward Bowen.

Once again, there was over all—over scholarship, and government, and lessons, and games, and the intercourse of personal friendship, and the vigour of life, and the charm of loving-kindness—the almost continuous sunshine of his humour and gaiety. He was capable of feeling intensely sorrow and disappointment—no man more so; but the signs and traces of sorrow and disappointment were, as a rule, deliberately and carefully hidden away under a covering of reserve which was rarely withdrawn, even before the sympathy of attached and intimate friends. Outwardly his life was marked by an almost unflinching appreciation of fun

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. Bosworth Smith, in an article in *The Harrovian*, May 18, 1901.



and merriment and laughter. Indeed, it has been said of this characteristic in him that it was this alone which rendered possible the extremely strict character of some of his discipline; but there the characteristic was, prominent on most occasions; and he largely received, as he unquestionably deserved, the benefit of it.

And all this brilliance, all this breadth of learning, all this beauty of character, all this power of rule, all this capacity for guiding and inspiring others, all this grandeur of example, were given by him with glad and willing whole-heartedness to the School with which his name will always be connected. Now and again, it is true, his ambitions turned away from 'the daily round, the common task,' to the House of Commons, and to the attractions which others found there. More than once the question of candidature was seriously considered in connection with some particular constituency. On one occasion he fought during the Easter holidays a severely contested election; but when fate decided in each case against him, he was content to go on in his calling for the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life with a loyalty that was perfect.

Shall we deem his devotion too narrow  
For gifts so commanding and rare?  
Enough that his heart was in Harrow,  
And he gave it unquestioning there.<sup>1</sup>

His chief love in life was for Harrow, and we may well believe that it was a love which grew and deepened with advancing years, as brothers and friends passed away from him, and before him 'saw the Uncreated.' The supremacy of Harrow in his affections and interests was never challenged by wife and children, for he was never married. And when, at the age of sixty-five, the end suddenly came—just such an end as he would, in all probability, have chosen for himself—it was the School that found itself in the place of his eldest son. Of others, who had in his judgment claims upon him, he was indeed generously mindful, but the greater portion of his property passed, as was meet and right, to Harrow.

<sup>1</sup> *Memorial Verses*, by E. W. H.

The privilege of writing the record of such a life is obviously one attended by no little difficulty. It is almost, if not quite, impossible to give upon paper any adequate impression of a personality which was not only out of the common, but without its likeness elsewhere. The delicate tricks of gesture and expression, the constant flashes of fun, the little idiosyncrasies, can no more be written down by the biographer than they could in old days have been portrayed by the photographer. An old pupil, in an article upon him,<sup>1</sup> said with not less truth than pathos :

Bowen cannot be reproduced in writing, any more than he will ever be reproduced in the actual world. His great unlikeness to anyone else that ever was, or ever will be, makes the special bitterness of this occasion : therein death has its sting, and the grave its victory. The tragedy is not, as often in the case of other men more famous but more ordinary, that he left a great thing undone ; but simply that he has ceased to be.

A memoir, therefore, which attempts to describe a man who was in some ways indescribable, is bound to be in part a failure ; and it is no easy task to keep that failure from being complete.

Again, such a life as Edward Bowen's clearly does not lend itself to any minute and detailed account. One day was, as a rule, much like another. The correspondence was generally little more than notes exchanged on school business. No great dramatic incidents will make their way into the record. The fortunes of a church, or of an empire, or of a large section of the community, will never be felt by the reader to be at stake. The story is of the life of one whose profession brought him into no situations of national crisis, and required of him the solution of none of those problems of state which determine the composition of a parliament or the fate of a cabinet. But this memoir derives from one attribute of Edward Bowen's life a great advantage. It is the memoir of a man whose work was not chipped and broken into fragments, but was complete and entire. He com-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, in *The Harrovian*, May 18, 1901. Much of the article is quoted later on in connection with Edward Bowen's work as a house-master

menced his career as a Harrow master at the age of twenty-four; and when—‘forty years on’—he fell dead in the presence of two intimate friends, on an unfrequented road in a beautiful part of the Côte d’Or, he was still a Harrow master. The shadow of resignation was, it is true, beginning to fall across his path. He had, indeed, not done more than intimate, somewhat informally, a wish to give up his house and to confine himself to teaching in form; but for a man midway between sixty and seventy there is no long period of school-work remaining, even under the most favourable circumstances and conditions. And it was the sense of this—the recognition that the call of calls did not come in its sudden swiftness until all was nearly ‘finished’—which in a measure comforted friends and colleagues and old pupils when the unexpected news came. If death steps in and closes a career only partly developed, its presence is especially painful and distressing. But there was no thought of such premature intrusion in connection with the death of Edward Bowen. The perplexity and mystery which sometimes hang like a great cloud over a summons by Providence to another world were here wholly absent. The ways of God were patent and clear, and needed not that faith should struggle with an attempted explanation of them, nor that pious submission should take the place of a reasonable understanding. In the spring of 1901 Edward Bowen’s life-work was rapidly drawing to its close. His contribution towards the needs of his generation had been obviously paid in full—even ‘to the uttermost farthing.’ And therefore this memoir is the narrative of a life which was *complete*; and there is no need to dwell on the manner and degree in which the record gains from the fact.



## I

EDWARD ERNEST BOWEN was born on March 30, 1836, being fifteen months junior to his brother Charles, afterwards Lord Bowen. His second brother, Frank, was several years younger.<sup>1</sup> His father, the Rev. Christopher Bowen, was the eldest representative of an Irish family holding property in county Mayo, and was distinguished by many of the best characteristics of the Evangelical school of those days—devotion, spirituality, a hearty dislike of ecclesiasticism, profound earnestness, unquestionable sincerity. He was also very gentle and affectionate, full of sympathy with the trials of others, full of compassion for their failures or mistakes. Sir Henry Cunningham, in his memoir of Lord Bowen, has referred to him as ‘an excellent reader, whose children enjoyed no greater treat than to lie on the hearthrug and listen to his rendering of one of Shakespeare’s plays.’ He was, too, one whose able mind remained fresh and active with advancing years. When he was quite an old man he read ‘The Kernel and the Husk,’ and wrote, in a private letter to a young clergyman who was troubled by the book, a careful and clear criticism of it. It may be added, in view of the striking poetical gifts of his two elder sons, that he was a somewhat copious writer of verses, both humorous and sentimental—verses which were at times of no mean order. He died on the Riviera in 1890. Edward Bowen’s mother survived him and all her three sons. She was a daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Steele; the former being an Irish baronet, and the latter a daughter of Count d’Alton. From

<sup>1</sup> He died in early manhood. He was inferior in scholarship to his brothers, though not, perhaps, in athletic capacities, for he was captain of the Winchester eleven. Never, perhaps, has any man been more dearly loved by relations and friends than he.

their mother the sons doubtless gained their tenacity of purpose and strength of will—qualities which she inherited in no small measure from Lady Steele ; while she also gave to them what was, in her younger and happier days, her bright and merry disposition. She held the religious views of her husband with uncompromising consistency, possessing with him all that was best and most worth having in that type of thought and Biblical interpretation. She died at the age of ninety-four, having outlived her son Edward less than twelve months.

Edward Bowen came, therefore, from a home which was full of the atmosphere of Evangelicalism. It might well have been the case that spiritual excitement and even distress should be connected with his education ; but the religious influence of father and mother was, though continuous and persistent, quiet and sensible, and was wholly free from any traces of the more painful Calvinistic spirit. From that influence Edward Bowen never altogether cut himself adrift. He was, it is true, in the days of his manhood, widely separated from Evangelical orthodoxy ; and this change of religious position must no doubt have been the cause of sincere regret to those to whom Evangelicalism was especially dear and important ; but there always remained between him and his father some bond of religious sympathy, and the younger man would sing hymns with the elder long after any actual intercommunion in doctrinal ideas and beliefs had become difficult or impossible. There is a story told of Edward Bowen's childhood, which, though very trivial, illustrates in some slight degree both his own early conscientiousness and the religious character of the home. He was found one Sunday afternoon, either in the school-room or in the nursery, with a portion of the room carefully marked off with a piece of string. He gave as his reason that he desired to keep himself from the temptation of looking out of the window. Even in these early years the unselfishness of his character came out. If he and his elder brother ever quarrelled in the nursery and required punishment, he would offer—his mother writes—to bear it for both.

The two brothers left home while still quite young—nine and ten years of age respectively. Mrs. Bowen was in ill health, and it was in consequence thought better to send the boys to an establishment at Lille. Here they stayed for twelve months, but were not, it would seem, very happy, and it is plain from a letter which Charles Bowen wrote home that they were much overworked—‘We have ten hours of lessons in the day.’ Some very brief reminiscences of that time of exile, contributed by Edward Bowen to the memoir of his brother, show how advanced the two children were in their English reading. ‘Our books were few, but very well read. Two volumes of Johnson’s complete works were a great treasure, and the “Rambler” and “Idler;” of course all Scott, and as much Shakespeare and Spenser as [we] could understand.’<sup>1</sup> On their return to England they went together to a good day-school in South London, where Mr. Christopher Bowen had charge of a district. Here they were well taught, but they had to leave when their parents went to live at Blackheath, the mother’s health being still unsatisfactory and not permitting her to continue in the noisy and narrow streets of Southwark. At Blackheath the two boys went to a proprietary school kept by the Rev. E. J. Selwyn, father of the present headmaster of Uppingham. Edward Bowen afterwards, when examining his old school, wrote of its chief in the report which he drew up :

You will allow me, in conclusion, to express my sincere wish for the continued prosperity of the school, which it has been no small satisfaction to revisit as examiner, and to perceive flourishing under the auspices of the headmaster, to whom I myself owe the greatest and most important part of my own classical education.

The two boys certainly did as well as possible under his supervision and guidance, eventually out-distancing all their competitors; and it seems to have been largely, if not entirely, due to this lack of serious competition that their withdrawal took place, Mr. Selwyn himself recommending it in a call that he paid to their mother. ‘My dear Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> *Lord Bowen* by Sir H. Cunningham, p. 16.



Bowen, you must take your boys away from Blackheath.' 'I hope,' she replied, a little startled, 'they have not misbehaved themselves.' 'Quite the reverse,' was the answer; 'they are far ahead of the school and give the other boys no chance. They would require a wheel-barrow to carry away their prizes.' These days together at Blackheath lasted from 1846 to 1850. Of Edward Bowen, during that period, an old schoolfellow<sup>1</sup> writes :

Certainly through all that time he was the best-beloved boy in the school. So sweet and unassuming was his disposition that, though in each successive form he was *facile princeps*, albeit junior to most, no one ever begrudged him his position. His readiness to help 'lame dogs' was unfailing. His temper was so naturally amiable, or so completely under control, that I feel sure no one ever saw him ruffled or striking an angry blow. Yet he was a manly boy, always taking his share of knocks right cheerfully. I do not think he reached the First Eleven, but he was good at games; though it was left for Cambridge and Harrow to carry him on to 'Excellent.' I left school in 1850. That neither he nor I up to that time got into the Sixth was simply due to the fact that our elder brothers were there; and it was then judged better to keep brothers apart, though in this case there was no fear of either of the juniors surpassing his senior. His preference was always for boys of gentlemanly tone and pure mind, and he got into no scrapes.

Mr. Selwyn's own personal testimonial, written by him at the close of these school-days, need not be quoted in full; but in it he speaks of his pupil's 'high moral worth,' of his talent, which is 'very far indeed above the average,' of his surprising skill and accuracy, of 'his devotion to his studies,' and ends :

I have every confidence in saying that if his health be spared, under God's blessing, he will give to all those under whose care he may come from time to time such satisfaction as they do not commonly receive from a pupil. For myself, I may say that, except Edward Bowen's elder brother, Charles, who is carrying all before him at Rugby, I never had such a pupil, and scarcely expect to meet ever with his superior.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. A. Wood, Rector of Great Ponton, near Grantham.

In the latter part of 1850, the two brothers were separated; nor did their educational careers join again at any subsequent period. The elder went, late in that year, to Rugby, and afterwards to Balliol College, Oxford; while the younger, after remaining some twelve months longer at Blackheath, passed in the Lent Term of 1852 to King's College, London; and thence in the autumn of 1854 to Trinity College, Cambridge.

Unfortunately no personal reminiscences of him by fellow-students are available in connection with the years which he spent at King's College, London. It is known, however, that his health was not always satisfactory; and there appears to have been, at one time, some reason for anxiety as to the state of his lungs—an anxiety for which there was still further cause later on. His career, none the less, was a brilliant one. The year of his entrance he obtained the prize for Latin verses; and he repeated the triumph in 1853 and 1854. It is presumably to this last year that the story belongs of his sending in three different compositions under different mottoes, and of each being adjudged worthy of the prize. In that year, too, he obtained the senior classical scholarship, as well as the Plumptre prizes for original English verse and for translation. He also gained the London University Exhibition, and later on, while a Cambridge undergraduate, the Bachelorship. In 1861, after his brilliant career at Trinity was concluded, he was elected a Fellow of King's College, and retained his Fellowship until his death.

It was at King's College that he first began to show his power of English composition. There had been a magazine at Blackheath, but he appears to have taken little or no part in it. To the 'King's College Magazine,' however, he contributed on several occasions and with much success. Examples of his work at this period will be read with interest by those who knew him in later years. 'They exhibit,' writes a correspondent,<sup>1</sup> 'his *varied* powers in the bud, and are

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Andrew Wood, with whom during this period Edward Bowen kept up a continuous and intimate correspondence, but who was unfortunately no longer a fellow-student.

not unworthy of the future author of "The Eighteenth Middlesex" and the "Harrow Songs," for which I predict an immortality.'

'The Ballad of Oroetes,' by 'Publi[c]us Stultus Menti-  
tor,' has attached to it in the original manuscript, though not  
in the printed version, a laudatory notice from 'Romana  
Tempora,' in which, however, it is pointed out (no doubt  
with truth) that the author is guilty of an anachronism in  
making his characters now and then talk Latin. The  
Ballad, in its entirety, is too long for insertion; but quota-  
tions may be extracted which will give the reader an adequate  
idea of the merry gaiety, as well as of the cleverness, of the  
whole.

Oroetes—so runs the plot—wishes to be tyrant of Sardis,  
but cannot obtain his desires.

Oroetes lounged on his sofa one day,  
Sucking an orange and sipping *café*;  
For his chief occupation (excepting in war,  
And kicking and thumping his slaves, *et tout cela*)  
Was oranges, *café*, and then *dolce far*.  
He had soldiers, and horses, and money had he;  
He had slaves, he had vassals—in short, a whole lot o' men;  
And being a kind of a Turk, as you see,  
No wonder at all he reclined on an ottoman.  
But spite of his riches, and fashion, and style,  
The Satrap was very ambitious the while,  
And did nothing but sigh  
The whole day and cry—  
'Mehercle! This problem confoundedly hard is:  
What on earth shall I do to be *tyrant* of Sardis?'

An interlude follows in which a visitor calls, and Oroetes  
takes the opportunity of speaking of his hatred of one  
Polycrates, the ruler of Samos.

'I've been so upset. That Polycrates there  
Has insulted my herald.' 'What? Who? How? When?  
Where?'

'I just sent my herald to ask him to dinner,  
And meet a few friends; when, with very bad grace,  
And turning about with a shrug, the old sinner  
Presented—the very reverse of his face!'

'Mecastor! why, you  
 Don't mean it!' 'I do.'  
 'Well, all that I say is,  
 I'd take him.' '*Quid ais?*'  
 'If I only were you, it's what I wouldn't stand;  
 I'd take Samos at once. The man cannot defend her.'  
 Oroetes on this put his head on his hand,  
 His hand on his knee, and his knee on the fender,  
 And said not a word, but stared straight at the fire;  
 His visitor then thought it time to retire.

The results of Oroetes' meditations are found in an invitation to Polycrates to come and visit him, the proposed object being an inspection of a box of Australian gold just received from the diggings. Polycrates accepts the invitation 'as careless as Topsy.' ['An amusing character,' explains a footnote, 'in a popular romance, "*Patruī Thomasiī Casa*," which had lately appeared at Rome.']

When he came to the shore  
 To Oroetes, before  
 They had time to shake hands, he began to harangue him  
 On the price of the gold;  
 But Oroetes just told  
 A few of his servants to take him, and hang him.  
 Oh! how he did cry,  
 '*Eheu! vae mihi!*'  
 You horrible rascal! you son of a Jew!  
 You man of three letters! you carnufex, you!  
 Oh, please, go away! oh! hullabaloo!  
 But with all his loud clamour he could not prevent em,  
 So they took him, and left him there *collo pendentem*.

Seven years pass, and the curtain again rises upon  
 Oroetes.

Oroetes lounged on his sofa one day,  
 Sucking an orange and sipping *café*—  
 Seven long years had passed away,  
 And his hair had changed from black to grey,  
 And his whole appearance was quite *passé*.  
 His visage was sour as gooseberry wine;  
 From his face *tempus edax* had taken the shine;



His eyes, too, were *sanguine et igne suffecti*,  
 And he hadn't, in fact, the *mens conscia recti*.  
 To be tyrant was nevertheless his endeavour,  
 For crafty he was, and ambitious as ever.

He, however, is not destined to succeed. He kills another rival, and is called to account by Darius, who sends a messenger to him to demand the money found on his victim. The messenger is first 'despatched' by Oroetes with fair words, but is immediately afterwards 'despatched' in another sense, and Darius determines to avenge the murder of his agent, and sets out to do so. Sardis is taken, and Oroetes, in attempting to escape, is killed by a slave whom he had often ill treated.

#### MORAL

There's a moral in everything under the sun,  
 So I'll just, if you please, tell you mine and have done :  
 You may learn from this story of cruel Oroetes  
 That by *alterum lædens, te ipsum tu lædes* ;  
 But the lesson I wish you to take most to heart is,  
 Mind you never attempt to be *tyrant of Sardis*.

Allusion has been made to Edward Bowen's success in Latin verses ; and another of his contributions to the Magazine is upon this subject, being entitled, ' Modern Latin Poetry.' The age of the writer (seventeen) must, as before, be remembered in reading the essay, though its workmanship would undoubtedly have done credit to an older and riper scholar, and manifests on the part of the youthful author a close acquaintance with a branch of literature of which, as an almost invariable rule, boys and even undergraduates, although they may have high classical attainments, are wholly ignorant.

He begins by dividing Latin verse-writing since the classical age

into three eras, the first comprehending Calpurnius, Avienus, and the other writers until the general darkness consequent upon the fall of Rome ; the next, those of the Middle Ages, when men



wrote about themselves and began epic poems; the third, which we may more appropriately call the period of modern Latin poetry, commences at, or soon after, the Reformation, which preceded a revival, as of other arts, so also of that of which we are speaking.

It is with this last epoch that his article deals, and he takes as its representatives Milton, Gray, Addison, and Bourne, 'whose writings present such peculiarities of style as may enable us to compare them together.' The greater portion of his remarks upon each may be quoted, as showing his striking capacity for literary appreciation and criticism even at this comparatively early age.

The Latin poems of Milton which have been handed down to us consist of one book of Elegies, one of Epigrams, and a 'Silvarum Liber.' Of these, the Epigrams, though the fifth and sixth are well written, will hardly repay a continuous perusal. We confine our notice, therefore, to the Elegies and the 'Silvarum.' In the former, the chief thing aimed at appears to have been neatness. There is no greatness, though some originality, of thought; but the verses flow with an ease and gracefulness which are now not often attained. We are afraid there is a false quantity here and there; but false quantities can be pardoned when we have such beautiful lines as those to Charles Deodati, an intimate friend of the author; indeed, the whole book is written with a taste and polish which entirely do away with the unpleasant halting generally occasioned by the elegiac couplet. The 'Silvarum Liber' opens with a Greek translation, which, though it ought not properly to come under our notice at present, is, we cannot refrain from saying, one of the most successful productions of its kind that we have ever met with. Of the poems themselves, we may safely say that they equal the Elegies in facility of expression, and surpass them in greatness of thought. There are one or two which form an exception to this standard; but, on the whole, they present as faultless a collection as we possess. The three best are the poem on the 5th of November, which, however, is too historical to be thoroughly pleasing; the Epitaph of Damon, which almost, if not quite, equals Virgil's Eclogues; and, best of all, the magnificent address, 'Ad Patrem,' which we have no hesitation in calling the greatest of modern Latin poems. The epilogue to this and to the Elegies are not to be surpassed by ancient or modern writers. Altogether, these writings of Milton

breathe such a spirit of classicality—though he was no plagiarist—that we feel inclined to rank their author above Gray and Addison, who, we think, hold the next place. Milton *was* a poet under Cromwell; he would have been one under Augustus.

The ‘Poemata’ of Gray form a striking contrast to his English effusions: the latter are full of wildness, and in some parts even of majesty: of the former the chief characteristic is tameness, though the lines are not ungraceful. We are told, too, that when publishing his English poems, Gray only produced the very best pieces of all that he had written; in the Latin poems, on the other hand, he seems to have brought out every line that he had written, even printing single stanzas by themselves. These works all display a great amount of scholarship; he seems to have been rather proud of being able to imitate, and here and there actually to copy, Virgil in whole lines and sentences. Everything that he has written shows extensive classical reading, and the fragment of his Didactic Poem shows that he had studied Lucretius to some purpose; but the piece by which he ought fairly to be judged is his ‘hymeneal’ on the marriage of the Prince of Wales. This is written in first-rate style, but expressed in by no means original Latin.

We will not make any long stay with Addison, for the opinion we have formed of him is somewhat different from that commonly entertained. He seems to produce a grand idea, though not frequently—or a beautiful line, which often occurs—merely for the purpose of spoiling it by some tasteless allusion or expression shocking to classical ears. We are actually astonished at a man who could write such really good poetry as parts of ‘William III.’ and then finish a hexameter with ‘picturarum vulgus inane.’ This characteristic chiefly appears in the poems on the picture of the Resurrection, and that on a Puppet-show. His Alcaic Odes are his best compositions; it is somewhat singular that in that addressed to Dr. Burnett, we can trace an idea or expression out of Horace in every stanza.

Lastly, we come to Vincent Bourne, prince of translators. His original poems, though all very good, are not the department in which he chiefly shines: to his translations from the English we can apply no less an epithet than exquisite. His mode of rendering even the most difficult of Pope’s verses is truly admirable, being perfectly classical, and, at the same time, perfectly original in language. We should strongly recommend all who are in the habit of writing Latin verse to read ‘The Wish’ and ‘Chloe

Hunting : ' we are convinced that it will be as useful as an hour's study of Ovid. It is impossible to praise too highly the neatness and elegance with which these—indeed, all his translations—are executed. They reflect the highest honour on the Westminster School and his own diligence ; though, indeed, such a wonderful facility of translation could never have been taught. In these days translation is deemed as important a feature of Latin poetry as original writing ; and Vincent Bourne is the greatest of translators, as Milton is of ' originals.' We must acknowledge that the latter is the higher style of the two : still, we would fearlessly ask, what can be more beautiful than the following extract, with which we shall conclude ; hoping that this, our only quotation out of so rich a field, will be excused :

' Ah me ! the blooming pride of May  
And that of beauty are but one ;  
At noon both flourish, bright and gay,  
Both fade at evening, pale and gone.'

' Hei mihi ! quod floret languetque superbia Maii,  
Floret idem formæ gloria, languet idem ;  
Utraque mane vigenz placidumque et dulce rubescit,  
Utraque marcescit vespere, pallet, abit.'

We wish we had space to give more ; but every word of his poems deserves diligent attention, and, reader—at least one perusal.

Another essay sent to the ' King's College Magazine,' and published early in 1854, two months after that on ' Modern Latin Poetry,' was an interesting and unconventional study of the character and motives of Pontius Pilate. It is not necessary in quoting the article of a gifted boy to point out, much less to dwell upon, its defects and failures. Such a composition is obviously not to be treated as the product of a full-grown mind, but as the evidence of ability to be brought to its full stature in coming years ; and, in reading it, originality of thought and independence of judgment will be counted as of far more value under the circumstances than mature historical soundness. Edward Bowen when he wrote ' The Procurator ' would, had he been at a public school, have been a Sixth Form boy ; and it is as the work of a Sixth Form boy that this ' study in character ' must be looked at and judged.



The intentions and conduct of Pilate are, the writer of the essay thinks, open to another than the traditional interpretation. That there should have been years of error in connection with him is only analogous to the long-lived historical mistakes which have been made in connection with other names. 'We are now somewhat staggered in our belief that Richard III. was the consummate villain that Shakespeare has represented him; Niebuhr has shown us that the estimate that we have formed of Regulus is purely ideal; and there is, we believe, no scholar of the present day who would venture to accumulate upon the Sophists the scorn and reprobation of which they have been for centuries the victims.' Accordingly he is of opinion—and sets out to justify it in detail—that Pilate may in his turn reasonably be judged more mercifully and leniently than the world has hitherto consented to judge him, and that such an interpretation of his mind and nature is possible as leads not, indeed, to a complete acquittal, but to a verdict far more sympathetic than that which is customary and traditional.

Why may not Pontius Pilate have been an enthusiastic young Epicurean, full of the vigour and happiness of life, and with a sublime perception of the beauty of virtue; not one of those degenerate Epicureans who brought the name into merited contempt, but a devoted follower of the principles of his great master? Perhaps he had lately bade adieu, with pleasure, to the corruption of the metropolis, where his eyes must have been offended with the daily scenes of vice, and his ears annoyed by the frivolous dissertations on metaphysics. Perhaps he now had hoped to find this dull province a haven where his sense of moral beauty should be indulged with the contentment and quiet of a situation remote from the cares of Rome, and his search for pure pleasure should be free from vexatious struggles to attain to more than human science.

Let us suppose this view of the character of Pontius Pilate to be correct; his conduct will then be sufficiently explained. We will consider the narrative minutely. It appears that at first he was unwilling to conduct the trial at all. He was naturally averse to look upon human misery; the sight of the culprit

struggling in the meshes of the law, and then led triumphantly away to punishment, had no charms for him: the morbid excitement of such a scene was little in accordance with the pure enjoyment of life. Another governor would never have refused a criminal charge; a Verres would have extorted money from the friends of the accused; a Piso would have exulted in the death-agonies of the victim. Pilate proceeded with the trial by a course of regular examination. It was not long before the acute judgment of the procurator discovered the real character of him with whom he had to deal. This was no real culprit; that thoughtful and melancholy brow was never seen on a Barabbas: 'I find no fault in this man.' The prevailing feeling in his mind must have been one not so much of indifference as of pity—pity that a man born, like others, to the enjoyment of the world should sacrifice this enjoyment to promote, without any apparent cause, his own peculiar opinions, and that one who, in his eyes, should have been too wise to aim at uncertain science should find himself already master of truth! Here is a prisoner, a man of no ordinary mould, who professes to be, not a follower after, but one who has actually reached, the ends of science! For this purpose has he come into the world, to be a witness to the truth! It cannot be; none but a God could attain to the truth. The thought of years, the conviction acquired by profound mental exertion, was summed up in that sceptical exclamation, 'What is truth?' The idea of *knowing*, without *discovering*, was too sublime for a follower even of Epicurus. And yet his was no great error, for the faith of the prisoner was not opposed to the philosophy of the judge; and the mission of that prisoner was to show the world that *Epicurus was right*—to break down the barriers of that metaphysical speculation against which he and his followers had struggled, and to bring to the knowledge of the world that happiness in which he was so ardent a believer.

In the pages of history another scene is opened to our view. Remorse and sorrow have changed the character of the man; the worshipper of pleasure bows beneath the weight of mental pain. 'Be virtuous,' his master had written; 'be virtuous, and shun vice: so shalt thou be happy.' Be virtuous? He was, austere. Shun vice? He shunned everything now. And yet was he happy? That voice, once so kind and gentle to all, is now harsh and forbidding; that eye, which had but lately sparkled with the gaiety of youth, now seems to frown on the world around; every action is characterised by sternness, or even tyranny. The multi-



tude are moved to insurrection ; popular tumults arise ; Pilate is recalled and banished.

We have yet another, a still gloomier, scene to look upon. In the depth of misery and the helplessness of exile he has learnt the terrible lesson that pure happiness cannot be attained in life. For him who had once looked forward to a long and unbroken career of enjoyment the past was calamitous, the present insupportable, and the future [full of] despair. What, then, could he do but die ? He saw around him the world as smiling and joyful as ever, while he himself was broken-hearted. He was unworthy of the world ; he ought not to sadden it with his presence. It was in death alone—to him annihilation—that he could forget his former dreams and the sad reality. He must die. Shall Cato, the disciple of a creed which ‘ blasphemed against the divine beauty of life,’ plunge the steel into his bosom, and *he* be backward ? Shall Judas, the hated and despised Jew, seek refuge in death, while *he* clings to life ? That shall never be. And the philosopher died and left us nothing—but a name to ridicule and to revile.

Such conjectures, it may be said, are purely imaginary. To some extent it may be so ; but surely the attempt to rescue a name from the obloquy of ages, and to give to history one more character on which we may look back not without pleasure, is no unworthy effort of the imagination.

The same issue of the ‘ King’s College Magazine ’ has the following set of verses. They are of interest, not only because of their poetical promise, but as showing, in these years of boyhood, the same seriousness and sincerity of religious feeling as the beautiful lines entitled ‘ Shemuel,’ which came long afterwards from the maturity of his spiritual nature.

#### WHAT I READ IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE

I read that in this world of care and pain  
Three children comforted a mother’s breast :  
She, loving ever in their hearts to reign,  
They, ever happy in her love to rest.

Above the clamour of the noisy world,  
Their merry laugh was wont supreme to reign ;  
And when the children died, their parting sigh,  
’Twas said, had more of happiness than pain.

She sorrowed not : but welcomed, as she heard,  
The kindly Voice that called them from her side ;  
And when the summer leaves once more appeared,  
The mother bowed her head, and—smiling—died.

'Tis soon and simply told ; yet though the tale  
Be but the solace of an idle hour,  
These are the triumphs that exalt our world,  
And rob the grave of victory and power.

'Tis thus we gather, in our earthly clime,  
Some tokens of the Life that cannot die,  
And trace, amid the broken waves of Time,  
A floating image of Eternity.

It was in the autumn of 1854 that Edward Bowen went up to Trinity College, Cambridge. There is extant a small photograph of him, which comes apparently from the first days of his University life ; and the personality which it exhibits is a very striking one. It shows a well-formed head, with an intellectual forehead and thick black hair coming down over the ears. The face is clean-shaved, and, though the features fall short of actual beauty, they show clearly enough the delicacy and refinement, as well as the freshness and purity, of the nature of which they are the visible expression. The figure was then, as always, thin and wiry ; and there were then, as always, the signs of physical vigour and intellectual alertness. He is dressed in the ordinary garb of the period—a long frock coat and a large thick tie—and he wears a top-hat.

At Cambridge several names were 'writ large' on his list of friendships, never again to be removed from it. With his cousin Frank Synge, afterwards one of the Chief Inspectors of Schools, he was already on intimate terms, but the intimacy now deepened into lasting affection. Another close comrade, and in after years another close friend, was Sir Charles Elliott, a distant connection, who writes of the walks up and down the cloisters of

Trinity which he and Edward Bowen took many a time together in their undergraduate days, discussing eagerly all manners and kinds of social reform. Edward Bowen had at this time some strong Conservative tendencies, but he had also a large dash of that Radicalism with which he afterwards definitely associated himself. The survivor vividly remembers the extraordinary impression which his friend made on him, and how he thought that the various evils of this perplexing, maddening world, would assuredly disappear as Edward Bowen came to the front. Sir Charles Eliot applies to his feeling about him the lines from Browning's 'Waring':

Having first within his ken  
What a man might do with men :  
And far too glad, in the even-glow,  
To mix with the world he meant to take  
Into his hand, he told you, so—  
And out of it his world to make,  
To contract and to expand  
As he shut or oped his hand.

Another most dearly loved friend was William Saunders Smith, now (1902) Archbishop of Sydney, who writes of him : '*Strenuous et fortis* are the epithets that become the description of his character as I knew it ; and the tenderness and warmth of affection which accompanied those "strong" qualities are very pleasant to remember, as I look back gratefully to those early days.' There are fortunately extant some letters from Edward Bowen to his friend—dating partly from their time together at Cambridge and partly from a subsequent period—and they are full of charm and interest. Not only do they contain evidence of the more superficial characteristics of the writer's nature, but they testify to the mutual religious feeling which bound the two young lives to one another. The passages which give expression to these thoughts come only here and there ; they are just thrown in, nothing more ; there are no laboured or unnatural efforts after pious reflections and maxims ; but the casual unpremeditated references to spiritual longings and hopes speak far more



eloquently of Christian earnestness and endeavour than would many pages of elaborated sentiment. One of these letters was written at the opening of 1856, and therefore comes from Edward Bowen's second year as an undergraduate. A good deal of it may be quoted :

St. Thomas's Rectory, Winchester : Jan. 3, 1856.

Dear Willie,—Having just finished three books of Thucydides, I may as well begin a letter to you before I proceed with Æschylus' 'Choephoræ.' I am rather unhappy because I have no books here, and it hardly pays to begin Greek plays with no notes and only that miserable translation. . . . The fresh air here : fresh air anywhere else : : old court : is to new. I was on the eve of ordering a velocipede the other day from John Howes, and going up on it and persuading you to join me at London on another, but gave it up—I forget why. I must try and forget velocipede and all other excursions henceforward if possible till after *the* grind. . . . Have you seen Caird's [Rev. James] sermon published by order of her Majesty ?<sup>1</sup> I saw a review and extracts in the 'Times,' which seemed very good. There is a review of Jowett in the 'Quarterly.'

<sup>2</sup> I can't work, I keep reading your letter which came this morning. . . . Your letters always come and awake me, which is pleasant to think of when going to bed. My father comes into the room and says, 'Get up, it's almost — ; we're just going to breakfast ; here's a letter for you,' which is effectual. I conceal the time for obvious reasons, my hours being not so good quite as at Trinity. Curious that we should both have liked Caird's sermon—that is, as far as regards you, for I haven't read it yet. I can't quite see the force of your observation about going up. We agreed to go up together, and I will whether you will or not. My thoughts run much more upon the bright side of the scholarship chances, than upon the dark, which is on the whole perhaps the pleasantest course. I wish I could begin the year with more hopes of serving God better and believing [in] Him more. It seems as if I had so much yet to learn, that by the time I have learnt it, half the time of using it and working upon it will be gone. I can only fall back upon the dim trust that the result of all will be good. . . . You say you read Macaulay, and do not

<sup>1</sup> A famous sermon by the late Principal Caird on *Religion in Common Life*.

<sup>2</sup> What follows is written a day or two later.

mention 'David Copperfield.' I decline entirely making mathematical studies the subject of my thoughts when I am away from you ; and beg you will do the same when I am not near you. Hint to W. that you really do believe after all M. wears a wig. It is amusing to see the indignation with which he rejects the idea. It was cunning of M. coming and influencing the parental mind. What does your father think of him? It is pleasant to be able to shut up for the evening with 'Good night, Willie.'

A second letter, which also will be read with interest, is dated some twelve months later. It was sent to his friend on the latter's coming of age. There is in it the same combination of genuine fun and religious sentiment :

[January 1857.]

As your birthday is on Wednesday, and I shall not have a moment of time again till then, I send now my congratulations, which are accompanied with many wishes of further returns of the day, 'till we all come in the unity of one Spirit and the knowledge of the Lord to a perfect man'—to which I do hope we may get nearer and nearer every year. I hope you will manage to get over the few remaining days of 'infancy' with as much equanimity as the occasion allows, and make a judicious use of the privilege of signing your name—for, as somebody remarked on a similar occasion, it's something more than mere playing at *vingt-et-un* now. I shall feel awfully small when we go back again. By the way, I am doing that immediately ; my next three days being spent in—Monday, going to see sick friend twelve miles off, and back, all day ; Tuesday, go to London in the morning, sleep at Donne's ; and go on Wednesday to a kind of general Nicene Council of clergymen, who are going to hold a kind of [ ? ] somewhere in London, and Rev. E. B. Elliott opens the debate. Wednesday, to Cambridge ; can I do anything for you? . . . You seem to have been doing an immense quantity of reading ; all the Iliad and Odyssey with some Juvenal and Virgil thrown in is rather well. I thought I had been industrious, but I haven't done half that. I have sat down to (a) Aristotle and (β) Plato on two separate occasions ; the result of (a) was one page, of (β) an imperceptibly small quantity. By the way, what nonsense you do talk about Timothy and Titus. Why, we did Titus long ago—which shows you must have shirked it ; and I know I went on properly about 2 Timothy. The extra verse shall be duly inserted to-morrow. . . . My dear



Willie, I hope you may find life as happy after twenty-one as before, and be still, as 1 Peter says, ἐν δυνάμει Θεοῦ φρουρούμενος εἰς σωτηρίαν ἐτοίμην ἀποκαλυφθῆναι—at some time or other.

Another who went up with Edward Bowen was Edmund Fisher, afterwards first Archdeacon of Southwark. He came from Rugby, where he had been head of the School, with Charles Bowen second to him. With him the most intimate comradeship at once began, and the friendship lasted unimpaired till—after many years—death intervened. There are some humorous lines addressed by Edward Bowen to him, on the occasion of an unfortunate incident in his University career. It seems that Fisher arrived at Trinity with his luggage in the middle of the night, but was unable to make the porter hear, with the result that he was left outside on the pavement for something over two hours. The following poem was thereupon addressed to him by his friend :

ON AN EXTERNAL VIEW  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE BY E. H. FISHER, ESQ.

For it is plain that he who is outside is differently situated from him who is within.—*Arabian Proverb.*

What, Fisher, what, Fisher, was the happy spot, Fisher,  
Where you chose at midnight to repose your weary head,  
When the porter, slowly nodding, actually forgot, Fisher,  
Outside wasn't Paradise, and inside wasn't bed ?

Ha, Fisher ! Ha, Fisher ! down from off the car, Fisher,  
The box with nails, and carpet bag, and hat box, did you bring,  
With a hungry, Bashibazouk sort of movement, only—Ah, Fisher !  
To get the bell, and—yes, and then, to find it wouldn't ring !

We, Fisher, we, Fisher, easily can see, Fisher,  
How nominative changed into accusative with you,  
And at last when hoarse with shouting and when out of breath at  
three, Fisher,

The vocative was wanting, and the Latin Grammar true.

Rough Fisher, tough Fisher, did they sniff and snuff, Fisher,  
The little dogs about you while a-waiting for the porter ?  
And is it pleasant listening to the crow and the chough, Fisher,  
And is it pleasant listening for two hours and a quarter ?

Poor Fisher, poor Fisher, on the earthy floor, Fisher,  
 Did you woo uneasy slumber, or upon the box with nails,  
 Or spread-eagle-wise across the carpet bag against the door, Fisher,  
 Or—but we stop, for hat boxes, and dead men, tell no tales.

O Fisher! O Fisher! *could* the bobby know, Fisher,  
 The position wasn't choice, but sheer necessity alone?  
 How can you use such language about A Twenty-two, Fisher,  
 If in doubt of your sobriety he appealed to Twenty-one?

Yes, Fisher, yes, Fisher, nobody could guess, Fisher,  
 Vy you lazed a blockin' up the thoroughfare was queer:  
 Other youths ere now of dissimilar excess, Fisher,  
 Have done so too, but you of pure despair, and they of beer.

Eh, Fisher? eh, Fisher? Bobbies went away, Fisher,  
 So did dogs, and when the gate was opened you got in it;  
*But wasn't* it the painfullest of courtesies to say, Fisher,  
 O no—O—only—never mind—yes—nothing—just a minute?

Another friend was J. S. Thomas, afterwards the well-known Assistant Master and Bursar at Marlborough. He held a prominent place in Edward Bowen's memories of Cambridge.

How well (the latter writes after the death of Mr. Thomas) I remember the Sunday evenings when after chapel we used to go off, as was the fashion with some of us then, to hear a sermon, or part of one, at Harvey Goodwin's church, and then come back to supper at Hensley's rooms, or Palmer's, or Taylor's, or Synge's, and talk boating shop till eleven or twelve at night. One glorious summer vacation we went a walking tour together in Cornwall; one could hardly have a better companion for such an excursion. Three weeks ago, as I talked to him for a few minutes, he seemed hardly to have changed in these forty years.<sup>1</sup>

Then, again, there was Augustus Hensley, afterwards the Senior Assistant Master at Haileybury. One year junior to Edward Bowen was Henry Sidgwick, to whom he was bound to the end by ties of affection and intimacy which were never snapped nor relaxed. Still more junior to him, but at the same time overlapping, were the present Sir George Young and Sir George Trevelyan, both the close friends of the many

<sup>1</sup> *The Marlburian*, November 4, 1897, 'In Memoriam J. S. Thomas.'

remaining years. Another contemporary, who knew him then less well, but who was destined to become his colleague at Harrow, and to go thence to the Headmastership of Haileybury, was James Robertson.

It has unfortunately been impossible to obtain many detailed reminiscences of this particular period of Edward Bowen's life. Strong impressions remain upon the minds of those of his University friends who have survived him, but they are impressions of generalities and not recollections of minutiae. His perfect simplicity, however, his Spartan hardihood, his untiring activity, his purity of character, his light-heartedness and gaiety, his healthy and innocent enjoyment of life, together with his deep and incessant interest in all political and social questions as well as in those of pure scholarship, are characteristics which are vividly recalled by the survivors of those days. He would bathe with Elliott in the Cam all through the severe 'Crimean winter of 1854, breaking the ice, when necessary, to plunge in and out again.' He attempted, as a mere matter of watchfulness, to sit up two nights running, but failed in the endeavour, as was to be expected. On one occasion at least, and perhaps on more than one occasion, he horrified the porters at Trinity by climbing on the college roofs; and it was said at the time that he was 'convened' for the performance. Edward Bowen, however, never admitted this latter allegation, and there is no record of the circumstance in the College books. His name, too, has been connected by some with the perpetration of a practical joke in the shape of the publication of some sham lists of the result of a Tripos examination; others, however, have never heard him associated with the incident. But he writes to his mother, on one occasion, of his experience of a 'Town and Gown' row, in which he was involved one Fifth of November, on coming away from an anti-tobacco meeting which 'had resulted rather in favour of the herb.' In the fight, in which the undergraduates were much outnumbered, he was knocked down; while the following evening he had 'the ignominious pleasure of running away from a man with a big stick.' As to his general habits, he is said to have been somewhat



Bohemian ; and he doubtless had then, as in after years, a complete disregard for appearances and outward comfort. It is impossible to think of him at any time of his life as prim, neat, precise, much less as luxurious, well-dressed, surrounded with dainty knick-knacks. But he is remembered as a stickler in the observance of all college rules, and as a model undergraduate in his regular attendance at lectures or chapel ; and it need not be added that he was, from first to last, a very hard worker. His first year he lived in lodgings ; but in his second he had rooms in the Great Court, between the great gate and the chapel.

We were then (writes a friend <sup>1</sup>) able to indulge more freely in long symposia in each other's rooms, reading poetry aloud, making rhymes in rivalry, or in walking about the cloisters and the Great Court, listening to the splash of the fountain and discoursing on all heavenly or earthly philosophy.

A pen-and-ink sketch—he was at this time and for a good many years afterwards very fond of making pen-and-ink sketches—of his sitting room, in a letter to his mother, still survives. In the middle is a large table with books and papers scattered about at one end, while at the other the tea-things are set out. At the side is a settee, and behind the settee an upright bookcase, in the same line as the door. On the other side of the central table, against the wall, is a small table, with a lamp on it. In the foreground is an arm-chair, while in the background, between the two windows, stands an upright reading-desk. There are two or three pictures on the wall, and there are curtains to the windows.

Edward Bowen 'coached' at first with Mr. F. Vaughan Hawkins, Elliott being his fellow-pupil. But before long the present Master of Trinity, Dr. H. M. Butler, came into residence as lecturer, and his help was such that the two students felt that they could safely dispense with the customary services of a private 'coach.' Sir Charles Elliott writes of the admiration which Edward Bowen's future chief excited in both of them by his own beautiful scholar-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Charles Elliott.

ship. 'I well remember our delight in his lectures, and the enthusiasm he awakened in us when, after setting us some passage in English poetry or prose to translate, he gave us his own divinely felicitous version.' Edward Bowen was not long in obtaining his first University distinction. In 1855 he and Fisher divided the honour of obtaining the Bell Scholarship. In the year following he was elected a scholar of Trinity, and obtained other distinctions both in his college and in the wider field of University competition. In the former he won the theological prize, as well as a prize for a first-class in the annual examination, while in the latter he was awarded the Carus Greek Testament prize. In connection with this memorable success a reminiscence, contributed by the old schoolfellow<sup>1</sup> at Blackheath whose recollections of him in those earlier days have already been quoted, is not without its interest. It had been the custom for Mr. Selwyn's pupils to learn every week the Gospel and the Epistle for the Sunday in Greek. Three or four years afterwards Edward Bowen agreed with his friend that they would continue what they had begun as boys together and would learn all St. Paul's Epistles in the Greek, and the resolution was conscientiously carried out; the two constantly writing to one another to report progress. The knowledge thus gained must have borne its fruit in the examination for the Carus prize, as well as in the intimate acquaintance which Edward Bowen always showed in later years with these New Testament writings. In 1857 he competed for the Craven Scholarship, but without success, or indeed any anticipation of it. 'Nobody in my year,' he writes to his mother, 'has a shadow of a chance of the Craven.' Another unsuccessful competition—this time for the Browne Epigrams—brought him an opportunity for a characteristic piece of generosity.

They fell (writes Professor E. C. Clark) somehow to my lot; but one of my compositions contained an error in metre, which had, I suppose, escaped the notice of the examiners, as it had my own. Bowen was good enough to point this out to me in time to prevent my publishing the slip in question, and I think we always regarded one another as friends thereafter.

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Andrew Wood.



But the year 1857 was a sufficiently successful one so far as college honours went. He again obtained the theological prize, and a first-class in the examination, while he also won the first English Declamation prize (on Alfred the Great), the first Latin Declamation prize (on Judas Maccabæus), the first Reading prize in connection with the services in Chapel, and the Dealtry prize for Greek Testament. He was also awarded the prize for the best English essay.

This latter was on 'The Influence of Scenery upon National Character,' and is a very able piece of work with some excellent passages in it, though it does not represent the high-water mark of his Cambridge writing.<sup>1</sup> Character is defined by the author to be 'an union of habits all good ;' and the common recommendation of 'a ruling passion' is rejected by him. Great reformers may have had one side of their character brought out into relief ; but if they allowed themselves to give way to a ruling passion, then, so far as they did so, it was to the injury of their moral personality as a whole. Therefore 'the true and best study of nature will tend to remove ruling passions, will destroy impulsiveness, and substitute earnestness.'

The author then turns somewhat sharply to a consideration of the influence of natural scenery upon religious conceptions—an influence not to be confounded with that of the physical peculiarities of the country, which, though at times closely resembling it, and not always easily distinguishable from it, is really of a distinct order. He takes as a conspicuous example the ideas of hell. In the north, the Scandinavian conceived of the place of punishment as a region of eternal ice and snow. In the warm south the idea took the form of a belief in flames of fire. So, too,

the Italian with his wide views and clear horizon, or the Arab, whose prospect is an unbroken expanse as far as the eye can see, loves the hollow valley and limited landscape ; and so Hell with him is as wide as Heaven. The mythologist of the North, on the other hand, encompassed in mountain and mist, finds every landscape cramped ; and accordingly he imprisons his demons.

<sup>1</sup> The essay is printed in full among the Appendices.

Another influence of scenery is to be found—the writer of the essay thinks—in the religious impression created by strong varieties in climate. Rapid alternations in this respect tend ‘to suggest positive and negative poles of goodness and power, opposite spirits of good and evil,’ whereas ‘an equable monotony, or at all events a *gradual* variety of climate, is unfavourable to the idea of two opposite deities.’ And he illustrates this by the Brahmin, the Hottentots, the tribes toward the extremity of South America on the one hand, and by the Peruvian, the Esquimaux, the Scandinavian on the other; while somewhere between the two come the ancient German, the Chinese, the Persian, the North American Indian. The writer then touches—no more—upon the difference between the Greek and Italian scenery and the corresponding difference between Italian and Greek character; and then passes on to urge its importance in the case of the Jews.

The nature of the Hebrew mind is one which, more than any other, appears to dwell with peculiar delight upon natural scenery, and to find a close relation between the event and the scene. Whether on the weary desert to the promised conquest, or rioting in the fruitfulness of their treasures, and the hope of years fulfilled; whether fighting inch by inch for its progression and recovery, with the heroism which lifts the Maccabees to the level of the glorious of the earth, or, as now, outcast and wandering and hoping again; through every stage of the history, it has been the *land* that has been uppermost in their thoughts—the ‘land flowing with milk and honey,’ the land as the garden of God, Sion, Sharon, Siloa, Lebanon. Did they preserve their ancient allegiance? Then no feast more hearty than the first-fruits, no sentiment more binding than gratitude for the good land. Did they fall into the net of idolatry that surrounded them? Then under every high grove was an altar built. Did they recover, and fight, and conquer? They felt everything in nature on their side and against their foes; the winds and storms helped the people of their choice; ‘the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.’ No lyric of praise but is full of the beauties of the land. No prophecy but is stored with lessons and warnings derived from them. And no study, we may add, is now so popular, and no investigation so prolific, as that which connects the thoughts and words, the

history and imagery, of Scripture with the very rocks and valleys and springs themselves in Palestine.

Two questions suggested by what has gone before are then brought under some discussion. Firstly, how far is civilisation antagonistic to the influence of natural scenery? Secondly, what effect has Christianity upon that influence? The answer given is such as to separate the work of Christianity in this respect from the work of civilisation. The meaning of scenery to a nation has been found at its highest in Jewish life, but the effect of civilisation upon the Hebrews would necessarily be in an opposite direction; since their love of scenery was the outcome of 'a high objective tendency' given by the Theocracy 'to the national thoughts,' and civilisation works rather through 'subjectivity.' But it is different with Christianity. Unlike civilisation, which 'is of little help, if it be not rather detrimental, to the understanding and appreciation of nature,' it takes and consecrates those influences which the scene of beauty or grandeur is able to exercise. It would be strange were it otherwise, since Christianity claims to be an universal religion bringing everything good within the sphere of its own sanctity.

The argument then turns from the ancient to the modern world, and first of all to the evidence afforded by the southern continent of America.

The forests toward the north of this region terminate, somewhat abruptly, about the line of the Orinoco River, and are succeeded by a totally different species of country. Southward are the central savannahs of the Apure and Amazon, the boundless, trackless plains, with not an elevation of any kind as far as the eye can reach, stretching out in one unbroken landscape for thousands of miles; few rivers, no trees; but one vast interminable table-land from the Amazon to Buenos Ayres, from Pernambuco to the Andes. Here there wander the Guachos—wandered rather, for civilisation is fast encroaching—the nomad shepherds of South America; savage tribes, indolent in habit, though energetic in desires, ferocious, wild, and independent. Even their language is energetic, rough, and impassioned. Beyond them, in the far South, are the hardy, fierce, and intractable people who inhabit the cold, sterile, pine-clad plains of Patagonia. On the north and east of the Orinoco, on the other



hand, there dwell, in fixed and settled homes, nations, mild industrious, easily governed, and easily moulded by European customs, and devoted to the pursuits of agriculture: the tones of their language are mild and melodious, and its nature copious and artificial. Now what are the pictures of nature amongst which these latter tribes are reared? Do these daily look forth on dismal plains, a blank horizon, and wild trackless pampas? We have only to read some traveller's description of the country in order to picture to ourselves what the character of the people must be. The rivers, clear and rapid, clothed to the very brink with luxurious robes of flowers and leaves; islands hidden from head to foot in creepers of exquisite brilliancy and diversity; cataracts, in the foam of which a thousand varying rainbows ever play; never a cloud to dim the burning sky, never a breeze to fan the motionless leaf; and then the forest, with trees two hundred feet, or more, in height; a growth of underwood so thick that the paths of the wild beasts seem like arches cut in a solid masonry of leaves; creepers rising above it nearly to the height of the tallest trees; a rich alluvial mould; the cries of beasts, and the songs of the birds, never for a moment ceasing—one wild exuberance of life and vegetation. This is the home of the nations of the North-East. Can we wonder that when we come to the very tropics themselves, to the very richest of the rich landscape, to New Grenada and the Mexican Gulf, there are indolence and luxury, and—in consequence—oppression and cruelty and crime?

Other testimony might be found in the character of the Swiss, whose independence, energy, domesticity, cheerfulness, are the natural productions of the mountains, lakes, and glaciers; or in Holland, where in view of the dullness and sameness and orderliness of the scenery we shall not expect to find 'the fire and energy of the French or English character—no lofty spirit, no high aspirations—but honesty, freedom, religion, system, humanity, love of home.'

The essayist then alludes to some of the more solemn influences of scenery, as realised by the individual character, and felt even in moments of fierce temptation:

The gorgeous colours and indescribable distance of a summer sunset, the best and most elevating picture of the infinity which in great scenery is not merely a form of speech or custom-sanctioned method of abbreviating the expression of a system of feelings hard to describe, but a real and almost tangible truth;



the deep conscience-suggesting silence of the fields and woods, and this more impressive perhaps than the thunder—there was silence in heaven when the final seal was opened; the wholesome unostentatious repose, which can hardly exist elsewhere; the confirmation we somehow derive from the contemplation of nature of that most precious possession of modern philosophy, that of which Protestantism is but the expression in theological language, the absoluteness of individual existence; these are some of the things which help the mind. And the mind needs the help, and is moreover adequate to receive it. For high and good as nature is, our souls can nearly reach it even now; and in this it is true, as it is in climbing the hillside—it is good to consider that most, which we have just not attained to. And if we penetrate one step deeper still into the inner life of nature, another and more mysterious sympathy meets us there; for we learn, and need not be slow to believe, that Nature herself, somehow, waits upon man, and that upon some glorious future development of his destinies is dependent the ‘earnest expectation of the creature.’

The writer then points out how, conversely, character will influence the creation of scenery, as illustrated in Italy, in Holland, or our own country; but he does not dwell at any length upon these points, which have no essential place in the fabric of his argument. He concludes with a few words of practical application. The study of nature is a corrective to the extravagances of the spirit which puts its trust in civilisation alone. There is a poetry in nature to be set over against the prose of the purely practical tendencies to which we are more and more surrendering ourselves. So too there is to be found in nature what will assist us in the education of the people. There are some things—such as the value of simple goodness, or of cultivation of mind—which no books can teach. But the beneficent influence of nature comes in to help us, if only we would render it more and more possible for that influence to make itself felt in the lives of the working classes.

In short, we may reach the character by the eye and ear; we may learn ourselves, and make our people learn, as the child learns—first by his picture book, then by the gardens and meadows, then by the great world around him.

The essay has, as will be seen, elements of real beauty

and interest; but it is by no means the equal of another which dates from the following year, and to which was awarded the Burney Prize. This prize had been founded in 1845, and the trust-deed required that the subject selected for competition should be 'on some moral or metaphysical subject, on the Existence, Nature, and Attributes of God, or on the Truth and Evidence of the Christian Religion.' In 1858, when Edward Bowen won it, the subject set by the Vice-Chancellor had been 'The Force of Habit, considered as an Argument to prove the Moral Government of Man by God.' It is beyond all question a splendid piece of work—splendid alike in matter and style. If the essay had been written by the late Bishop Westcott in his undergraduate, or early graduate, days, his biographer would have pointed to it—and with justice—as an earnest of the original thought and spiritual sincerity which were to characterise him in after years, and to raise him to a level of pre-eminence among modern theologians and divines. Edward Bowen's strongly religious nature is shown in every page of this remarkable composition, as well as the width and extent of his reading. It is from the pen of a young man of two-and-twenty, but it is full of suggestiveness, even for the mature thought of the present day.<sup>1</sup>

The force of habit is represented by the writer as one of the greatest of the Divine workmen. It is found in inanimate nature; it is found in man; and the results of its influence are the kingdom of God and the citizen trained and fitted for that kingdom. It is with the second of these points that the essay commences. Can we trace the work of the force of habit in ourselves? What is its value in connection with the will and the emotional nature of man? If we can answer these questions, not indeed completely, for that is beyond hope—since 'it is almost impossible distinctly to classify the influences at work upon the human will, to define accurately what part of the constitution may be considered as bearing directly upon the moral nature, and what part only mediately'—but at any rate in some measure, then we may hope to go on to the larger field of the world in which

<sup>1</sup> The full text of the essay will be found among the Appendices.

we live and move and have our being, and hope to find it there also. Now it is perfectly clear that in man the force of habit is found with a twofold energy. It sometimes will stimulate; it sometimes will weaken and even deaden. This double character of its influence is noticeable as regards both the physical and the moral nature of man. Take his physical nature first. The force of habit is found strengthening and increasing the power of action. Outdoor exercise develops the boy's frame. The use of an oar does not occasion, as it becomes habitual, the muscular fatigue at first felt in connection with it. In other words, in any matter connected with the body, in which the will is either consciously or unconsciously involved, the influence of habit 'tends to confirm the operative power.' But it is not so always. There is an opposite effect when only 'feelings' are involved. The man or woman accustomed to suffering becomes hardened against pain. The palate which is fed on sweets is in the course of time unconscious of their sweetness. So, too, strains of good music will increase in value for one who deliberately exercises his faculties upon them; but they will lose by degrees their charm for the hearer who merely listens and never applies anything beyond his power of listening. There is an analogy to this double effect of habit on physical matters in an experiment connected with physiology. In a newly killed animal, one set of spinal nerves can be irritated without effect, while if another set are touched all the limbs in connection with them are thrown into convulsive movement. The same is true of the higher nature of man: the force of habit acts diversely. Certain sensations lose their keenness through it. 'Fear subsides, hope sickens, delight palls,' i.e. so far as fear, hope, and delight are independent of the will, and are mere animal products. But once the will comes into play, either consciously or unconsciously, the result is different. It is not necessary to illustrate the axiom that habit strengthens both the mental and moral faculties. It has its witness in every sermon, every seminary. Religious faith is no exception to the rule, for faith does not exist apart from will. True, faith is not always to be tied up with the working of *conscious*



will. Those who assert such an intimacy of connection 'do violence to the most obvious facts of mental anatomy.' But Lord Brougham was entirely wrong when in a famous lecture he went so far as to declare that belief is totally unconscious. 'He either forgot, or disallowed, the fact that, as unconscious physical actions are engendered by conscious ones, so the will does act indirectly, though strongly, upon opinion.' So far, then, the course along which our argument has brought us is clear enough, and the goal to which we are led is equally clear. The force of habit extends over all parts of the human organisation, but the effects of that force are not identical.

It is not a mere property of the constitution, with a single action, and bearing no special marks of adaptation to distinguish it from other faculties or properties; but by a clearly defined law its influences are separable into two classes according to the sphere of its operation; the effect being to stimulate the active powers of the mind and body, and weaken and deaden those which are only passive and extrinsically affected. We have not only a general property; we have a specific law pointing to adaptation and design.

Whether the law can be found at work in the home of man, is a question to which there can be but a very partial answer. Our knowledge of the world is so limited that no certain results can be obtained in an inquiry of this kind. Still we are able here and there to apply tests, and the outcome of these is to satisfy us that there are signs that there does exist 'a universal property analogous to human habit.' (It is in the development of this thesis that the striking originality of the essay largely consists.) Proofs are constantly accumulating that the laws of space and time are identical. What is there in the law of space that is suggestive of the force of habit? The answer is not far to seek—the law of universal attraction. What is its counterpart in time? A law which we may speak of as the law of 'temporal coherence' and which is 'universal throughout nature.' Incidents affect their immediate consequents, and such an influence is a powerful one. The influence is less strong in proportion as the consequents are more distant, but it is none the less at work. An analogy exists in the



truth that 'every particle of matter affects, firstly and chiefly, its immediate neighbours, then less strongly those more remote.' It is a familiar canon that 'each word we speak has infinite effects,' though these effects may be hidden from our ken; just as the infinite effects of moving a pebble upon the seashore are beyond realisation. In other words, 'time is gifted with the virtue of attraction.' In this thought we may perhaps see the reconciliation between those controversialists who find in a cause a real motive power, and those who declare it to be merely 'a precedent in time;' because if it be true that event attracts event, then 'an incident happening in time is hardly dissociable from the actual idea of a cause.' Here, then, we appear to have what corresponds closely to the force of habit; and the law which we seem to have found can be traced in all types of existence which are lower than human life. Indeed it is connected with the very sustentation of nature.

Suppose an inanimate object to exist with certain properties. The continuance of one of them through a moment of time produces it at the next moment by a sequence or result which is the most simple form of self-preservation: the simple tendency of the property is to perpetuate itself. Advancing a step higher in the scale of nature, the tree shows a more marked, more full, evidence of this consequence; the more the sap circulates, the stronger will be the tree, and the more room will it afford for further development. And, higher still, in the animals whose life so closely resembles ours, we find habits which would seem to differ from ours only in proportion to the difference of intelligence and reason.

These habits in the non-human forms of animal life are imperfectly developed; but they are an advance upon the characteristics of vegetable life, though they still lack the fullness of attainment which awaits them when the human level is reached. Coleridge rightly says that 'most wonderfully doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man,' adding that 'all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better.' The brute has a side to its nature in

which action, motives, will, play their ordained part; and here what we find at work—affecting instinct, affections, sympathies—is the representation of that law of the force of habit which we have observed in the human life with which God has crowned His creation. It may perhaps be asked, in connection with these thoughts, in what relation this law (which, as we have seen, makes for self-preservation) stands to the law of decay and dissolution by which it is thwarted. The answer seems to be that the law of which we are speaking is primary, the adverse law secondary. The latter is ‘engrafted’ on the former. Our own best sentiment confirms what physiologists tell us—‘that death and corruption are no necessary portions or consequents of growth and vitality, but that they are in fact in the highest sense unnatural.’

These theories, which we have now, so far, brought to an end, may perhaps be thought fanciful. But if the word analogy has any meaning at all, they are not necessarily untrue. Not only the holy books, but the pages of nature as well, were written for our learning. Why, indeed, should we suppose that the world is governed by different laws from those which govern its inhabitants? If in these efforts to obtain half glimpses of some grand law of conservation we have been able to arrive with any degree of satisfactory success at a system which connects human action and its government with the workings of all nature in its various stages of life and growth, then we shall not have solved the mystery of responsibility, we shall not have discovered the whole nature of conscience, but we shall have given grounds for additional study of the relations of daily acts to the total progress and final destiny of man.

What is that final destiny? The essayist does not treat the question as open to any answer but one. It is fitness for the kingdom of God. That fitness consists in character. Such was the great message of the Reformation. The mediæval Church had made salvation a matter of mere acts, of which some were placed in one scale, and others in the opposite one, while the Divine judgment was regarded as determining in which the weight preponderated. Such a theory of balance was a hopeless one, and was to give place to another and much deeper :

Arnold of Brescia had conceived it. Tauler had whispered it in the ear. Erasmus had spoken it in the closet. Upon the housetops, indeed, Augustine had proclaimed it; but centuries had dimmed the voice. Luther found it written in his heart, and gave it to the world.

The noble conception has found an eloquent exponent in a modern English theologian :

Not, 'What hast thou done?' (says Trench), but 'What art thou?' will be the question to every man in that day. Sin is not exterior to the soul. We form ourselves; we shape ourselves to truth and righteousness and faith; by our actions, indeed, we shall be judged; but it is not our actions that shall be judged, but ourselves.

And because salvation is a question for each man of what he *is*, therefore the part played by habit in shaping the destiny of each soul is obvious enough :

By habit, extending to each individual deed, the course of our lives is bound together by one great moral chain. Its links are great and small; but there is one for every action. The man who acts thriftily becomes thrifty, and saves his heritage. The man who plays the prodigal is soon a prodigal at heart, and cannot but lose where he might have gained. In no other way than this, each act of right or wrong bears testimony to the moral will, develops the moral character, advances steadily and progressively the moral consummation. Truly in our own selves, no less than without, we are compassed about with an innumerable company of witnesses. Of the number are the nameless charities, the silent heroisms, the impractical, undemonstrative motions of goodness and love; of the number, too, is the *εἰςπερίστατος ἀμαρτία*, the sin that cleaves like a garment. As surely as the growth of each leaf changes the form of the tree, so surely does each of these, with a distinct reality and life of its own, tend, one by one, to form and mould the man.

And thus development is essential to the moral law—development doing its work in part through the influence of habit. By such a train of thought we are led moreover to realise that punishment in the next world is not something arbitrary and external, but, like blessedness, the direct outcome of what a man has been here. Thought cannot



foretell in what the penalties then to be inflicted will really consist, but we can say this much at least of each requital, that it will be 'a consequence akin to the crime.' Another corollary also follows : 'Christianity is a religion of motives.' It is not so much by the result of an act, as by the aim which prompted it, that we rise. It is by the efforts made by will and conscience, not by the actual things done, that we mount the ladder to final blessedness. Again it follows that we cannot parcel offences off into sins mortal and sins venial. Such 'minor niceties of arrangement' are alien to the simple laws of morality.

We may illustrate this portion of the argument by the metaphor of a lordly fabric. The foundation is the moral law. Upon it the workmen, which are habits, rear the building, which is either a temple of God or an abode of Satan. But whichever it is, the building stands firm. And it is in the conception of 'habit as the architect of the edifice' that we have the explanation of what is at first sight a strange circumstance. 'Not every act connected with morality is a conscious one.' There are deeds of splendid virtue on the one hand, or of dark atrocity on the other, which seem to proceed from instinct rather than from deliberate choice; and yet we hold the author of the deed fully responsible, and award him praise or blame. Why is it? Simply because the instinct which actuated him was the outcome of the force of habit.

We may sum up all in the words of the Psalmist, and say that in much more than a mere phrase, 'His mercy is over all His works;' or our conclusion may find its expression in the great lines of Tennyson :

For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.

The instinct of brutes becomes consecrated when it is thought of as one of the 'works touched and hallowed by that wondrous mercy.' Nay, wherever we find 'the law of which habit is the human exponent, there also appears the guiding law, for which "moral" is hardly too great a term.' Habit is the great trainer of men, fitting them for things



unspeakable. It may of course become our ruin ; but it is our own fault if it be so. 'But that the gift is for our use and profit ; that by it we rise not only on our dead selves, but upon our living selves as it were, to higher things ; that it carries engraven upon it the express sentence of the Divine will for our moral progress and perfection—this it is enough for us to know.'

The final passage of the essay is one of singular force and beauty :

The end of such an investigation as the present can never be unmeaning to ourselves. We can never attempt to attain a clearer sight of an ordinance of Divine goodness, without finding and consecrating to ourselves if it be but the dust of the chamber of heavenly wisdom. Such considerations as these may tell us much, even though the speculation should be crude and the analysis imperfect. They tell us that if we are living under a paramount dispensation of right and wrong, so surely an atmosphere of moral significance breathes in the smallest acts of our will ; that habit, if it be no more, is the link which connects the meanest of ordinary deeds with the great laws which are a Theocracy over the hearts of all men. We exempt no person and no act from their influence ; we believe that they rule the earth ; that as 'the world is so framed by the word of God, that the things which meet our eyes consist not of mere objects of sense,' so they have rather their subsistence on the mind of a God whose prime law in our hearts is the sense of moral duty, the essence of that education and that Divine economy by which the whole course of His 'Church,' however wide be the issues of that word, is not only 'governed,' but 'sanctified.'

In 1858, too, came the critical examination for the Classical Tripos. Edward Bowen was supposed by many to have the best chance of the much coveted distinction of Senior Classic, and he had ventured himself to entertain hopes of the splendid reward. But the honour was to go elsewhere ; and if a short undated note, written to his mother in the course of some examination, refers to this particular one, as it almost certainly does, he felt himself that his work had not been throughout it all that he could have wished. 'The examination is over to-morrow. I have been doing not quite so well as I expected. I did very badly

at first, but have been recovering it rather since.' None the less, the blow, when it came, was a very heavy one. The present Professor E. C. Clark was senior, two others were bracketed equal second; Edward Bowen was only fourth. He spoke of it years afterwards to a pupil as 'the greatest disappointment of his life;' and so stunned was he by it that he never remembered, as long as he lived, what happened to him on the day when the lists came out, beyond having a vague idea that he had been to a theatre in the evening. At the same time he felt in later manhood, when he looked back calmly upon the matter, that the comparative failure had never made the smallest difference to his career. There is one slight example of his work during this unfortunate examination which may be quoted here. It was given by him to the same pupil to whom he spoke, about a quarter of a century afterwards, of the grievousness of his vexation. It is a rendering into English verse of Euripides' 'Helena,' 1107-1131.

Bird that lovest a place of rest  
 In the boughs of the leafy cover,  
 A temple of song is thy quiet nest,  
 And thy tearful melody thrilleth best  
 From thy bower all shaded over.

Come, come, come, with thy throat of gold,  
 And thy tuneful mellow cadence,  
 Come tell us the sorrow that must be told,  
 And the thrilling tale of tears unfold,  
 And the woe from the spears of Hellas rolled  
 On Helen of Troy's sad maidens.

He came from the plains of Troy, he came,  
 Borne over the surging waters,  
 And with him the bridal bed of shame,  
 And the queen the fairest in mortal fame  
 Of Lacedæmonia's daughters.

Greeks fell by the spear-head's brazen blow;  
 Greeks fell by the strong shower;  
 Greeks people the gloomy world below,  
 And their wives uproot their hair for woe;  
 No palace since long and long ago  
 Knows ever a bridal hour.

Of another scene at another while  
The Capharid rocks have spoken ;  
One arm slew many by cruel guile,  
One hand uplifted the beacon pile  
And lighted the traitor token.

In the twelve months that followed the Tripos examination he gained another University prize essay—on the character of William III.,<sup>1</sup> and in 1859 the last honour that his college could give him—election to a Fellowship.

Edward Bowen's position in the University as one of the most distinguished and brilliant of the undergraduates was also recognised by his election to the 'Apostles'—a very select and private coterie, to which none but the most intellectual men belonged ; and one of his most famous songs in after years—'Giants'—was perhaps based on an essay that he wrote for this society. Another and a very different club, in which throughout his career as an undergraduate he took much interest, and from which he derived much pleasure, was the Cambridge Union. This society, it need hardly be said, did not in those days possess its present buildings, but held its weekly meetings in 'an old cramped building in Green Street, terribly hot and ill ventilated.' Here, however, there were many vigorous debates, especially on current politics ; and in these Edward Bowen frequently took an active part. He is not remembered as in any way an orator ; he spoke quickly and eagerly, even jerkily, and with considerable vivacity of gesture ; but his speeches had much success. His great and well-merited reputation and the comparative maturity of his opinions gave him a standing among his contemporaries which insured for him attention and respect, while his charm of manner more than atoned for any faults attaching to his utterance. The subjects of his speeches are shown from the minute-book of the Union, and they are of interest as throwing considerable light on his views at this time. It will be noticed that his dislike of aggression, his sympathy with weaker Powers, and his desire for peace, marked him during this undergraduate period at the University as all through the rest of his life.

<sup>1</sup> No copy of this has been preserved.



But in home matters there was in these earlier days a vein of anti-Liberalism which found no part in the political opinions of his later and mature years. His first speech was on May 1, 1855, when the present Speaker of the House of Commons<sup>1</sup> moved 'That the party commonly called "Cobdenite" has done the country good service.' To this Edward Bowen led the opposition. He does not seem to have spoken again until six months afterwards, when he moved, with the present Master of Trinity (Dr. H. M. Butler) in the chair, 'That the present time is so favourable<sup>2</sup> for the re-establishment of peace, that it is the duty of the Western Powers to show themselves ready to negotiate with Russia for that object.' A week afterwards (November 27, 1855) he spoke, late in a debate, against a motion, 'That the present attitude of Sardinia affords the best hope for the freedom of Italy.'<sup>3</sup> In the Lent Term of 1856 he was elected Vice-President of the Society, and President of the Library Committee, the latter position being one for which he was, through his unusual literary gifts and knowledge, especially fitted, and in which he is remembered as having done good service. On February 5, 1856, he supported a motion, 'That the proposals accepted by Russia contain the basis of an honourable peace.' The week following he spoke in favour of the abolition of the income tax as 'both unjust in theory and absurd in practice.' The following week the present Right Hon. J. W. Mellor moved, 'That Lord John Russell deserves the gratitude of his country.' From this Edward Bowen was the leading dissident. In May of that year he opposed—and his opposition was a forecast of his later antagonism to a 'forward' policy in India—a motion, 'That the annexation of Oude was a justifiable and laudable act on the part of the British Administration in India.'<sup>4</sup> A

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. W. C. Gully.

<sup>2</sup> Sebastopol had fallen in the preceding September.

<sup>3</sup> Sardinia had joined the Allies against Russia, sending a force of some 15,000 men to the Crimea. Cavour hoped in this way to secure the friendship of France in his struggle with Austria.

<sup>4</sup> The consent of the Court of Directors to the annexation had reached Lord Dalhousie at midnight on January 2. Outram's mission and the deposition of the king had taken place in the following month.



fortnight later he opposed a motion—strangely enough in view of his subsequent opinions—‘That the admission of Dissenters to the full privileges of the Universities would be a just and right measure.’<sup>1</sup> In the October term of 1856 he was elected President; but the week before he took the chair he moved a resolution against ‘The threatened interference of England and France at Naples’ as contrary to ‘the true principles of international justice.’ In the last debate of that term he left the chair to oppose a motion, moved by the present Archbishop of Sydney, ‘That the interference of the King of Prussia with the affairs of Neuchâtel is unwarrantable and unjust.’ On February 23, 1857, a motion was made by the present Rev. Chancellor Lias (Rector of East Bergholt, near Colchester), ‘That the establishment under proper supervision of religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods would be advantageous.’ Edward Bowen supported the proposition, being doubtless impelled to do so by the strong philanthropic sentiment which would commend to his sympathies any associations devoting themselves to work among the poor and outcast. His Conservatism, however, comes out again a week later, when he opposes a proposition to extend the franchise to ten-pound householders in the counties. On March 10 and 17 of that year (1857) there was a long discussion on a resolution that ‘This House would regret a change at the present time in her Majesty’s Government.’<sup>2</sup> Edward Bowen, who, then as always, detested the military spirit, spoke against the

<sup>1</sup> The matter was then before Parliament. ‘In the Cambridge Act, which followed in 1856, all other degrees except in divinity were also freed from the test, though not so as to confer a vote in the Senate, for which a declaration of Church membership was still required. These very limited concessions to the national demand were, in fact, as their enemies regarded them, “the thin end of the wedge.” Few Dissenters as yet were induced to matriculate at Oxford; but a good many entered Cambridge, some of whom graduated with high honours. Thus a fresh nucleus of agitation was created within the University, and a fresh argument was supplied to those who were contending for reform’ (Prof. Campbell’s *Nationalisation of the Old English Universities*, pp. 91 f.).

<sup>2</sup> The Government of Lord Palmerston had just been defeated on Mr. Cobden’s motion condemning the proceedings in China, consequent on the seizure of the ‘Arrow.’ The dissolution which followed brought Lord Palmerston back with a large majority.

motion. So, too, he spoke against a motion made shortly afterwards by the present Sir George Trevelyan, 'That capital punishment enforced uniformly, and without appeal, would be a just and efficient check on the crime of murder.' In the Lent Term, 1858, he spoke—the Conservative side of his mind again asserting itself—against a motion declaring the recent suppression of public journals by the Emperor of the French to be 'an impolitic and tyrannical measure ;'<sup>1</sup> while shortly afterwards he again showed his severance from the 'jingo' feeling of the time by opposing (in his last speech) a motion, 'That the measure proposed by Lord Palmerston for the alteration of the law against conspiracy is inopportune and uncalled for.'<sup>2</sup>

Additional light is thrown on his political opinions and ideals by a paper—ably and vigorously written, though somewhat slight, and obviously the outcome of spare moments—which he contributed in 1858, the year of his degree and of the Burney Prize Essay, to 'Academica,' an ephemeral Cambridge magazine, on the subject of 'Modern War.'<sup>3</sup> The salutary effect of war upon selfishness and corruption at home seems to the essayist to be overstated in such a poem as Tennyson's 'Maud.' Commercial prosperity makes for the boon of material happiness, and until it is shown that such prosperity is the parent of crime, let us seek for it. The love of fighting is part of our brute instincts, and it is no part of the duty of the Christian Church to stimulate and encourage them. As regards the Crimean War itself, the essayist believes it to have been defensible on moral grounds. It was undertaken against aggression in defence of the common welfare. Russia had 'attacked an individual part of the common body of European interest, which it was our duty to defend.' The object, therefore, of the war was such as to ennoble the efforts made to carry it on. On the other hand, mere selfishness, or a coarse pride in strength, degrades

<sup>1</sup> Orsini's attempt to assassinate the French Emperor had been made early in that year (January 14).

<sup>2</sup> Lord Palmerston's Bill made conspiracy to murder a felony in England, as already in Ireland, and punishable with transportation. It was defeated on Mr. Milner Gibson's amendment, and Lord Palmerston resigned in consequence.

<sup>3</sup> The essay will be found among the Appendices.

military undertakings, even when those undertakings are exemplified in an Alma or an Inkermann. The writer then passes on to praise with enthusiasm Lord Clarendon's suggestion at the Congress of Paris that mediation should be generally employed as a substitute for the arbitrament of arms.

Well spoken, representative of England ! Is not this a positive gain ? May we not presume that we have here the germ of a system which after years and years may lead us, in spite of all the 'Mauds' that can be written, to cast our hopes, not on the coming of a Russian fleet against Portsmouth, but on the steady and unselfish working of honest diplomacy, and very possibly a multitude of those processes of civilisation which more than one parliamentary orator would call hypocrisies and shams ?

The essayist goes on to argue that the war in the Crimea had been too far off to bring to this country much improvement socially and politically. It was not as when the Armada threatened England in the sixteenth century. Then the result had been national unity where previously there had been discord and party divisions. Then, under the gathering of the storm over the land itself, there came the healing of internecine quarrels and the repair of broken bonds and the transformation of enmities into alliances. These results had been excellent ; but valuable and important as they were, they had been purchased at a very high price. Nor was the price one which must perforce be paid for them. The existing generation had a better and stronger substitute for war by which to rise above its present level. It might seem a poor thing to have to work by means of statistics and blue-books and debates and diplomacy, but these might do at least as much for England as an invasion by the French. The path of peace and of commercial activity did not lead away from the true goal of a great country.

It is not that the nation has changed ; it is not that its work has degenerated ; it is but that civilisation has brought its fruits ; and among them we reckon a gravity of political action, which may indeed appear to obliterate the freshness of popular energy, but leaves in its stead the possibility of equal vigour combined with a recognition of the laws which have altered, we believe for good,



the relations which we bear man to man, and nation to nation. We are going on in a path which is not averse to energy, and not repugnant to honesty; we have openings wider and wider every day for the lover of his country to do it what good he may. If we wish, then, to go on and advance till we approach more nearly, and as nearly as may here be, to the form of a perfect nation, if we desire that

‘—noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of the nation beat with one desire,’

let us ennoble that desire, and strive to enrich that thought, not in a mere outward enthusiasm caught from some instinct of the sinews, but by those means which are prepared by the onward progress of humanity for the use and benefit of nations which recognise their highest happiness in the quiet routine of civilisation.

But during these years of undergraduate life Edward Bowen was not merely a scholar, an essay writer, and a debater. He was then, as afterwards, an untiring athlete. He does not indeed appear to have played much cricket at Cambridge—‘Willow the King’ was a monarch whose reign over his interests had not yet commenced—but he was in the Eight of the Second Trinity Boating Club, a society which has now for some time been extinct, but which was then a flourishing institution composed to a considerable extent of reading men. J. S. Thomas, to whom reference has already been made, was another member of the crew. Neither he nor Edward Bowen was a really first-rate oar; but each was a genuine enthusiast, and ‘such was the work that their zeal did’ that Second Trinity rapidly rose until the boat was within one place of the headship of the river.

Edward Bowen was, too, a zealous skater, and is said to have skated on one occasion from Cambridge to King’s Lynn. At another time he skated from Cambridge to Ely and back twice in the same day. But walking was his favourite pastime, a frequent companion being Elliott. The two both delighted in Ely, and their first long walk together had for its object what, says Sir Charles Elliott, ‘was a sort of Mecca to us.’ Their longest tramp was from Cambridge to London.



I am not likely (writes the same correspondent) to forget how tender the soles of my feet became towards the end, and how pitifully, but vainly, I entreated him, when the first hansom came in sight, to accept the doctrine that we had reached London, though we had not arrived at the place which he marked down as the limit of our journey.

His most celebrated walk, however—and one very rarely accomplished—was a little later, and was taken in company with another friend than Elliott, who had then gone to India. The walk was from Cambridge to Oxford; and the time occupied over the feat was twenty-six consecutive hours, beginning at midnight, Edward Bowen having been delayed towards the end for some four hours by the unfortunate breakdown of his companion, whom he had to leave behind, and without whom he finished the great effort. He sometimes in after days spoke of the completeness for the moment of his exhaustion. Body and nerves were both utterly tired out. Opposite St. Mary's Church—it was about two o'clock in the morning—he leaned heavily for a few minutes against a lamp-post. A policeman came up and doubted his condition. 'Where have you come from?' was the query. 'Cambridge,' was the weary answer, which scarcely reassured the officer of justice. However, he fortunately succeeded, in some way or other, in satisfying the suspicions of his questioner, and crawled on to his hotel. It says a great deal for his power of recovery that he was next morning not much the worse for all that he had gone through. The achievement was one of which he was naturally proud, and when at Harrow he used to encourage the more athletic of his pupils to imitate it; and two or three of them have succeeded in following in his steps—but only two or three.

There is no need to say how deep was his affection throughout his life for Cambridge. The thoughts of such days—with the one sad exception of the day of the publication of the lists—could never be unwelcome or distasteful to him. That period was to him, as to so many others, a beloved memory. There was often thitherwards that retrospect, that glance into the past, of which he speaks in one of his songs :

One look back—as we hurry o'er the plain,  
Man's years speeding us along—  
One look back ! From the hollow past again,  
Youth come flooding into song !  
Tell how once, in the breath of summer air,  
Winds blew fresher than they blow ;  
Times long hid, with their triumph and their care,  
Yesterday—many years ago ! <sup>1</sup>

And as he looked back upon his own recollections of his University, and added to his own associations the experiences of his friends and pupils, and compared them with the testimony, direct or indirect, of others whose lot had been cast elsewhere, there was formed a strong and genuine belief, to which he always adhered—not the sentiment of a partisan, but the impartial view of a man of judgment—in the superiority of Cambridge to Oxford.

<sup>1</sup> *Song for Old Harrovians.*

## II

As his Cambridge career drew to its close, Edward Bowen had more than one offer of scholastic work. He chose to go as assistant master to Marlborough, then a new school, of which Dr. Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, was the head. Dr. Bradley had been Charles Bowen's tutor at Rugby, and he was only too glad of the opportunity of securing the services of his old pupil's brilliant brother. But Marlborough masterships were then ill paid, and Dr. Bradley was ever ready to help, as far as he could, his subordinates to posts in richer schools. Edward Bowen's stay there lasted less than a single term. He seems to have commenced his work in the middle of the school quarter, and he had not been there a month when promotion to a mastership at Harrow followed. Dr. Bradley had sung his praises to Dr. Vaughan, when the latter was on a visit, with the result that an offer had at once been made to Edward Bowen to join the Harrow staff. Of these few weeks at Marlborough some scanty gleanings are derivable from a letter sent by Edward Bowen to a friend. The letter is interesting, for in the first place it shows that he had, like others, his early difficulties in discipline to contend with—difficulties which followed him to Harrow; and in the second place we see in it his feeling as to the comradeship which should exist between boys and masters—a feeling which was to find practical expression at Harrow.

Having been intellectually employed for the whole of the last twelve hours, with the exception of three short meals, I take up as a change the occupation of writing to you. . . . I came down about a fortnight ago; and leave in about three weeks more—that is to say, what is left of me will then leave; for with these morning chapels and small boys I am getting quite the pelican upon

the housetop, which withereth afore it be dried up, or any other natural phenomenon expressive of prolonged and fatal exertions. I am not doing the Sixth, as you suppose, but only a form of some small boys, the most blessed young rascals I ever came across, and a few of the Sixth to coach privately. The latter are better than I should have expected; the former I can't draw a more terrible picture of, than by saying they are precisely like what I conceive myself to have been when at the age of about thirteen. I am thinking of astonishing them with one or two bursts of severity of a ferocious order. I sit up every night practising a look of authority before the looking glass; and my friends tell me it becomes me quite naturally.

As to liking it, one can't feel oneself in Paradise when one has to work like this; but it is very pleasant, only I am getting rather to wish it was over. Fact is, I am trying to read for myself too, and the two don't get on. . . . You say, what do I think of it? I confess, I think the system extremely good, in fact nearly perfect; the only thing is that it cannot be entirely acted up to. A house I think a mistake, and the boys are altogether too crowded, the place too small; and I should think the Headmaster's position was not very pleasant, but the masters associating together, and mixing so much with the boys, is first-rate. There is something to my taste quite delightful in having a fellow in to tea in the evening and setting him an imposition the first thing next morning; or keeping him in the first part of the afternoon, and playing cricket with him the second—quite what a master's work should be. . . . If you had any bowels of compassion, you would write to a fellow who was a miserable galley slave, at least once a week—say every Toosday for instance; and the first time you do so tell him about your movements, and give him a tip or two about the place, and what your views on detention are, and what is the best mode of conducting preparation, which institution I hereby solemnly denounce and execrate. . . . If this epistle is interesting to you, it will speak volumes in favour of your attachment to Marlborough; for the fact is, I am so sleepy that I don't know what I have been writing, and I am going to bed, and I hate morning chapel, and am your affectionate friend.

It must have been shortly after this letter that Edward Bowen sent a brief note (undated) to his mother giving her the list of Fellows elected to Trinity, which had just been published, and also telling her of the proposal with regard to Harrow which had been made to him:



Vaughan has just offered me a mastership at Harrow. To begin at Christmas; a low form, with light work, which is an advantage. Vaughan guarantees 300*l.* for the first year, and promises that it shall not be less at all events afterwards. What do you think? I rather incline towards taking it.

A little later on he writes again to her:

I came back yesterday from my visit to Vaughan—a very short one—but just enough to assure me there was such a place as Harrow. I like Vaughan very much; even more than I had expected. The place is small, on the top of a hill, and the school externally nothing very imposing; pretty chapel; one good sermon from Vaughan; another of horrible and preternatural dullness from some other master. Of course some of the masters are somewhat more advanced in years than the Marlborough men; in fact, I sha'n't have a soul in the place of my own age within four years either way.

They hold out dismal prospects of the expensiveness of the place. The absence of lodgings is quite singular; not a single furnished lodging in the place vacant that they know of. All the openings for a bachelor are: (1) unfurnished apartments over a shop, with no entrance except through it, and the unpleasant possibility always before one's eyes of having one's furniture distrained for rent; (2) some way from the school a small wooden house of the style, though not the grand appearance, of that one in the Isle of Wight; for which the charge is, unfurnished, 40*l.* a year including taxes. It doesn't matter what one has for half a year, or a year, to begin with, as other things may turn up. I rather think I shall take No. 1 if I hear of nothing better. Mrs. Vaughan was very kind. . . .

This letter seems to dispose of one tradition which has adhered at Harrow to Edward Bowen's first appearance there. It was whispered—so runs the legend—as the unknown visitor was seen in chapel that he was 'the new master,' and that he had just walked over from Cambridge. There is a further story that after chapel he set out to walk back again, but lost himself in the dark in the neighbourhood of St. Albans. It seems pretty clear, however, that he had not come from Cambridge at all, but from Marlborough, and that he returned there immediately.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Edward Bowen, however, had, as has already been mentioned, walked from Cambridge to London in his undergraduate days.

It was, then, in January 1859 that Edward Bowen entered on his work at Harrow, which was to last over a period of forty-two years, terminating only with his life—a period ‘to which,’ writes a colleague, ‘for its wide-spread influence, its versatile brilliance, and its unselfish strenuousness, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel.’ He was at once thoroughly happy in his profession, though his troubles with regard to the maintenance of order continued for a short while. Thus he writes again to his mother :

I am getting on all right ; began work absolutely on Thursday, and am now fairly into it. I have thirty-three small boys, from 11 to 16, to instruct in Homer, Cæsar, and the like, who are, I suppose, pretty much like all other boys, of a playful nature, and generally uncontrollable. The only way is to bully them tremendously at first, but it is easier in theory than practice.

One who was a couple of terms afterwards in his form, and who is now himself a well-known public schoolmaster,<sup>1</sup> bears out in a letter this confession of perplexities in the matter of discipline :

In those days he was no disciplinarian, and ‘quem virum’s’—his favourite punishment was this ode—flew about freely without much effect. But he soon acquired the power of control, and no one who knew him later would ever suspect his earlier difficulties.

Edward Bowen had only just completed the first twelve months of his new work, when a critical hour in the fortunes of the School suddenly struck. Dr. Vaughan resigned. His headmastership had lasted over a term of fifteen years, in which time he had been ‘in every sense the restorer of Harrow.’ The numbers had increased from 69 to 469 ; and the reputation of the School had risen from its lowest, almost to its highest, level. For Dr. Vaughan as a headmaster Edward Bowen ever had the greatest admiration. He would say of him that ‘Vaughan invented discipline.’ The orderliness of the School arrangements, and the good conduct, of the boys, were to his mind the especial results of that term of government ; and they were results that were enduring. Of his personal relations with the great headmaster in after

<sup>1</sup> Mr. H. Richardson, of Marlborough.



*Walter F. Gibbs, Ph. Sc.*

*Edward Bowen,  
at the age of about 25 years.*





years it is not necessary to say anything in detail. They are sufficiently shown by the fact that when Dr. Vaughan was buried (in the autumn of 1897) it was Edward Bowen who read the Lesson.

The crisis in the history of the School was a grave one, and it was with much anxiety that the decision of the governing body as to Dr. Vaughan's successor was awaited. The choice fell upon an old Harrovian, himself the distinguished son of a former headmaster of the School. The completeness with which that choice was justified is universally acknowledged. The whole public-school world knows the character of the twenty-five years' headmastership of Dr. H. M. Butler, and is aware how successfully he continued and developed the work of his predecessor. For a quarter of a century the School was privileged to have the advantages of his scholarship, his spirituality, his lovable character, his personal charm, his devotion to a great calling. Edward Bowen had been a warm advocate of the appointment upon which the governors determined. As has been said, he had been a pupil of Dr. Butler's at Cambridge, and he had learned there to appreciate his new chief's high attainments. Twenty-five years of colleagueship and close friendship were now to commence for him, in which his own reputation was to be born and to grow almost to its fullest and ripest manhood. In the greatness and increase of that reputation few, if any, had truer joy and pride than the Headmaster, whose chivalry and magnanimity rendered impossible the jealousy which a small and mean man might have felt, and who was always eager to recognise and publish abroad the brilliancy and success of his subordinate. Through all those many many 'months of worry and work' some diversities of view could scarcely fail perhaps to arise at times; but whatever the minor differences of opinion that may now and again have asserted themselves over questions of school management, they were never such as to over-cloud the sunshine of their personal friendship.

Edward Bowen found at Harrow traditions as to the relations of masters and boys somewhat different from those which he had welcomed at Marlborough. The Harrow

masters were an older and consequently a more conservative set of men ; and they did not as a rule permit, much less encourage, that intimacy between masters and pupils which is now a generally recognised feature in public-school life. It is true that attempts were being made by two or three of the younger and fresher members of the staff to break down a barrier which was both unreasonable and mischievous, but there was a strong opposition in favour of its retention as necessary to discipline and to the dignity of the teacher. So far did this opposition go, that Edward Bowen was remonstrated with on one occasion by a senior colleague for walking to his house in conversation with two or three boys. His own strong feeling was of course all the other way, and he soon showed it in a set of verses entitled, 'The Battle of the Bolts,' of which the exact date is uncertain, but which unquestionably comes from these early years. The satire is descriptive of a meeting of the gods (the masters), in which the subject of their dealings with mortals (the boys) comes under discussion. Olympus is aware that all is not right, and that a revision of policy is in some sort desirable. Their authority over mortals is not what it was. The bolts are not feared as they once were, and as they ought to be. What is to be done? The various deities give their opinions, the council being exceedingly disturbed at a revolutionary suggestion from Mercury, 'Suppose we turn human.' Under the masks of the several gods the faces of various masters are of course to be recognised. Mercury is Edward Bowen himself, and his suggestion, which causes so much alarm and distress among his celestial colleagues, represents the young master's view of the attitude of sympathy and familiarity which the teacher should adopt towards the taught. The following are the verses, which are given in their entirety ; for though the fun is perhaps here and there a little merciless, it is not of a character to give any real pain, even if the identification of the speakers be satisfactorily established. The verses show, too, beneath all the banter and levity which characterise them externally, the struggle of two ideals. 'The old order' is seen 'yielding place to new ;' not, however, 'lest one good custom should

corrupt the world,' but because bad customs, however sincerely and earnestly upheld, are not invincible, and—as another poet has reminded us—'the forts of folly' will at last 'fall.'

## THE BATTLE OF THE BOLTS

## A FRAGMENT

To the gods of Olympus 'twas Jupiter spoke ;  
His previous orations had ended in smoke :  
But to-night, he declared, he had called them together  
On matters more pressing than diet or weather.  
He had felt—to be candid—profoundly convinced,  
Since the council last sat—here his majesty winced—  
That, for obvious reasons, the present relation  
Of heaven to earth needed—modification ;  
But if each of their godheads would make a suggestion,  
With a view to throw light on this intricate question,  
He earnestly hoped it might aid them to find  
Some means of regaining their hold on mankind.  
He felt—with regret, he must own, to the last—  
That his ægis was numbered with things of the past.  
Nowadays, when it flashed on Olympus' top summit,  
Men peered through their glasses, and called it a comet !  
None cared for the Gorgon ; and as for the bolts,  
They were obsolete quite, beside Whitworth's or Colt's.  
He had tried them last year ; but, of all his sharp-shooting,  
The only effect was to set mortals hooting.  
Besides, it was whispered that some of their number  
Had come to regard them as nothing but lumber.  
Grave rumours had reached him—he hoped they were fibs—  
That Mars had not scrupled to christen them 'squibs ;'  
Nay, had modelled himself an infernal machine—  
On a plan 'scientific'—whate'er that might mean :  
Which, as novelties here were tabooed by the laws,  
Had gone off down on earth with the greatest applause.  
The gods would remember how, ages ago,  
Some villain stole matches for mortals below ;  
(If not, he might briefly remind them, 'twas then  
That Mercury pilfered tobacco from men).  
He referred to the case, since he had an impression  
All troubles were due to that fatal concession ;



Indeed, he had never found mortals refractory  
While Vulcan's was still the one bolt-manufactory.  
But now that mankind had discovered a means  
To menace the skies from their own magazines,  
The louder he thundered, the faster he nodded,  
The greater the scorn that was heaped on his godhead ;  
And do what he would to uphold his dominion,  
It was hopeless to fight against—Public Opinion.

He paused ; but instead of the usual Babel,  
The council sat mum, and looked hard at the table ;  
Till Pluto, as lord of the lower domain,  
Broke silence at length in the following strain :

‘ Your godheads will hardly consider it strange  
If I own my opinion averse to all change.  
The rule I have followed has always been this,  
That what has been is best for the subjects of Dis.  
Beneath my own sceptre the least disaffection  
Is nipped in the bud by remorseless correction ;  
Nay, some have been doomed, beyond hope of appeal,  
Like the culprits of old, to the stone and the wheel.  
As regards our defences, I beg to declare,  
They are still in my judgment as good as they were ;  
Men talk of their needle-guns, science, and stuff :  
Why, let them invade us, we’ve powder enough !  
Time was, when your majesty’s thunderbolt flashed  
On braggarts confounded, and Titans abashed.  
’Tis potent as ever ; be deaf to this din ;  
We shall find it a fatal mistake to give in.  
If aught *be* amiss, the young gods are in fault,  
Whom I’ve always considered unworthy their salt.  
While Mars perseveres in such frivolous scenes  
As the firing of pop-guns and other machines,  
No wonder irreverent mortals declare  
That we bowl without bloodshed, and live without care.  
But are we such lack-wits ? Can no one propose  
Some fun in the way of bombardment or blows ?  
Some foray or fisticuff, sally or siege,  
A rouse or a scrummage, a squash or a squeegee ?  
Here’s Mercury ready top-booted and spurred—  
Let him go down to earth, look about, and bring word.  
Daddy Vulcan meanwhile might be shaping your bolts  
On the latest improvement in Whitworth’s or Colt’s :



And Ganymede too might be spared from the cup  
To take your old ægis, and polish it up.'

Thus warily spoke he, while, elbow on hip,  
Mars glared at him restlessly, biting his lip ;  
Nor yet had the thunder-cloud passed from his brows,  
When Juno arose, and thus rated her spouse :

'Ye faint-hearted craven, ye timorous dolt,  
I'd just like to see ye dispense with your bolt.  
What else are ye king for? Was this what ye said  
When I gave you my hand, and consented to wed ?  
There's conspiracy somewhere—and that's what it means—  
I knew what 'ud come of infernal machines.  
And let me tell Mars, that, if I catch him near,  
I'll trounce him, I will, with a box on each ear.  
Turn traitor indeed, and not blush to avow it !  
Well, if I was his father, I wouldn't allow it !'

And more had she said, but an ill-concealed laugh  
From Hebe behind cut her lecture in half ;  
And Jove, who was glad to be rid of her slang,  
Tipped Neptune a wink to commence his harangue.

The earth-shaker rose, and, appeasing the storm,  
Gave his hearty support to the cause of reform.  
He was loth, he confessed—who would quarrel with ladies ?—  
To dissent *toto mari* from Here and Hades :  
But felt that, at least in a nautical quarter,  
Their logic would hardly be thought to hold water.  
*He* avoided dry land ; but from what he had heard,  
He was sure that the hurling of bolts was absurd.  
Despising himself the old method of war,  
He had quite discontinued his trident and car,  
And chosen, in place of the old bugaboo,  
To paddle his way in the agile canoe.  
If it were not presumptuous to offer advice,  
He should move to abolish the bolts in a trice.  
No doubt other gods would bring forward their schemes ;  
*He* believed in a system of telegraphemes,  
As the best by which Jove might discover his will,  
And the flash of the lightning be utilised still.  
Let a parley be held : it might then be arranged  
That the old constitution of things should be changed.

Olympus must sacrifice something : till then  
It was useless to fret for the oxen of men.

Then peering about her, half-twinkle, half-sowl,  
Spake Pallas, grey-eyed and demure as her owl :  
' Had it been our good fortune to guess that the cause  
Of our meeting to-night appertained to the laws,  
We had come better armed to so weighty a session,  
And spoken at length with our usual discretion.  
As it is, we refrain : on a future occasion  
We shall hope to make up for to-night's moderation.  
Yet ere we sit down, we would beg to endorse  
What the last speaker urged with such eloquent force ;  
The more, that ourselves have so long recommended  
The very same system for which he contended.'

So saying, she paused with a satisfied air,  
And Bacchus addressed himself next to the chair.  
Quoth he, ' By my beard '—'twas a prominent feature—  
' Man is but a stupid, tho' excellent, creature.  
On a cranium so thick, that your majesty's thunder  
Should fail of its proper effect, is no wonder ;  
But how, if the order of things were reversed,  
And, instead of his skull, we appealed to his thirst ?  
'Tis said that the gods, by their nectar reclined,  
Contentedly bowl at the heads of mankind ;  
I move—as this course only renders them thicker—  
That we lay by our bolts, and try hurling our liquor.'

He ceased, and a general titter ensued ;  
Some even maliciously whispered, ' He's screwed.'  
Jove saw he was drowsy, so nodded his head,  
And the comical god tottered early to bed !

Next Vulcan, who halted on one of his pins,  
Delivered his mind against everyone's shins :  
Called Mars an impostor, and Neptune ' old buffer,'  
And vowed that the trade of Olympus would suffer.  
Week in and week out, let alone other wrongs,  
He had slaved in Jove's armoury hammer and tongs ;  
Had sweated and smelted, had battered and blown,  
To perfect his art in support of the throne ;  
Till, for certain effect and spontaneous ignition,  
There was nothing to equal the bolt-composition.

And now to be shelved by a radical clique !  
 What god could endure to sit quietly meek,  
 And hear, without feeling his vitals grow warm,  
 Rank treason discussed in the name of Reform ?  
 He believed that mankind were a turbulent lot,  
 Whose insolent gibes must be checked by hot shot.  
 There was nothing, depend on't, would awe them to silence,  
 But a high-handed system of organised vi'ence.

Then Mulciber spouted, defiantly game,  
 Till Mars murmured, ' Question,' and Bacchus cried, ' Shame ! '  
 Apollo rose next, with his usual suavity,  
 And balanced each word on its centre of gravity :  
 ' 'Tis patent to any intelligent mind,  
 That mortals are leaving Olympus behind :  
 All earth is progressive ; we only cling fast  
 To the ruins and rags of an obsolete past.  
 The gods are aware I prefer to adduce  
 Philosophical reasons against an abuse.  
 Let us seek for a *τέλος*—but no, 'tis so late,  
 A *τέλος* had better be put to debate.'

Then Mars gat him up, and a shudder ran round,  
 For his speech fell as hail when it leaps on the ground.  
 His points they were vivid, his metaphors strong,  
 And every sixth word was five syllables long :  
 ' Why babble ye thus ? Dotards ! what do ye mean  
 By railing at me and my paltry machine ?  
 Rail on, if ye will ; dispossess me, denounce.  
 I care not a twopenny rap for your bounce.  
 Infatuate beings, unpolicied, blind !  
 Reform is too late, for OLYMPUS IS MINED !  
 E'en now, while this pother we keep overhead,  
 A siege as of old on my sight rushes red ;  
 The legions of earth are come up to the fray,  
 And we must be victors for ever, or they.  
 Proud tamer of mortals ! thy ægis is bare,  
 Thy fast-flashing thunderbolt hurtles in air ;  
 Thy eagle is whetting his beak with his claws,  
 Heaven's batteries roar, and earth—only guffaws.  
 I tell thee then, lame one, that, helpless to help,  
 The bolts that thou forgest are brickdust and kelp :  
 Go turn, an thou wilt, to thy bellows again ;  
 But the sceptre of gods is departed to men !'

He ended, and Vulcan, who felt like a dunce,  
 Was for hurling him down out of heaven at once,  
 But while all were declining the active of *πίπτω*,  
 Up Mercury got, and harangued them on tiptoe :  
 ' By jingo ! if mortals refuse to obey us,  
 I vote for returning to-morrow to chaos.  
 Let us leave to mankind—I mean no animosity—  
 A few of the bolts as a rare curiosity.  
 In sight of the world we might easily gibbet them,  
 And Vulcan could stay, if he pleased, to exhibit them :  
 Or else, we might leave them to rust on the shelves,  
 With a notice to say, " We had bolted ourselves : "  
 Or, stay, there's another alternative still  
 (I'm exceedingly loth to make anyone ill) :  
 But suppose we turn *human* : the deified tell us  
 That men are not monsters, but excellent fellows.  
 You all must allow that at this time of year  
 There's a terrible lack of amusement up here ;  
 But if we were human—just fancy the fun,  
 For the pastimes of men are a thousand and one ;  
 If botany fails, we can try bagatelle ;  
 When we're tired of squails, metaphysics, or mell :  
 So methinks that reform should be sought in a process  
 I'll call by analogy *apoandrosis*.'

Thus spake he, and Jove felt his knees growing loose ;  
 Dis hid his emotion and merely said, ' Goose ! '  
 Aphrodite collapsed, and went off in a faint ;  
 And Vulcan, as usual, was loud in complaint ;  
 Minerva almost dropped a stitch in her knitting ;  
 And the council at twenty past twelve was left sitting.

In 1863 Edward Bowen was asked to accept a ' small ' house, which had been under the charge of Mr. (many years afterwards Bishop) Westcott. It was one of the little red-brick houses at the top of Grove Hill, with its view from the back windows towards Hampstead ; and ' Hampstead lights ' were as time went on to be the subject of one of the most beautiful of the School songs. The house was, with some others, especially intended for delicate boys, who were scarcely fit for the somewhat rougher life of the bigger houses, and the number of pupils resident in it would vary



from six to twelve. There is a small garden behind, and on one side of the house is a diminutive yard in which about three boys can play at a time a spurious form of cricket. Here Edward Bowen lived till 1882, and there are many in whose memories he will be as closely associated with this earlier home, as with the later and much larger one. When the offer was first made to him he was very loth to avail himself of it, and he finally accepted it only because acceptance was pressed upon him as a duty to the School. Nor was his work as a house-master—at any rate to begin with—so congenial to him as his work as a form-master or tutor. There were, too, he found, special difficulties attaching to the management of a few boys by themselves, and to the maintenance under those circumstances of the qualities which are encouraged by the larger groupings and associations of them usually found in public schools. He refers to the subject in a letter to a friend.

Nov. 8, 1865.

I think the only form in which boys are a nuisance is in the house. One is so tied up to hours; and the parents will keep writing letters; and there is always the chance the boys may set the house on fire. I like all the form work, the public teaching, very much, and the *tutor's* work still more, when you have pupils who are attached permanently to you while they are at the school. And more still, the general society and intercourse of school, playing games, casual interests of every kind—in a word, the microcosm of school. But the idea of a small house is all a mistake. Six or seven boys are too many to have as a kind of family; and too few to have the traditions, public feeling, dignity, self-respect, courtesy, by which mainly a large house is governed and influenced—so influenced indeed that half one's work, so far at least as one's anxieties go, consists in half indirect, half direct, efforts to modify and control this public opinion.

A story which has been preserved by one of Edward Bowen's friends shows that he still retained—as indeed he retained in some measure to the end—the semi-Bohemianism which had somewhat characterised him at Trinity. His mother had come to see him in his new house, and, as she sat in the drawing room, she complained of a draught which she

located as coming from above the window. 'I don't think it can be from there,' said her son, 'for I have put in a coat and a rug; but I'll put in another coat.' There was a yawning gap in the wall above the window, which he had in this way endeavoured to fill up!

During these earlier years of his professional life Edward Bowen was a constant contributor, as was his elder brother, to the famous 'Saturday Review,' and he also wrote more than one article for the 'National Review,' a magazine somewhat after the type of the present 'Quarterly' or 'Edinburgh.' It is to be feared that, with the exception of an article on 'Games,' which is not of any permanent interest,<sup>1</sup> and another to which reference will be made later on, and it may be one or two others, all the articles sent to the 'Saturday Review' are now beyond identification; but an allusion in one of his letters renders it possible definitely to assign to him an important article in the January number, 1863, of the 'National Review,' on 'Bishop Colenso on the Pentateuch,' and another—not less noteworthy—in the October number in the same year, and in the same publication, on 'The recent Criticism of the Old Testament.' This latter was a review more especially of Dr. Davidson's 'Introduction to the Old Testament.' In both articles the writer shows himself a strong and uncompromising advocate of the critical school, and there are irrefragable evidences of his complete separation at this time from the old Evangelical methods of thought and interpretation in which he had been brought up—a separation which, it need hardly be said, was continuous and final.

There are indeed signs and traces of his genuine sympathy with those to whom the loss of the old conservative views was as the passing of a world; but he writes with some severity of others who, by clinging themselves and requiring others to cling to 'impossible loyalties,' add unnecessarily to the trials, the difficulties, the perplexities, of religious faith. Edward Bowen felt that the 'Higher Criticism' was as the opening of a prison door, and the discharge of men from the unhealthy atmosphere of moral and intellectual confinement

<sup>1</sup> His 'U.U.' essay on the same subject was much later.

to the fresh, pure, invigorating air. To him, as to so many others, questions hitherto unanswered found their satisfactory reply, problems hitherto unsolved received their clear and sufficient solution, when the Bible was found to be a human book and to be supernatural only in the sense—doubtless a very solemn and inspiring one—that there is a supernatural force ever co-operating with the spirit of man.

The first of the two reviews,<sup>1</sup> that on Bishop Colenso—written, it must be remembered, at the age of twenty-six—sets out with the aphorism that ‘among the heroes who have done the greatest service to their race, it is hardly paradoxical to assert that the thanks of the world are chiefly due to those who have most boldly ventured to differ from it.’ The dangers that come from obstinacy are greater than those which come from innovation, and ‘if rashness may lead to error, prejudice cannot possibly lead to truth.’ In intellectual matters a man should never wed himself indissolubly to his views :

The domain of theology supplies a striking proof of the truth of these assertions. It is impossible to deny that scriptural criticism in the last few years has received far more from the enemies, than from the friends, of a rigorous theological conservatism. Whether orthodox views be true or not, it is not orthodox divinity which has brought about the vast progress that has been lately made in the knowledge of Sacred Writ. So it has been from the earliest ages of the faith. St. Paul was more than suspected of heresy when he offered the Gospel to the Gentiles. All the superstition and tyranny of which the Church has been guilty has been due to its conservative champions ; every step of progress has been first trodden by one who refused its yoke. It surely is more than a chance coincidence that the first known commentary on Scripture, the first extant canon of the sacred books, even the first virtual assertion of their inspiration, are all from the hands of heretics. A Protestant Church should deal but little in anathema, which remembers that the first protest for freedom of private judgment came from the heretic Luther. In modern times, the task of

<sup>1</sup> The essay contains a good deal that is no longer of general interest in its somewhat detailed examination of Bishop Colenso's work. It has therefore not been inserted in the Appendices ; but extracts are here given which will show the general attitude of the writer's mind, as well as the great ability of the article.



'searching the Scriptures' has been pre-eminently the work of writers who have bowed with some reservation to their authority. 'The Bible as it is, and its interpretation as it was!' Such, if we may parody a modern party watchword, is the rallying cry of too much English divinity. It is a maxim from which little light can spring, and in which all superstition may lie hid. In the stir and tumult of critical controversy, amid the harvests of fresh knowledge that are springing up in Germany and England, in face of the patience, zeal, and courage of the pioneers of theological labour, a large party of our Churchmen claim ostentatiously, like the faded constitutionalists of France, to have forgotten nothing and learnt nothing. And yet action is so much better than inaction, progress than inertia, that knowledge is cheaply purchased at the risk of some rash caprice. Let men have freedom of inquiry, of speech, and of thought, and leave the consequences to the future. The first article in the creed of every friend of intellectual progress should be, that conservatism in intellectual questions is the head and front of error.

The Reformation, the writer observes, had brought with it a great shock, for it had necessitated the surrender of the belief in the infallibility of the Church; but the surrender of the belief in the infallibility of the Bible would be a shock which was no less tremendous. And yet it was one which needs must come, and the time had arrived for 'speaking out,' since silence and reticence were ceasing to be in any way possible. There were, indeed, not a few who would welcome a frank expression of the truth, and who would be encouraged by it to throw off the mask which they felt constrained to wear. But whether welcome or unwelcome, the truth must out, and it had better be told with candour and sincerity.

It becomes more and more impossible every day to screen a conviction of the mistakes contained in the Bible by a general profession of reverence for its majesty and beauty. We are not speaking of what we do not know, when we assert that a general liberty to profess such views as those of the Bishop of Natal would be hailed with delight by numbers of half-hypocritical students—clergymen and laymen alike—who at present are contented to wait and see their liberation coming, and are afraid to raise a hand to seize it. The 'Essays and Reviews,' with all their faults of rudeness



and rashness, did this great service—that they roused the public from its slumber. As one instance of progress hardly less remarkable than that of Bishop Colenso, we may take a writer whom he frequently quotes on the reactionary side of the debated questions. Seven years ago Dr. Kalisch published his Commentary on Exodus; and with considerable ingenuity, and apparent candour, he defended the authority of the text, and refuted the objections of adversaries. Three years later Genesis appeared, and in the preface there is this remarkable passage: ‘The conviction of the surpassing importance of the book has strengthened us to face the numerous difficulties of a conscientious interpretation.’ In other words, the author had made up his mind to speak out. And the difference in value between the two Commentaries is such as might have been expected from the change.

Of Bishop Colenso’s book itself, the reviewer speaks highly. ‘It is courteous, truthful, and reverent.’ He enters at some length into the Bishop’s arguments, emphasising the popular character of the volume and the effectiveness which such a characteristic supplies:

He has mastered his brief well, knows its strong points, understands the men he is talking to, lets slip no advantage, and ends by creating an impression on his hearers which a far abler or more subtle pleader might strive in vain, with all his ingenuity, to produce. As it is, he makes few blunders; but it may be fairly said, that if his book had been more learned it would very probably have been less effectual.

The writer then goes on, after dwelling somewhat upon the historical inconsistencies in the Pentateuch, to express his assent to the theory of composite authorship as affording the necessary key to the various difficulties. The Pentateuch does not come from the Mosaic age—that fact criticism puts beyond all doubt. So too it can be shown to contain evident and undeniable inaccuracies:

It follows that we have a right to consider it freely. And now what reason is there which obliges us to look at it as of a totally different nature, as belonging to a different order of literature, from the literature of any other country? It is different in many respects no doubt. It has a higher antiquity, imparts more valuable information, and is inspired with grander ideas. But why should it

be different in kind? It is written in human language, reveals human sympathies and passions, embodies human imagination and poetry. The thoughts of other nations in the earliest ages clothed themselves in legend; why should we not allow that those of the Jews did the same? 'The ass said unto Balaam,' '*Bos locutus*'—where is the wide interval between the two assertions, beyond the fact, which we readily allow to the credit of the Jew, that his representation of the marvellous times of old bears a higher stamp of moral and religious earnestness? The gradual change in the tone of the earlier books of Scripture is exactly similar to that of the primitive records of all nations; it begins with pure myths—surely few will deny that the material Garden of Eden, with its fruit of the tree of knowledge, is, whatever its import be, a *myth*—some idea of good and evil, happiness and sorrow, enshrined in a framework of physical and unreal circumstances. Gradually it advances through the legendary stage, where true and solid history is blended with the subjective colouring of a period which thinks it unsuitable to the dignity of past ages to represent them as exactly like the present; finally, it comes down to the stage when facts are given as they are, with only the errors that accident or imperfect information introduces. How genuine, how real, the offspring of the national mind appears, if viewed in this light! No one who has not tried can tell the delight with which the critic, when he has once thrown off the cramping influence of a fancied superhuman infallibility, enters into the study of the sacred narrative, as something with which he can freely sympathise, and sees in the early history of the Hebrew race a field for the exercise of all the ingenuity, patience, and skill, which the stories of Greece and Rome have for ages monopolised to themselves.

The last pages of the review are also full of interest, both on account of their subject-matter and their literary beauty, and may be quoted in their entirety:

Do we, then, mean to assert, it may be asked, that the earlier books of the Jews are a mere tissue of fable and falsehood? Certainly not. No race has given to the world such insight into primitive history, or inspired it with so lofty a religious spirit. Compare it with the Vedas; the early traditions of a race <sup>akin</sup> to ourselves are worthless by the side of the records of this Semitic people, whose history is the only history, and their poetry the only poetry, that millions of Christians have ever read or heard. Four thousand years ago, one family, the sons of Abraham, who traced

their origin to the plains of the Euphrates, separated themselves from the Canaanites, perhaps their kinsmen, and carved out their history for themselves. All we know of their religious institutions at that early period is, that they, with some few others, of whom but a trace is left, served the Most High God. The necessities and chances of an Arab life made them dwellers for a time in Egypt, the land of civilisation and culture. Of their hegira from that house of bondage, the genius of their leader, the rapid organisation which he planted among their still half-savage tribes, the wild life which they led for years in the country south and east of Jordan, the long struggle by which they won their land—tradition only, which yet left the name of Moses to lie dormant among them for centuries, and a few fragmentary documents, preserved the marvellous record. But it was handed down among them with a fidelity which lasted through centuries of trouble and anarchy, that the God whom they served had led His people like sheep, and done wonders in the field of Zoan. It is this belief, this determinate monotheism, the sacred heirloom of the tribe, which gives to the political history of Israel its wonderful charm and interest. For a change came quickly over the temper of the nation. In what way the kingly spirit and the centralising tendencies of the priesthood struggled against the old simplicity of worship and government, we have but here and there a trace. In the conflicts of Samuel and Saul, maintained in spirit through generations of kings and prophets, we have here these two elements at work—the element of political order and religious ordinance, and the element of patriarchal loyalty to the Theocracy. David, the most wonderful character of Jewish history, after long warfare, and not without the aid of foreign body-guards, usurped and held the kingdom, and to some extent reconciled the two. But succeeding ages show the same struggle again. Ceremony and system—the Scylla of a nation which is in peril of losing the early vividness of its faith—battled with fanaticism, its Charybdis. Priests against prophets—we know which side our European sympathies will take. Not that the priestly spirit had not its good side; it was for political progress, for order, for literature. The devotional spirit, which it combined with its own ritualism and engrafted on the fervour of its opponents, shows itself in the loftiness of Jeremiah, and the impassioned oratory of Deuteronomy. But the prophets were the salt of the Hebrew nation. When liberal alliances would have endangered the faith of the nation, these aristocrats of religious purity denounced them in words of fire. When a corrupt priesthood held up its sacrifices and cleansings for a people to fall down and



worship, it was they who tore the veil from its hypocrisies, and claimed the sacrifice of the heart. And in the end, when the miserable and defeated nation saw no hope or refuge left for their ambition, and were ready to bow down to the idols which it had been their ancestral mission to denounce, it was they who held up Messianism before their weary eyes, that never-failing solace of the oppressed, and even dared to proclaim, in lieu of their earthly sovereignty, a spiritual supremacy of the world, and a kingdom that should never pass away. So runs the history of the race who seem, more than all others in the world, to have lived indeed in earnest. They are our religious forefathers; their old records have a meaning for us, and the very poetry which covers them is almost sacred to our eyes. To condemn them to oblivion would be to sacrifice much more than the mere tale of the journeys and battles of a tribe. They are the treasures of a nation of whose mission in the world we ourselves have reaped the fruit. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.'

And yet Christianity, civilisation, labour, have educated us to see the defects of what we so highly prize. We miss, as it is natural we should, severity of historic truth in a nation in whom the critical faculty absolutely had no existence; and we detect unworthy ideas of the Deity and His government in the writings of men whom it needed a higher faith to purify and exalt. The result is, that of the exact nature of the events recorded, the historic reality of many details, the extent to which fact has become mixed with legend, we must patiently remain in ignorance. A 'mythic' theory has tried to sift this, as other narratives, and failed; pure rationalism has tried, and with no better success. No one who has studied Exodus with care will deny that much of it is true. A conscientious inquiry makes it evident that part of it is not. Where the line is to be drawn, how far we may implicitly trust the record, no labour can with certainty determine. Here, as elsewhere, the truest philosophy will be the first to confess its own impotence.

There is one school of writers from whose influence English theology may specially pray to be delivered. Open intolerance, stubborn prejudice, are obstacles which may be attacked with simple arguments, and from a sure footing. The most useful auxiliary to the cause of reactionary interpretation is that tone of mingled patronage and contempt which implies an involuntary respect for the theories to which outward circumstances alone necessitate an apparent opposition. There are some writers whose views are just liberal enough to add additional zest to



their hatred of intellectual thoroughness. So far as they know the truth, the truth has made them slaves. It is a poor compromise between conscience on the one hand and literary obligations on the other, to imply an obscure assent to an opinion, and make up for it by abusing its advocate. Writers in such a position are forced into a dogmatism which betrays itself by its very acrimony. To urge that Dr. Colenso's book is worthless because some texts are quoted inaccurately, shows feebleness of judgment. To infer that because he states questions in detail, his arguments must therefore be superficial, indicates want of logical power. To blame the bishop for publicly supporting a view, and at the same time to hint its truthfulness, is an inconsistency which argues either dullness or hypocrisy, or both. Such writers may be simply told, that the contempt which they profess recoils on them with augmented force from the candid students of theology. Even their half-hearted and disguised support brings little credit to the cause of honesty and courage. Not with such weapons as these, nor with such champions to lead the fight, is the battle of progress and of religious liberty to be fought.

The mass of Englishmen would be surprised if they knew how tumultuously the spirit of rebellion against religious dogmatism, and specially the dogma of Biblical infallibility, is seething in the breasts of men who yet shrink from notoriety and the odium which it brings. As a body, the educated world has discarded these notions already. Among the younger generation of students the Bible is freely regarded as open to unfettered criticism. It is only in public and in print that they fear to be candid; among one another they take the questions for granted. Religious liberty is the watchword of the tacit understanding which prevails in literary society on the subject. For severe criticism all men have not the leisure or the inclination; but upon the right to criticise, and the general result of this particular discussion, the writers and thinkers of this nation are in an accordance of which the dogmatists little dream. It is not a healthy state of things. It is a bad thing that the students should be so far ahead of the actors in the world; and it presses with terrible weight upon those who are newly setting out on the path of study. The sense of encountering at every onward step the mandate of opinion and authority, the consciousness that the road to Biblical investigation is paved with anathemas, bears more heavily on the candid inquirer than we care to picture. For that terror, that agony, which rolls with overwhelming pain upon so many minds when they first are forced to examine the truth of what they have

been taught, the fatal prejudices of past generations are responsible. Perhaps there is no suffering in the world more keen than religious doubt. May Heaven forgive those who, by overloading belief and stifling inquiry, make its pangs more severe! 'A shell shot into the fortress of the soul! Cast it out!' cries episcopal placidity. 'Doubt manfully on, till labour brings conviction,' we reply. He who 'despiseth not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful,' will care as much for the distresses of honest scepticism as for the panics of startled orthodoxy.

'These difficulties are left as a trial of our faith.' From our childhood up we have ever regarded *that* as a cruel and wicked fallacy. Doubts are to be solved either by intellectual or by moral means. If by intellectual reasoning, the issue cannot depend upon religious faith; if by moral determination, we reject with all the emphasis of which we are capable the doctrine that there is any other virtue which can enter into the examination of a controversial problem than honesty, energy, and perseverance. Yes: perhaps they are given to us as a trial of faith, to see if we have strength to work them out. That courage and trust can be but faint which shrink from inquiry through dread of its uncertain issue. Let us repay God's gift of intellect by honest and trustful use of it. 'Fear indeed hath torment; but perfect love casteth out fear.'

There are some who look into these questions, some who read this treatise of the bishop, who will feel, as they concede a reluctant assent to its arguments, that the prop of life has suddenly been taken from them. They will think, sadly enough, that if the Book on which they had learnt to depend for strength and solace is now withdrawn from their adoration, there is nothing left to fill its place. For years perhaps they have hung on its pages with rapture: they have yielded implicit obedience to its laws; they have fled to its promises for comfort; they have trusted to its sentences for wisdom. Now it seems as if a heartless criticism were stepping in between them and their God, and robbing them of all that is precious in the world. As the awful divinity of its pages seems to fade away, they fancy that the air they breathe seems colder, and the scenes they gaze on less bright. The newer interpretations may be true, the old theories may turn out mistaken; but it is all that they have had to bear them through the manifold trials of life. Like Sir Bedivere, they seem to step onward into a world that knows them not.

'And I, the last, go forth companionless,  
And the days darken round me, and the years,  
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.'

So be it. 'God fulfils Himself in many ways.' To such as these a superhuman record may have been the fit instrument to lead them through the perilous journey of the world; none the less must those, who live with the labours of the past and their own consciences to guide them, tread boldly wherever their judgment leads. The camps are not hostile; the paths are not divergent. Or, if human passions and the ignorance that is in us bring trouble and enmity for a time between those who profess each to fight for truth, there is yet a unity that lies deeper than their differences; there is a harmony which in the sight of Heaven their discords cannot avail to drown; there is a sympathy which, beyond the feuds of criticism and the jarring subtleties of debate, binds together those who labour for the same high calling, and name the same holy name.

The second of these theological essays appeared in the October number of the same year (1863), and is, as has been said, professedly a review of Dr. Davidson's 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' though it travels over much more ground than the work of a single author.<sup>1</sup> The interest, the reviewer says, in Biblical criticism is increasing in England, though it is by no means fully developed, and we are in this respect much behind the Germans, among whom there is a larger liberty of investigation and a deeper appreciation of the difficulty of the problem than among ourselves.

Here, it is well understood, when a theological professor sits down to write a book, that he has some cause to advocate. There, it is charitably supposed that he wishes to elucidate the subject. Here a clergyman is considered as competent to deal with a disputed topic if he is a good man and keeps his Sunday schools together. There it is believed to be necessary to have examined the controversy with care.

Neither have we in England sufficiently realised the importance of a division of labour. The secret of German

<sup>1</sup> In this case also it has not been thought necessary to insert the essay—much of which is occupied with a discussion of the critical question as it was forty years ago—among the Appendices. The quotations will give a sufficient idea of its general bearing and value.



success is very largely due to the prevalence of specialism. 'Every one of the great names that are mentioned in connection with theological progress can be set down and classified in his own peculiar niche in history.'

The reviewer then proceeds to pass under very rapid and brief notice some of the greater names in German research into the Old Testament, among them Michaelis, 'the thorough German, the man of hard, solid learning, whose researches into the details of Mosaism are far from obsolete now;' Herder, of whom it was said that 'to listen to him was like beholding the red dawn amid the moonlight;' Eichhorn, 'the model of a critic, serious, acute, calm;' Röhr, 'the German Stanley;' Schleiermacher, who 'exalted the individual religious life above the formularies of belief;' De Wette, 'actuated by a keen critical sagacity and recommended by a blameless life;' Hitzig, 'whose study of the prophets has been invaluable;' Bunsen, 'whose skill it was to pursue doctrinal theology as a theologian, ecclesiastical theories as a politician, and Scriptural studies as a critic, and to know how to keep them apart;' and Kuenen, 'whose eminence in the critical world is second to few.'

Last of all, and isolated from the rest, far above them in mastery of Oriental language and ideas, acute, obstinate, apparently almost reckless in a conjecture, but indestructible in an argument, of keen sensibility, poetic temperament, profound piety, relentless in self-assertion, quick in apprehension, untiring in patience, stands Ewald of Göttingen, foremost of German critics.

As regards the alleged orthodox reaction, the writer simply denies that there is any measure of truth in the assertion, except as regards 'the later Berlin school, which is a semi-political movement, strongly conservative, supported by the court party, ultra-Lutheran, ecclesiastical, and even sacramental in its tendency.' Such a school has for its object to silence both political liberalism and Scriptural criticism, but it has produced only one name of importance—that of Kurz.

The rise of a school of critical inquiry in France is next touched on, though its issues have not—in the reviewer's



opinion—been as yet of any special value or moment, though it doubtless has an honourable future before it.

One sees a disposition to conquer all theology in one essay, an impatient eagerness for generalisation, which will sober down in time. *Le voilà, le chameau*, is too much the motto even of theology in France. It appears perhaps more than anywhere else in the spirit of true French eclecticism, which insures completeness of theory at the cost of elaborateness of proof. The references are constantly not verified; and, indeed, it is not always that there are any references to verify. But these are matters of detail. The French school, it cannot be doubted, will soon have made itself a name; and it has now the merit of being the only school of known theologians which does not habitually condescend to invective. One of its leaders declared in England not long ago, that the recriminations of English polemics were to him perfectly surprising, in contrast with the mutual forbearance with which such topics are usually treated by his countrymen.

The writer then turns to England. He refers somewhat slightly to 'Essays and Reviews.' 'The authors of the new volume wished simply to make Scriptural inquiries popular; and if they had but adopted a conciliatory tone, or had dressed heresy in orthodox language, they might have escaped the storm.' Of Dr. Davidson's volumes, however, i.e. of the volumes more especially under notice, he speaks highly, except as regards their literary style and the constant presence of an unnecessarily polemical tone. He goes on to trace, in as much detail as is possible in a magazine article, the results which have, in his judgment, been definitely achieved by criticism, and he adds in tabular form a summary of the history of Old Testament literature. He then proceeds to give a sketch of 'the religious influences which would be likely to act upon the literature of the Jews.' This portion of the essay is too long to quote in its entirety, nor does it lend itself to illustration by means of excerpts, while the ground which is traversed by it is thoroughly familiar to Biblical students. It must be sufficient to say of this résumé that it is written throughout from the full modern standpoint, and that it is characterised alike by the author's remarkable power of condensation and

exposition, his firm grasp of leading principles, his complete knowledge of his subject, and his unsurpassed capacity for clear and lucid expression. At its close the writer continues—and the passages bring a memorable essay to a vigorous and impressive termination—as follows :

We have seen that the history of the Jews, as far as its bearing upon their literature is concerned, is essentially a history of religious ideas. As such, it will never be successfully treated by anyone who is unable in some degree to appreciate such ideas himself. But, on the other hand, persons of the most fervent piety may read these writings, and arrive at a totally false estimate of the story they contain. Any method short of that by which a rigorous scrutiny is exercised upon every statement, must be as imperfect as it would be in treating the history of Rome or England. Professor Stanley has lately published some lectures on 'The History of the Jewish Church,' of which, though with every respect for the writer, critics have nevertheless the right to make some complaint. After calmly reviewing the present position of sacred literature in this country, Professor Stanley seems to have determined upon a distinct line of action. It is that which he himself is fond of attributing to his prophets—the position of a mediator between old and new, a harmoniser and reconciler of different modes of thought. He will present criticism to the world in as favourable a guise as possible ; he will shock no prejudices ; he will even court good-will by a reticence on doubtful points. We do not say that he does not do good—every learned and sincere man must. But we do say that it is hardly fair upon those who do not profess to take every historical statement of the Bible for granted, that he should attempt to veil under courtly forms of language the fact that he does not do so himself. It is as though a history of the Jews meant a history of facts, while a 'History of the Jewish Church' meant a series of photographs from Palestine, taken in a pious spirit. Mr. Kingsley, whom we quote as a preacher, and not as a critic, takes something of the same ground in his recently published 'Sermons on the Pentateuch.' Good plain people, he says, are moved with no critical misgivings ; 'when they read the story of the Exodus, their hearts answer, "*This* is right. *This* is the God whom we need. *This* is what ought to have happened. *This* is true ; for it must be true." Let comfortable people, who know no sorrow, trouble their brains as to whether sixty or 600,000 fighting men came out of Egypt with

Moses.' Mr. Kingsley speaks (in the preface to his book) of his happiness in having enjoyed a Cambridge education, which could teach him how to treat Old Testament criticism aright. We wonder whether it was at Cambridge that he learnt that an individual judgment on the moral fitness of a narrative is an adequate intellectual criterion of its truth. We wonder whether it was at the University, or since leaving it, that he first began to think it consistent with charity to speak of critics who differ from him as 'comfortable'—dead, that is, to religious feeling. The first of these errors is a manifest fallacy; the second is a grievous wrong. Both Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Stanley seem to us to begin at the wrong end of their subject. Both seem to urge upon their readers that the moral of the story is what chiefly deserves attention. It may be so; but how can we tell what the moral of a story is if we do not know what the facts are? Mr. Kingsley writes that the Jews heard the sound of a trumpet exceeding strong, and a voice 'most Divine and yet most human.' What does it mean? How can a sound be Divine and human at the same time? Did the Israelites hear with their outward ears the vibrations caused by a current of air passing through a metallic tube, or did they not? Some critics seem to think that there are portions of religious history too solemn to be related according to the common forms of narrative. It will soon, in all probability, be affirmed that religion is too complex a subject to be treated by the ordinary rules of grammar.

Professor Stanley's History has nevertheless received a high encomium in the last few months from one writer whose name ought to carry weight. In eulogising the semi-orthodox professor, and attacking the outspoken bishop, Mr. Matthew Arnold asserts a distinction between edification and instruction—the former being for the unenlightened many, the latter for the enlightened few; and he declares that every book ought to aim at one of these two objects exclusively. Without minutely considering how far each of the two writers above mentioned purposely set themselves to either task, our objections to the theory may be very briefly stated. In the first place, it allows no means by which the enlightenment can penetrate to the masses, and assumes that upon theological questions the few must always think differently from the many. Yet, from an historical point of view, it is remarkable that the work which has been most famous in this century in connection with religious inquiry, the '*Leben Jesu*,' was intended mainly for the critics, and not for the multitude. In the second place, the theory involves, as far as we can see, the obligation upon the learned



edifier of being deliberately and wilfully uncandid. And, finally, we utterly deny that a writer is bound in every case to put upon himself any such alternative as that stated, or, indeed, any one set purpose at all. Let there be free trade in thought, as there is a free market in buying and selling. Such limitations as these are the old-fashioned props of error. If anyone had objected on the appearance of M'Culloch's 'Commercial Dictionary' that it was a bad book, because it neither enriched the British farmers nor promoted civil liberty among the populations of the European continent, the argument would seem to be precisely as fair a criticism of the dictionary as that which Mr. Arnold brings against the Bishop of Natal.

It is strange that, in a country of freedom, it should be so difficult to say these things aloud. The virtue that we want is that of courage, and the places where it is chiefly wanted are the places where it ought to flourish most. The time when the mind is most plastic, most active, most splendidly versatile, is the time that a young man spends at college; and here, if anywhere, it might be expected that the air would be congenial to free study. We believe that it needs a considerable knowledge of the English universities fully to appreciate the intellectual cowardice which characterises the older portion of their members. The exceptions are notorious; and it is in such a case as this that, in the true meaning of the phrase, the exceptions prove the rule. It would not be so well known who were the advocates of freedom, if the disposition to acquiesce in prejudice were not so widely predominant. A young man at the university begins to think that the Flood was not historical, or that the maledictions of David are not couched in a very forgiving spirit. One set of advisers speak to him in tones of severity; like the Brahmin who crushed the microscope which first revealed to him the living insects in his vegetable food, they urge him to turn from such thoughts at once, and to believe by an effort of the will. Should he be man enough to resist this counsel, there are others who will advise him in friendly tones to fly to action as a remedy for doubt; a better frame of mind will come, if he will but do his duty and shut his eyes. It is a suggestion which implicitly assumes the monstrous hypothesis, that the best way of arriving at truth is by deliberately abstaining from the search for it. Adolphe Monod was so advised, and Dr. Arnold; and they followed the advice—with more or less effect. Perhaps the inquirers may yield to their incessant temptations, and maintain and subscribe and swear whatever college and university and church set before them. There are many who do



so, and who never recover their freedom again. Ecclesiastical authority closes upon them—an authority incompatible with independent thought. Soon the questioner begins to care less for the old questions, theory is swallowed up in action: he is happy, he wishes nothing further; the world is not the better for the intellect God gave him to use. Contentment, the great vice of middle age, settles gradually upon him—a vice all the more fatal from its being so often called a virtue.

Anyone who embraces, on the other hand, the task of candidly working out for himself the religious problems before him, will find it a harder task, even if it be a higher one. It is a task to which our country now emphatically summons men who are not afraid to think. At the commencement of one of his essays, Renan speaks of a painter who would never attempt except upon his knees a head of the Virgin or her Son. Some such intense reverence for the issues before him a theological critic may well feel; to pause and adore seems but the fitting preface to the study. But it is not a pause of fear, or a reverence which unmans the intellect. The effect of the inquiry is not an impious one, and free thinking is, in the simple meaning of the term, the highest gift of humanity. The true critic is one who will deem the most perfect humility to lie in the abandonment of prejudice, and the highest faith in the conviction that truth will win. He will have intellectual labour while others are at rest, and perplexities where others cannot feel them. His aims and hopes will not be understood, his candour will seem presumption, and his courage ill will to what is holy. Persecution may not attack him, but social suspicion will. He will work as one whose reward is not before his eyes, and who, in giving up the secure assumptions which bring peace to others, has not sacrificed to God that which cost him nothing. Again and again he will be called on to surrender a fancied discovery, a treasured paradox, a literary revenge, a polemical retort. He will often pause on the brink of a theory, and summon all his self-restraint to aid him in the refusal to tread hastily on a tempting path. He will not believe, with the Dean of Carlisle, in the 'ever-deteriorating tendency of the unaided human intellect;' he will rather trust that good endeavours lead in the end to good results. And as he began his task for the sake of truth, and not for the sake of reputation, he will regard his conclusions as not his own, but given and offered to truth, and will support them no further for the sake of sustaining a thesis than he would maintain them for the sake of preserving a creed. Thus, with whatever lowliness of spirit and loftiness of determination he can, he will brave the

terrors of public opinion, and the more imposing terrors that lurk in the weakness of the human soul; and will not doubt that in destroying a religious error, or making known a discovery of critical study, he is doing something, however small it be, to assist and educate his race.

But the years 1859 to 1867—years which may be divided off as constituting the first period of Edward Bowen's life as a Harrow master—produced no important contribution by him, with the exception of one essay, to the literature of his profession. Such a circumstance is no matter for surprise, much less for regret. Contributions might no doubt have been made by him which would have been striking as expositions of theory, unbalanced by experience; but they could not have had the weight which attaches to his later workmanship. During these years, however, and indeed somewhat early in them, he wrote a remarkable paper on 'Punishments,' which was read to a society known as 'The United Ushers,' or more shortly and colloquially as 'The U.U.'s.' The paper made a great impression upon those who first heard or read it, nor did his maturer views upon the subject differ materially from those which he expresses in it; but it was obviously put together by him without any idea of giving it a circle materially wider than that for which it was prepared; and though its author sent it to a few friends, he expressed a strong desire that it should not be given to the outside public. Under these circumstances the essay has not been included among the Appendices to this memoir; at the same time the prohibition need not now be so rigidly interpreted as to exclude all reference to it or any extracts from it.

The essayist lays down these axioms:

1. 'Faults ought not to be punished according to their real moral enormity.'
2. Punishment for 'acute disorders' must be effective.
3. Don't have secondary punishments.

In connection with the first of these he points out that offences arise partly because of the artificial system in operation at a school. He takes in illustration what was—at one

period, at any rate, of Dr. Vaughan's régime—a very common breach of discipline.

I was much struck once by a master now present saying to me that throwing stones *was* wrong, and that he wished the boy to know that he, the master, thought it was, and punished it because it was. I can't agree, though I have thought over it as candidly as I can. It is, I rather contend, only wrong because the days are evil: because our small state of society is confessedly and of set purpose a little awry. Hence arbitrary rules, codes enacted to satisfy direct and visible wants, and not following natural laws. In short, school punishments are, even more than those of a nation, *really* and *bonâ fide* separable into *mala per se* and *mala prohibita*, which run, of course, into one another, but are different. I hope I shall be forgiven for having dwelt on this, for I probably am not the only teacher who has wondered whether the don, the master who frowns at the stone-thrower, has really right on his side. So far, then, I uphold the view that we must conform to the boys' idea that some things are punished because they are wrong, and others because they must be punished.

As regards the second axiom—the importance of effective punishment for really grave offences—it was, in his view, a choice between corporal punishment and imprisonment, 'which the French don't like, but are obliged to use.' Degradation in school rank would, he thinks, prove to be only partially sufficient, because in such a penalty there is an element of fictitiousness and conventionality, while what is wanted in punishment of this sort is that 'the boy must care for it and be afraid of it, when he weighs it against the temptation.'

The question of secondary punishments is dealt with at greater length, and it is here that the essay is perhaps most brilliant and most suggestive. It approaches the matter from the standpoint of a form-master. As has been said, Edward Bowen's motto with regard to these penalties was, 'Eschew them,' since he considered that most secondary punishments which were set were practically unnecessary, and that resort to them was only a sign of weakness.

In secondary matters, the master ought only to punish with the distinct object of getting what he wants, and because he thinks



this the best or the only way. This *shall not* happen, ought to be the motto. Acting in this spirit, it does not matter much whether the punishments are great or small. For such faults as petulance, forgetfulness, venial disobedience, the best punishment being nothing; the second best is to be sought for in a fertile invention. Things which are extraordinary should be dealt with in a wayward fashion. Jones for the fortieth time *will not* bring a pen to school. I have tried all the arts of persuasion: what shall I do? Make him come a quarter of an hour before school every day for a week with a pen in his hand; or write an account of the pens of the ancients from the 'Dictionary of Antiquities;' or buy out of his pocket-money half-a-dozen boxes of pens, and give them to me to keep for him; or threaten, but don't do it, to give all the form an extra stanza of repetition next time he forgets. But the one thing I won't do, is to make a rule that all boys who don't bring pens shall write some lines of Virgil. And I can hardly conceive a case of the kind in which I wouldn't let the boy off if he particularly wished. Of course, if he had done it on purpose, it would be different; then he wouldn't wish. If thy pupil trespass against thee seven times a day, and seven times a day come to thee saying, 'I repent,' forgive him.

But as regards all punishments, there is one golden rule to be borne in mind: 'Boys ought *hardly ever* to be punished against their will.' If a master is wise and just, and shows that he does truly care about the offence, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred the culprit will acquiesce in his sentence as reasonable and proper.

Nor did these years see even the first of Edward Bowen's Harrow songs. Mr. Farmer, whose name will always be closely connected with this famous series, had, it is true, come to Harrow in 1862; and in 1864 Mr. Westcott had written 'Io Triumphe' for him, and had followed it up by other Latin songs. Mr. Bradby also contributed both Latin and English words before 1867; but Edward Bowen did not as yet take any part. There are, however, during this period two brilliant compositions of his, written for the 'Harrow Gazette' (a local newspaper), the first being some lines in connection with the Volunteer movement of 1859-60; and the second being a set of verses upon the election of an organist for the parish church.



The lines upon the Volunteer movement are dated March 1, 1860, and are descriptive, as will be seen, of the struggles of local recruits.

### THE 'EIGHTEENTH MIDDLESEX'

Sweet sleep attend that patriot, visions fair,  
Whose aims are lofty, and his shoulders square !  
Soft be the couch where rest, in glorious ease,  
The feet turned out at sixty good degrees !  
Not we the slaves whose venal ardour chose  
The shining shilling and the clumsy clothes ;  
Not ours the hearts that, armed for just defence,  
Fight for their country's honour—and its pence ;  
The touch of pay is not the thing to vex  
The conscience of the Eighteenth Middlesex.  
A pure ambition prompts our backward wheels,  
In honour's steps we crush each other's heels,  
And in the path where Wolfe and Wellesley trod,  
Duty stands smiling on the awkward squad.

All have one aim ; but as to skill—I pause.  
I don't believe Jones ever will do 'fours ;'  
Brown *should* remember that it hardly does  
To do 'left wheel,' when we do 'stand at huzz !'  
You Nokes, of course, were not in fault last night,  
'Twas Jones, not you, who thought his left his right.  
But then,—I hope I do not give offence,  
Some people haven't other people's sense ;  
Still, if mistrust of Smith your spirits drown,  
And total want of confidence in Brown ;  
If you do feel these nightly drills a bore,  
Your true right section is—to cut the corps.  
Leave glory's phantoms for the soldier's part,  
Find in some art of peace your 'peace of 'art ;'  
Resign at once all military show,  
Go the whole hog—and be the hog you go !

Strange sight, when first the rifleman with pain,  
Faces to right, then faces left again ;  
When first he learns, by force of lengthened use,  
The step that marks the soldier—and the goose ;  
And hears, in rapid speech and wondrous tone,  
The mighty issues of the short word 'wonn.'

'The posture should be easy'—oh, no doubt!  
 'The head upright—the chest thrown fully out.'  
 Poor Binks! a fearful picture of repose—  
 Perhaps you'd like him now to touch his toes!  
 Pity the sorrows of a poor young swell,  
 Too stiff to stoop, too loyal to rebel;  
 With soul of iron, vest of cashmere, curst,  
 Binks, in our Tuesday's practice, simply—burst!

And noble he who, strong in size and weight,  
 Deems nought too arduous for a shape so great;  
 Let some their section grace with figures slim,  
 In mass and breadth they will not rival him;  
 Let others easier bend the pliant knee,  
 Not one is larger round the waist than he!  
 Bold he advances, and presents anew  
 At every turn a fresh 'dissolving' view;  
 Marks time like Nasmyth's hammer; and around  
 The dust is laid o'er twenty feet of ground;  
 Till calm fatigue, exhaustion all serene,  
 Leaves standing not one stone—of his fifteen!

And yet, kind ladies, who may deign awhile  
 To crown our dreary marchings with your smile;  
 Yet deem not that we try no pains to please,  
 That hour has cramped our dinners, pinched our teas.  
 At eight P.M. the first command is given,  
 Enthusiastic people come at seven;  
 Rush from short meals which duty yet may sweeten,  
 Our feelings Harrow'd, but our dinner Eaten.  
 Then, hark! the bugle calls. What feelings swell  
 In Biffin at the sound he loves so well!  
 Tum de de de is 'forward,' Biffin knows,  
 And diddy tum tum, diddy de, is 'close.'  
 Then Stokes, with rapid steps and quiet smiles,  
 Treads on the heels of unsuspecting Stiles;  
 And Stiles, dissembling vengeance, calmly pokes  
 His errant elbow in the ribs of Stokes.  
 That night they dream, if patriotic zeal  
 Narrowed the 'extension motion' of their meal,  
 That myriad sergeants, frowning, all night stand,  
 And thunder forth the strong, but strange, command,  
 'Right section, left form company; meanwhile,  
 Left, backwards double on the leading file!'

Oh muse, oh nymph, oh minitress of war,  
 Whosever line embraces Rifle Corps !  
 Be kind to one who, though not used to sing,  
 Has every wish to do the proper thing.  
 Oh, when the varying mandate, random hurled,  
 Confounds the finest senses in the world ;  
 When Judgment owns her mastery less and less,  
 And mind becomes a briery wilderness :  
 Then let thy warning voice speed down the line,  
 Stretch thy right hand, and tell me, *which is mine !*

The verses upon the election of an organist are three years later. It will be noticed that the name of Mr. Farmer—who had not as yet received any real recognition from the School authorities—appears in them. How the election went in the end is immaterial, nor need we attempt to determine what influence Edward Bowen's exceptional advocacy had upon the chances of his candidate ; but it ought to be stated that Mr. Gos, for whom he made his effort, was a hair-dresser in the town.

### ELECTION OF ORGANIST

Vote for Gos ! Vote for Gos !  
 Why do the gentry look so cross ?  
 Truefitt's rival and Handel's heir,  
 He will play your organ and cut your hair ;  
 Psalmody cannot afford the loss  
 The town would suffer in losing Gos !

Vote for Gos ! Vote for Gos !  
 Twenty to one on the winning 'oss !  
 All the fine talk of the friends of the Vicar is  
 Excellent food—for the lovers of liquorice,  
*Flowers* are best in their native moss !  
 Hang the intruder and vote for Gos !

Vote for Gos ! Vote for Gos !  
*Farmer* and *Flowers* to Jericho toss !  
 Not in vain is the story told  
 How for the hair-cutter Absalom polled :  
 This way, gentlemen ! step across !  
 This is the way to vote for Gos !

It was not, however, in English verses only that Edward Bowen's wit and gaiety found brilliant expression. In 1867 he and the Rev. E. M. Young<sup>1</sup> jointly composed an amusing 'Vergilian' eclogue—somewhat after the model of that in which Menalcas and Damoetas compete for the heifer—upon the candidature of the Rev. F. W. Farrar and the Rev. E. H. Bradby—both of them assistant masters at Harrow—for the vacant headmastership of Haileybury. The honour of succeeding so distinguished a chief as the retiring headmaster—the Rev. Arthur Butler—had drawn a large field of applicants, but Mr. Farrar and Mr. Bradby stood somewhat prominently out from among the others, and it was from the first probable that the choice of the governing body would fall, as it did, upon one or other of them.<sup>2</sup> Their rivalry excited considerable warmth of feeling among their colleagues and friends, and the heat of partisanship was increased by the even balance on the one hand of their claims, and on the other by the striking divergence of their temperaments. It was under these circumstances that the Eclogue was written; and its delightful humour did not a little to soften the asperities of the contest.

#### THYRSIS. DAMOETAS

- Forte sub argutâ betulæ convenerat umbrâ  
 Thyrsida Damoetas; nostros quis nescit amicos?  
 Proxima qui summo curant præsepia clivo,  
 Ambo conjugii præstantes, prolibus ambo;  
 5 Duxerat hic secum florem gregis, ille gemellos,  
 Quorum nescit herus similem dignoscere lanam.  
 Hos ego, dum lateo molli resupinus in herbâ,  
 Versibus audi vi paribus certare vicissim,  
 Ferret uter virgam betulæ de fronde recisam  
 10 Daphnidis; at sceptro discesserat ipse relicto.  
 Alternis igitur se venditat unus et alter.  
 T. Flos rubet in pratis; pendens rubet arbore bacca;  
 Nobis suave rubent promissi ad pectora crines.

<sup>1</sup> At the time an assistant master at Harrow: afterwards headmaster of Sherborne; and, at the time of his death, Rector of Rothbury and Honorary Canon of Newcastle.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bradby was elected. Mr. Farrar was subsequently appointed to the headmastership of Marlborough in succession to Dr. Bradley.



- 15 D. Barbarus est, barbam qui sic foveat ; id bene discit,  
 'Linguarum' modicè qui tinxit 'Origine' mentem.
- T. Ut pereant vocum discrimina ! novimus ipsi  
 Angliacâ lepide disponere verba loquelâ.
- D. An tibi sic currunt, veluti vox nostra loquentis,  
 Chryselephantino berylus distincta smaragdo ?
- 20 T. At cantus pueris, at avenæ aptavimus hymnos,  
 Meque colonus amat, mea sunt huic omnia curæ.
- D. Anglia me Scotique simul, puerique senesque,  
 Et Batavi, et ponto discreta Columbia laudat.
- T. Jucundumque bonumque vocat me Roundelos ; ecquis  
 Roundelon audivit nisi vera et sana loquentem ?
- 25 D. Boppus amat nostros, nec despicit ipse libellos  
 Grimmus ; ut non sit Germanis notior alter.
- T. Pan ovium custos ; gregis est custodia nobis  
 Qui flores curant, conchyliâ, gramina, muscas.
- 30 D. Præses et ipse fui ; quid tu mihi talia ? novi  
 Omnia, post nomen cui litera trina legatur.
- T. Major ego, idcirco sapientior ; eque caballi  
 Tergore despicio follem qui calce fatigant.
- D. Fortunate senex ! ergo tua crura manebunt ;  
 Si, dum tu vectaris equis, ego vulnera quæro.
- 35 T. Triste Gradus pueris ; fesso schola longa magistro ;  
 Virga cuti ; cutibus mihi non intendere virgas.
- D. Dulce rudis pugili ; pueris absistere musâ ;  
 Musarum capiti mihi detraxisse coronam.
- 40 T. Quod potui, stupido sexcentos ordine versus  
 Imposui pensum Mopso ; cras Georgicon addam.
- D. O quoties et quæ nequam peccavit Amyntas !  
 Cum faciam ferulâ, ni displicet, ipse venito.
- T. Dic quibus in tectis interprete voce cuculus  
 Soles occiduos et euntes computet horas ?
- 45 D. Dic quibus in tectis, et mox eris Cædipus alter,  
 Parvulus incultæ ludat cui nomen ericæ ?

Hic ego, me prodens, 'Desistite cantibus ambo ;  
 Et betulâ tu dignus, et hic ; et quisquis honores  
 50 Vel ferat à Camo pastor, vel ab Iside, tales.  
 Vesper adest : sonat æs ; i, flos gregis, ite, gemelli.'

5 MSS. omnes '*folium*.' Veram lectionem restitui. 'Gemelli' qui fuerint, variè disseruerunt interpretes. Quatuor fuisse affirmat Schol.

19 Notaverint tirones, syllabarum in hoc versu quantitatem, et vocabulorum genera, poetam præ magnitudine sententiæ parum curare.

20 De colono vix liquet. Vide autem ne canendi magistrum quempiam scriptor per paronomasiam spectaverit.

Of the correspondence of this decade of years—a correspondence which doubtless was at the time slight and brief enough—scarcely any relics remain. There are, however, a few letters to his old undergraduate friend, W. Saumarez Smith—now (1902) Archbishop of Sydney—and of these three may perhaps be given as containing clear witness to the manner of man that the writer was. None of them are dated, but the first is stated by its author to be written at ‘the age of twenty-four,’ and therefore belongs approximately to 1860; while the Archbishop has been able to attach dates to the others.

London Road, Harrow.

My dear Willie,—I am going through the great heap of letters which accumulated at the end of last term, when I had hardly time to read them intelligently. Yours is among them. I am sitting over the fire the first night of the half, while the cabs roll by with boys coming back late—and no work to do as yet. What if I try to answer your letter? Probably it will be an infliction to you if I do. I know you rather dislike positive arguing; I, on the other hand, rather like it, believing in dialectics as a great help to the search for truth. Not that I require you to answer my combativeness—which, if it seem ungracious, all I can say is, firstly it isn’t really so, and secondly *magis amica veritas*!

The scarlet cloth that rouses all that is tauriform in my nature is the idea of subordinating the intellectual part of one’s nature to anything whatever. Why in the attempt to arrive at truth, which should be with everyone a lifelong labour, discard partially or wholly, or deliberately blunt, the only weapon by which truth is secured? Why? Because error is probable? *Immo* certain; but if I did not consider intellect and ignorance to be antagonistic rather than the opposite, I should think very differently of our work in the world. Because the nature of man is not large enough to unite large mental and spiritual development? Rather I trust the text which urges

‘That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster.’

What business have we to question that every faculty was meant to be used to the full? It is a kind of certainty with me that goes very near the roots of faith. ‘Perfect love casteth out fear.’

I am deliberately determined to make the desire of high knowledge no child's play, to trust the issues of honesty, to refuse to examine anything under heaven by the light of an eclipse of reason. Which of the two is more pleasing to the Father of Spirits, he who persuades himself to take things for granted which his own narrow views make him consider likely to be 'the right things to believe,' or he who deliberately strips himself, in entering upon high questions, of every prejudice, and blindness, and thought for his intellectual future, and renders to mind the things that are mind's? Which of the two 'enters the kingdom of God as a little child'?

But there is the question whether intellect is the only implement in our hands for such a purpose. My own reply is unhesitatingly, 'Yes.' What of faith? I cannot bring myself to think that any single fact, or collection of facts, of whatever importance they be, is seen best, and in its truest colours, by the simple process of shutting the eyes. I do not believe that faith has any relation whatever to a belief in facts. I should rather cling to it as something giving one very much more than facts—trust in the final victory of goodness and truth, love to the Spirit around and in one, confidence in the existence of a higher nature than this nature and a higher life surrounding this life. But to confound faith and opinion seems to me the heresy of heresies. No fact can be more than matter of opinion, nor any theory (i.e. doctrine). Every fact and doctrine is temporal, fleeting, imperfect. Faith is that by which we apprehend the real. He who believes a thing because others tell it him may believe what is true or he may not—the chances are enormously in favour of its being untrue—but in no case is it any credit to him simply to sacrifice his private judgment. It is not believing in God, it is believing in man; and this extends to everything of the nature of prejudice, *præjudicium*, every 'great principle which must at all hazards be defended,' every 'doctrine which lies at the root of theology.' *Apaga, Sathana!* But he who believes a thing, or fancies he does, because he thinks it right to believe it, is simply in the position of one who forfeits his claim to manhood, who abdicates the status of a rational being. Reason, and reason alone, I consider the guide to inductive knowledge.

I shudder to think how often I have heard the questions, 'But where will you stop?' 'Where will this lead to?' Wherever God will—*αἰνον αἰνον εἶπε*. I pray Him that I may no more shrink from intellectual duty through fear of the consequences than from moral. The consequences of blind reception of what is



stated or written is at the present moment that the predominant religion of the world is Buddhism; and a blind reception is that which receives from any other ground except intelligent opinion founded on examination. True that most of the world must receive blindly; but it is matter for regret that it should be so, and increases the responsibility of those who are not obliged by want of education to do it.

‘Can you trust yourself?’ No; but my opinions must nevertheless be my own and not another man’s. I know I shall never arrive at perfect truth; which of itself is a satisfactory proof to me that no opinion honestly arrived at is matter for blame to anyone, or the contrary. Nor do I mean that I am to take nothing as probable from the report of another. I only mean that I must do so with open eyes and solely under the guidance of Reason.

Lastly, it may be said, ‘You are too young to profess and propound crude views.’ I reply that I do not propound them to the world. What I believe from day to day (for one must always be changing some small opinion or other), I express to those to whom I talk and write. I do not profess to be certain of any view, almost. But that is no reason for keeping my thoughts to myself. It wouldn’t do to wait till one was certain of all things. *Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis*. Error has a tendency to stereotype itself, one sees. And if young men were to be debarred from speaking because of crudity of opinion, views would be solid, it is true, beliefs would gain in firmness and symmetry, and in an appearance of appropriateness and adaptation to the world, but not nearly so much as they would lose in vigour and in the additional charm of truth that arises from disturbance and a stirring up of mind.

For example, I believe that if it were suddenly discovered that the Bible was not entirely trustworthy, the amount of religious knowledge, virtue, spiritualness, would by this time five years have vastly increased. You will guess from my saying so that I am on the point of mentioning one strong view that I feel at the moment convinced of. I have taken lately to thinking that we have lost much from over-veneration of the Bible; that it can be proved beyond question that in that book, or collection of books, there are mistakes, contradictions, human imperfections; that the book is simply human (always remembering how God’s Spirit works with man); that it differs from other human productions only in degree, not in kind; that it is a glorious collection of histories, thoughts, truths; that it is the most precious possession of the human race; that the good it has done is incalculable, but that it is human



after all—an 'earthen vessel'—not infallible, and not to be worshipped as Divine ; that therefore it is as wrong to believe in it implicitly—in the shell, the form inclosing the truth—as in the Church, the history and position of which so closely resemble it. The great reform which the time requires, and which I think we shall live to see, is the surrender of the belief in the infallibility of any human institution, of anything that the eye can see, or the hand handle.

Thus says the age of twenty-four. But *liberavi animam*. I wonder whether you will ever get as far as this. I am too tired to tell you of my French tour—very jolly but very short.

P.S. Make a test of the subject of the last [part]<sup>1</sup> of this letter. Is it not *simply* a matter of argument? Can you venture to say that faith enters into it at all, on either side? And yet did you not, on reading it, conceive me as morally the worse in some slight degree for thinking so? At least I feel I should, I am afraid, in your position; at all events I know many of those who think as you, who would.

Harrow, N.W. : [October 1861.]

My dear Willie,—I hardly know what to say to your news.<sup>2</sup> I confess that my first feeling was one of sorrow. I should myself so very much shrink from the idea of leaving England for good, or nearly so, that I can't quite like it for you, even though it is a grand life that you will be leading. I think perhaps you are right to take it. You will do all the administrative part of the work extremely well, and for the missionary part I don't expect you to fail in energy or perseverance. When once the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice gets united to the vigour of Anglo-Saxon enterprise, it is hard to see what can withstand it. I should think there could not be a pleasanter man, too, than Gell, to be with and under. Yes, I think you will enjoy it, and I think you will live a life worth living; and I envy you the consciousness that you must constantly have of direct and practical success. But to leave the social life of England, to leave its intellectual and religious life at what seems to be such a critical time as this, and to undergo that terrible and absolute separation from friends—I really seem almost to shrink from it. However, God will surely bless you in it; and I remember that when it was asked of other Apostles sent out without purse or scrip, 'Lacked ye anything?' they replied, 'Nothing.'

<sup>1</sup> The word in the original is illegible.

<sup>2</sup> His correspondent had accepted a domestic chaplaincy to Bishop Gell at Madras.

I hope you will manage to come down here before you go. What a number of threads you must have to take up of all kinds. We really ought to have one long talk about past, present, and future, before you vanish. I can hardly believe that there will be positively not one of our year left at Trinity now—everyone at work somewhere. How you will prize all Trinity recollections in a couple of years' time, when you have nothing to deal with but stupid natives and unsympathising civilians. Well, if ever there is a judgment of natives, it will be something for England to be able to say that she did not grudge such men as you and your bishop for such work as his and yours. . . .

Heatherwood, Freshwater, Isle of Wight : [September 1863.]

My dear Willie,—I confess that during the quarter I was frequently impressed with a conviction that I ought to write to you ; but somehow the school-time is so fully taken up that opportune half-hours never seem to come off for any desirable purposes. However, now it is holiday-time I should have no excuse if I were to be still remiss. Many thanks for your letter, and your general views of the work and its prospects. I find it hard to take much interest in the *details* of missionary successes and failures—partly, because they are never given with any dramatic effect in print or on paper (I suppose in consequence of the impossibility to Englishmen of getting as close up to the mind of an Asiatic as to one of ourselves), and partly because they are monotonous ; one doesn't appreciate the full meaning contained in the fact of the Rev. John Brown having baptised ten converts and admitted a dozen communicants, and then had prayers, and gone somewhere else. But the general results, the nature of the moral and social progress of Christianity, the extent to which it is possible for reformers to feel their way among an alien race, I do care very much for. Now I know men of candour and ability who declare that after much study of it they believe missionary work to be an almost total failure. On the other hand, you say that the results are ' very satisfactory ; ' and I take it as your deliberate opinion. Will you take as a criterion these two rough tests, which from ignorance I cannot put myself ? First, does Christianity introduce a more elevated moral code among the natives than they possessed before, so that a well-meaning and candid unbeliever is obliged to respect a convert, even if he thinks him misled, on account of the lofty principles which guide him ? Secondly, is it the case that the belief which you introduce accompanies social advance ? Do you *really* teach converts to be more active and energetic members of society ?

Is the gospel of steam-power and free-trade felt to be consonant with, and worthy of, the gospel of forgiveness and redemption? I can't but think that some such tests as these any creed ought to be able to bear, which is destined to make much way among a people.

. . . . .

Last term was a very pleasant one to me. It was the last quarter that a set of boys were there whom I had got to know very well, and who are now leaving for Cambridge, &c. Then the games are of course wonderfully interesting from every point of view, from the highly moral to the purely physical. I am now down at our little house at Freshwater, playing cricket matches as often as I can get them, and getting up before breakfast every morning to work. I am busy at a long quarterly article (for the 'National Review') on 'The Criticism of the Old Testament'!<sup>1</sup> I wrote one on Colenso<sup>2</sup> in last January's number, and they asked me to do another in continuation of the subject, so I am grinding hard at it. I was afraid you wouldn't approve of Colenso. I thought it right to write in general terms of praise of him. He notices the article in his preface to the second volume. No doubt I think, as most critics do, that he is mistaken in the inference he draws as to the totally unhistorical character of the Exodus. I think the grounds for denying it are not sufficient. But I fully believe that it is by such criticism as his, free, uncompromising, acute, that the real truth of all history must be made out—Hebrew history as well as Roman; and if he goes too far in one particular direction, that of incredulity, other men will very soon come back to the right critical track; and at any rate it is an emphatic protest against the common view, which seems to me pernicious, that all the details of the story must be historical because they are placed in a book which our Lord, in common with all other pious Jews, treated with well-deserved reverence. Of course I shouldn't praise Colenso if I thought that his arguments were bad and weak; but I think that they are for the most part sound *as far as they go*, viz. discrediting the details of the story; and his second and third volumes have proved him to be what I never expected to find him, a really scholarlike and careful critic. He intends to go to Genesis next, in which I presume he will adopt the old line again, and then on to Samuel and Kings. I must say I have found a wonderful interest in the Old Testament study, which I have taken up in the last two or three years, and it is

<sup>1</sup> Vide pp. 66, 75 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Vide pp. 66 ff.



impossible to describe how much the interest is increased by not feeling fettered down to an obligation of accepting every word that one finds as necessarily true. In the one case it seems really possible to understand something of the history, as a history of living men; in the other, one's efforts would seem to lie prostrate before a mountain of ill-assorted and even contradictory records. However, I know you don't go so far as I do in this, so I won't give you pain by more; but I believe that our descendants a hundred years hence will hardly be able to credit the fact that educated men in this century really regarded the story of Balaam's ass as otherwise than a legend, or the Book of Chronicles as accurate in its statement of facts.

. . . . .

I wonder when you are to be back. I suppose you will come out strong in the 'deputation' line. Don't go and get knocked up in the liver and all that. Do they allow you in the episcopal residence a copious supply of Bass?



## III

THE years 1867–1882 may be regarded as marking the commencement and end of the second period of Edward Bowen's career at Harrow. By the first of these dates his apprenticeship has been fully served. He has learnt his work, and has made his name; and, though he has still his critics and even his opponents, he is generally recognised by the members of his profession as a master whose opinion must always carry great weight to the scale into which it is thrown, and whose brilliancy, originality, and force are beyond question. The second date, 1882, was the year when he accepted the mastership of 'The Grove'—the large house which 'stands on the high hill head,' and with which his memory will now always be most closely associated; for, apart from his twenty years of government, the School owes the possession of it to his generosity. This middle period was in some respects the fullest in his life. During it the 'Modern Side' was founded and developed. It produced more than one valuable educational paper, and most of the School songs. They were years—as were all the remaining years of his life—of extreme professional pressure. Certainly by 1871 he had ceased to contribute either to the 'Saturday' or to the 'National Review.'<sup>1</sup> He had, too, ceased to be a volunteer. He was hardly ever away from the School. He had almost given up entertaining, and he very rarely dined out. He was too busy, and he remained too busy to the end. Now and then he would have a Cambridge friend to stay with him over the Sunday, and would ask one or

<sup>1</sup> In January 1871 he sent an article to the 'Saturday Review' on 'The Lessons of the Eclipse' (*vide* p. 127); but he wrote it during the holidays, and as a substitute for a man unable at the last moment to fulfil his engagement to the paper.

two masters to meet him. Once a fortnight he would play whist at a neighbour's house after prayers—a colleague still has a vivid recollection of the lawless characteristics of his play, and of the kind of arguments with which the worst breaches of conventionality would be defended with all the appearance of logical soundness. Now and then he would play football away from Harrow. Occasionally during the course of June and July he would steal two or three hours to visit 'Lord's.' But as a whole his life was full to overflowing with school duties, and during term-time nothing was allowed to compete with them. He had throughout this period a large measure of reward, although the completeness of it came somewhat later. In these years his influence both upon colleagues and pupils grew with rapidity. At the same time, it never became during this period indisputably paramount. When the period closes we find him possessing an ascendancy which, though remarkable, was not as yet quite sufficient to overcome the suspicion against him, in the minds of some, as radical in his general sentiments and unorthodox in his religious opinions. It was not until a few years more had elapsed that his feet were, as regards prestige and supremacy, on absolutely the last rung of the ladder. The period, too, though it is mainly concerned with his professional life, has upon it, both at its beginning and end, a strong gleam of outside interest. At the commencement of it come the memorable holidays of the summer of 1870, when he follows in the track of the victorious Germans along the line of MacMahon's retreat from Weissenburg, and visits Wörth two weeks after the battle there; the winter holidays of the same year, when he is one of the scientific party sent to Sicily to take observations in connection with the eclipse of the sun; the Easter holidays of 1871, when he goes to Paris during the reign of the Commune. Towards the end of the period he has his political experiences, and contests—with some approach to success—a seat against Mr. Arthur Balfour. The story of these fourteen years—both as regards term-time and holidays—had best be told, in the main, chronologically.

In 1867, Mr. Farrar—now (1902) Dean of Canterbury—edited a volume of essays under the title, ‘Essays on a Liberal Education.’ To this he asked Edward Bowen to contribute, and the result was an important paper from his pen on the subject, ‘Teaching by means of Grammar’—a paper which is well worth very close and careful study by anyone who desires to become acquainted with Edward Bowen’s views as a teacher, and to understand in some measure the nature and characteristics of his genius.<sup>1</sup> The essay is throughout a severe, drastic, uncompromising criticism of the method of teaching which he found in vogue; from which his experience and good sense had led him almost wholly to dissociate himself, and towards which he never in after years moved a single step nearer. ‘Teaching by means of Grammar’ was to him—in the form in which it existed and with the aims on which its advocates laid stress—nothing else than a complete mistake. Such a method was in his eyes an erroneous path to an almost worthless goal. It was an erroneous path, for it only wearied the feet of the youthful learner beyond bearing. Boys, he said in effect, were prepared to submit to a good deal of drudgery. They were not, as a rule, wholly idle, or chiefly sullen; but the learning of Latin and Greek through grammars, written in a dead language and consisting of ‘a set of clumsy rules, of which a boy will never use the half, and never understand the quarter,’ simply meant that a lad’s time, docility, temper, desire to improve, confidence in his teachers, were all sacrificed. It was of course the case that a certain amount of grammar was necessary. Classics could not be tackled without some knowledge of the declensions; but such an admission was no justification for the preposterous system which forced upon a boy what was really so much work at a treadmill. Grammar as it was taught was simply too hard. It tortured a lad without even giving him the satisfaction of feeling at the termination of his painful drudgery that he had gained some mite of real knowledge. So, too, the goal to which teaching by grammar was meant to lead was not worth the reaching. In what did such teaching end?

<sup>1</sup> The essay is printed among the Appendices.



Merely in pedantic scholarship. Edward Bowen proceeded to draw out with some contempt the ideas usually conveyed by the popular expression, 'a beautiful scholar.' Such an individual, he observes, does as a rule but little for his generation. 'We know well enough what becomes of the man who gives himself up to particles.' He becomes intolerant of others upon whom he looks down, for no better or worthier reason than that they do not possess his own pedantic knowledge. He is incapable of taking any useful or sympathetic part in social and political movements. He does but little even to elucidate the thoughts of those writers with whose grammatical characteristics he is so well acquainted. His chief capacity is 'to set a common-room right upon some mystic conceit of *Æschylus*.' Nor does the writer of the essay admit for one moment the doctrine to which expression is sometimes given—especially in connection with the prohibition of translations—that the trials through which, on the existing system, a pupil goes are a sort of moral education on account of the struggles which they involve. Such a thesis is, in his opinion, beyond the reach of argument. The man who makes it his own is out of court. It is so obviously the duty of the teacher to do all that he can to remove difficulties, and to add interest to learning, that any proposition involving the negative is self-convicted.

Edward Bowen expresses in some vigorous sentences his own idea of the way in which the ordinary boy should be taught classics. 'Plunge him at once—i.e. after he has learnt a few rudiments of grammar—into the delectus.' Encourage him to read. Help him to read. Take off his hands all that wearisome work with a lexicon which involves such a portentous waste of time, and occupies to no real profit energies which might be turned to good account. Let him use translations. If he does not know the meaning of a word, tell it him. Never let him be seriously checked by a difficulty. If it be an insuperable one to him, at once help him over it.

If only it could be regarded as an established truth that the office of a teacher is, more than anything else, to educate his



pupils, to cause their minds to grow and work, rather than simply to induce them to receive; to look to labour rather than to weigh specific results; to make sure at the end of a school-half that each one of those entrusted to him has had something to interest him, quicken him, cause him to believe in knowledge, rather than simply to repeat certain pages of a book without a mistake—then we might begin to fancy the golden time was near at hand, when boys will come up to their lessons, as they surely ought, with as little hesitation and repugnance as that with which a man sits down to his work.

The testimony of more than one of Edward Bowen's pupils, which will be quoted later on, will show how nearly he reached his ideal with those who passed into his form, and came 'under the wand of the enchanter.'

The spring of the year 1869 brought Edward Bowen the offer of the 'Mastership' of the new 'Modern Side,' which was to commence after the summer holidays. He was himself a very strong advocate of this change in the School routine, which, indeed, met with very general acceptance by his colleagues. His own great classical attainments, and the fact that so eminent a classical scholar as Dr. Butler approved the plan, rendered impossible any suspicions, which might otherwise have arisen and asserted themselves, that classics were to be sacrificed unnecessarily; and the good ship 'Modern Side' was built and launched without any serious opposition, though not without doubt and anxiety. There is extant a letter from Edward Bowen to his mother in which he alludes to the new venture and to his own prospects in connection with it.

The case is this: after long hesitation we are to have a Modern School, i.e. a school on rational principles, teaching no Greek, but lots of history, modern languages, science, &c., and also (at all events at present) Latin. Of course it is an experiment, but one that is sure to answer to a certain extent, and one that we are bound to try. I am to be at the head of it. I really never thought of whether it will imply gain or loss of greatness to me; but I don't see how it should be loss at all events. I shall have

probably a great part of the responsibility of ordering the work. It will simply be a division of the school—a bifurcation—though *at first* I expect the clever boys won't come to it much ; in process of time they will. One fact is that I shall have to teach French and German. Now, French I could manage more or less, but as to German I don't know any worth mentioning and must get it up. So I propose to go these holidays to Dresden and work at it. . . . The new institution won't begin till after midsummer, and absolutely no arrangements are made for it as yet except the general idea. . . .

There was as regards this new division one preliminary question of the highest possible importance. Was the Modern Side to be for boys admittedly inferior in capacity, or was it to claim perfect equality with the old Classical Side? That the former interpretation of its existence and meaning would have been most detrimental to it—indeed, fatal to any real success—is obvious. Admit the Modern Side to be a refuge for the destitute, and a refuge for the destitute it would most assuredly become and remain. If, however, the department was not to suffer in prestige, then adequate steps must be taken to prevent an inrush of idlers and dullards. It must not be open to masters of private schools to suppose that if they could not pass a boy into the Classical Side of the School, they might yet succeed in doing so into the Modern. It is characteristic of Edward Bowen that he was willing to take charge of this new branch of the school-work upon any terms. At the same time he was clear that the conditions attaching to admission to the Modern Side must be definitely settled, and that whatever was settled must be adhered to. It would not do to have it undetermined whether or not inferiority was to be the badge of the boy who did not do Greek. The decision was never in doubt. The Modern Side was in the judgment of the Headmaster to be on the same level as the rest of the School ; and in order to give the fullest possible effect to this principle it was arranged that there was to be no class on the Modern Side lower than the 'Shell,' nothing corresponding even to the highest of the three 'Fourth Forms' on the Classical Side—forms which then contained some eighty boys. It was clearly foreseen,

too, that such an arrangement would have to remain in force for a considerable number of years, and it was not till 1890 that a 'Fourth Form' was added.

It is not necessary to trace in detail the fortunes of the Modern Side. At the close of twelve years, in 1881, Edward Bowen wrote a long and very striking Memorandum in connection with it, which will be read by all educationists with appreciative interest. It will be seen from the introductory letter that it was drawn up in response to a request from Dr. Butler; and it is here given in full, with the exception that initials are substituted for names.

Harrow: Sept. 10, 1881.

My dear Dr. Butler,—I send you the memorandum which you asked me to draw up with regard to the Modern Side at Harrow; and I am sorry that I have not been able to complete it in a shorter compass. It is at your service for any use to which you may think fit to put it.

I am, yours very sincerely,

E. E. BOWEN.

#### MEMORANDUM ON THE MODERN SIDE, 1869-1881

*General Principles of the Modern Side.*—When in the spring of 1869 the Headmaster proposed to me to undertake the chief management of a Modern Department, I suggested that it was necessary to discriminate between two alternative conceptions: on the one hand, that of a branch of the School which should aim at the best attainable teaching, and rank as far as possible on an equality with the Classical School; on the other, that of a division which should be professedly inferior, should welcome the duller boys, and bring the teaching to as low a level as was necessary for their training. I was willing to undertake the task on either hypothesis: Dr. Butler chose the former. I then proposed the following general principles for its establishment:

1. The department is to be taught separately as regards all school-work.
2. The teaching is intended to be of a high class.
3. In every way, except in form-work, the boys are to retain their association with those on the Classical Side.
4. The chief subjects are to be mathematics, modern languages, history, Latin, science, English.



5. Boys are to be trained for the army examinations, but not for these exclusively.

These principles were accepted by Dr. Butler, and have guided the administration of the Modern Side ever since.

*History of Modern Side.*—It commenced its existence in September 1869, with three forms, 27 boys, and one form-master. [The mathematical arrangements will be explained hereafter.] In January 1870 the number of boys was 37, and a second master was added to the Modern staff. The numbers increased slowly; in January 1873 they amounted to 56, and a third form-master was created. But a tendency to decrease showed itself, which, though temporary, seemed for a time persistent, and the third master was dispensed with in January 1875, the numbers being then 45. The larger staff was restored in September of the same year, and since then the Modern Side has reached—in January of 1876, 55 boys; of 1877, 69 boys; of 1878, 69 boys; of 1879, 62 boys; of 1880, 73 boys; of 1881, 76 boys. In January 1881 a fourth form-master was added; and next week I anticipate that the numbers of the Modern Side will be somewhat over 80.

It would not be becoming in me to speak of the personal qualifications of my colleagues in the teaching of the Modern forms; but I may say that from the commencement till now our work has been completely harmonious; the arrangements have been matters of constant discussion in common; and there has never been the smallest jar to disturb our cordial relations and the development of our work.

*General Description.*—The changes in the working of the Modern Side have been entirely changes in detail, and hardly need description. It may be enough to delineate it as it exists at present.

The forms, which are seven—or perhaps eight—in number, are (as regards school rank) distributed among those of the Classical Side; taking their place, with as much evenness as can be attained, at intervals from the Sixth Form to the Lower Shell. There is no Modern Fourth Form. The promotions are intended to be so arranged that the progress of an average boy shall be approximately equal in both departments. Each of the Modern form-masters has, in general, two forms in his charge, which, though working in some subjects together, are kept separate in order and in marks. To his forms, as such, the form-master teaches divinity, history, for the most part Latin, sometimes English, and to a certain extent French; and he is generally



responsible for their reports, 'placings,' &c. But apart from his form-work, each master gives lessons, as far as his time allows him, to classes of boys in some of the following subjects—German, geography, French composition—and in some cases mathematics. These classes are arranged according to special merit in the subject taught, and irrespectively of form order. All the higher mathematical classes are taught by Mr. B., whose work is solely mathematical, but is also partly given to the Classical Side; and some other mathematical masters belonging to the Classical Side give a certain amount of mathematical help to the Modern. The science teaching is in the hands of the science masters, and is organised in the same way as that of the rest of the School. The Modern form-masters are now myself, Mr. C., Mr. D., and Mr. G.

In 'pupil-room,' it is intended that the members of the Modern Side shall be free to join those of the Classical Side who have the same tutor; and the hours of school-work are arranged with this object. In spite of some difficulties of detail, I should be sorry to alter this understanding.

*Entrance to Modern Side.*—Entrance to the Modern Side was at first confined to boys already in the School. It was thought that for some time the restriction would be necessary, in order to prevent an influx of very dull boys, to whom it would be difficult to refuse admission. This rule was relaxed in April 1874, when competent new-comers were allowed to join the Modern Side at once; it may be interesting to mention that the first boy who did so was a son of one of the governors of the School. It was provided that the entrance examination should be held several weeks before the actual time of entrance, and that those only should be admitted who could pass with credit in mathematics and French, some Latin being also required. The tendency to think that the Modern Side affords a safe refuge for ignorance is still so great among the parents and tutors of backward boys, that I am convinced that these safeguards cannot yet be prudently withdrawn. It is also provided that those who join from the Classical Side must have done at least fairly well in their previous forms. This rule is also still indispensable. Of its application to particular boys I have been regarded as the interpreter, subject to an appeal to the Head-master.

Comparing the two classes of boys who join the Modern Side, there is no doubt which are the more successful. Those who have begun at an early age to study the Modern subjects beat out of the

field, for the most part, those who take to them after spending some time on Classical work. The certainty of this result is such as surprises me, and I venture to think that the inference from it is most important. I lay so much stress on it that it seems to me worth while to mention the following fact. Taking the seven Modern forms one by one, as they stood in the last examination, and collecting the first five in each, there results a total of 35 boys, the best of their several ages. Of these boys two only, the third in one form and the fifth in another, had been on the Classical Side at first. The other 33 had all joined at entrance.

*Character of Modern Side, Intellectual and Social.*—The limitations above mentioned are successful, to a considerable extent, in excluding the most incompetent boys. They are obviously not capable of attracting the most clever; still they no doubt exercise some influence in conciliating public respect. The *à priori* feeling of School society would naturally be to consider any special department as a resource for idleness or stupidity; it needs a hard struggle to check, or ultimately destroy, this prejudice. The general result is that the Side consists for the most part of average boys. Very clever ones are more rare than on the Classical Side. They were to some extent attracted by the Modern-Entrance scholarships, which existed from 1876 to 1880, and which certainly encouraged, both directly and indirectly, the entrance of able boys. Recent regulations, which came into force this year, have tended somewhat against the interest of the Modern Side, in so far as they have substituted for 'Modern' scholarships 'mathematical' ones, which may be tenable on the Classical Side; and have diminished the comparative importance of French.

On the other hand, it is satisfactory to think that the Modern Side has been able to preserve itself from any social disfavour. The boys who have composed it have been certainly not, relatively to their number, the least popular or prominent or influential boys in the School. On the whole, their personal character has stood, as far as I can judge, quite as high as, and perhaps higher than, that of the mass of their schoolfellows. In a more restricted sense of the term social, it is probable that the classes from which the members of the Modern Side have been drawn have been in a proportion larger than the average, the more influential classes of society. From another, and to the boys themselves an important, point of view, it is worth recording that though numbering from one-tenth to one-sixth of the School, the Modern Side has been in the habit of rivalling the Classical in the common outdoor games.

*Details of Work.*—I may now with advantage offer a short sketch of some details of our Modern work.

Mathematics is worked in sets, of from twelve to fifteen boys each, the Sixth Form being, however, kept separate from the rest; and these sets are different for each mathematical subject. Each boy has five, six, or seven lessons a week, with preparation for each. Boys preparing for special examinations have more, dropping other subjects in which they are weak.

To science there is allotted the same time as on the Classical Side, with from time to time some slight attempt at a better classification.

Latin is taught two or three times a week, attention being given to the meaning of the books as much as to verbal detail. Quantity is aimed at as much as quality, and it is desired, since so little time is devoted to the subject, that a boy should read more authors, and more of each, than he could do if he worked more closely at the scholarship of the lesson. Possibly we carried this idea too far at first, and we are endeavouring to recall our energies a little more to the diction itself. On the whole, Latin as a language does not reach a high standard; still, a boy gains something of the ideas and writings of Rome; and it must be remembered that those who join the Modern Side are in almost all cases boys who are presumably less good in Latin than in other subjects.

Divinity is taught on Sunday and on Monday morning; on the latter day the French Testament is used instead of the Greek. This answers well; it is but nominal labour for most boys to construe it, but it supplies a vehicle for a lesson, when translated aloud. I have not for some years done any ecclesiastical history; I am sorry that our curriculum is unable to include this.

French is learnt partly by translation in ordinary lessons (in the lower forms) and partly by careful lessons and exercises in prose composition; the latter is taken in special sets or divisions. Grammar lessons as such are rarely given to young boys, but all are trained in grammatical usages and laws. In the upper forms very little French construing is orally practised, but a French book is prepared, on the substance of which a lesson is given. In two of the three terms I always use for this purpose a campaign of Napoleon from Thiers, and have great reason to be satisfied with the lesson. Boys seem to themselves to be doing manly work; to be treated less as children; to come out of the cloister.

For German we break up altogether into sets, since most boys



know no German when they enter. I think we succeed pretty well. We all agree most fully in the two following principles, drawn from our German teaching: one, that boys taught in divisions make *much* faster progress than if taught in classes arranged according to an aggregate of subjects; the other, that boys who begin a language late make *much* faster progress than boys who begin it early.

History is formally taught but little; but it is incidentally taught all day, and the more in proportion as a boy ascends the School. In the upper forms an historical allusion is never remote from the purpose of any lesson, and the subject is made, in one way or another, one of the most important. The theory on which we work is not the very influentially supported one, that a boy should learn little but learn it well: we do, it is true, take detached pieces of history and study them with much care; but our aim is that a boy shall also, if intelligent and industrious, have some rough knowledge of general history by the time he leaves school; that he shall begin early to form for himself a framework of historical knowledge, which he can fill up more and more accurately as he has opportunity.

English literature is read at least once a week, and generally forms part of the holiday task. For English composition we have not as much time, or as much master-power, as would enable us to pursue it methodically. Indeed, a weak point in our system seems to lie in the lower results which are reached in the form, as compared with the substance of the training. The higher boys have not, as on the Classical Side, the advantage of masters specially appointed to teach composition on paper; the comparative infrequency of accurate translation into English, and the great comparative emphasis which is given to the supply of information and the storage of facts, tend to throw the value of all the details of literary excellence into the shade. Faults of spelling, and ill-arranged sentences, are often noticeable in boys who have read in school more English literature than the average of their companions. Still, it would be a mistake to suppose that such faults are necessarily due to the system of education solely.

Geography is taught formally to the youngest boys, and less as they advance in the School; but we think that in connection with historical and other books we teach the subject as much as is desirable.

Political economy, logic, and English philology form from time to time a portion of the teaching of the Sixth Form.



Books for Modern purposes are now more numerous and better than they were ten years ago. It may be worth while to mention that there prevails among us the custom, to which I attach great importance, that no books are used for our school-work which have been written by masters at present engaged in our teaching.

*Results.*—When we come to consider the results of the system of teaching on the Modern Side, it is easy enough to specify some. I should claim as emphatically in its favour the fact that to a greater degree, as I believe, than under the Classical régime, the boys like their work. To some extent at any rate, and I think more than under other systems, the traditional repugnance of the schoolboy to sit down to his lessons has been overcome. The temptations of play are still strong to English youth ; but, these apart, I cannot honestly complain of a large amount of idleness. The boys do feel that they are being helped to learn, instead of (as often seems to them the case) being put through a mill. In the upper forms of the Modern Side punishments are never used. And, what is perhaps still more important, I hope I am not mistaken in saying that whether they like their work or not, they respect it. I do not find that old members of the Modern Side talk of their past studies in the tone of disparagement which is so often adopted, in speaking of school experiences, by others who have been trained in classical scholarship without ever rising to its higher regions.

But if asked what the real intellectual gain of a Modern pupil is, as compared with a Classical, I feel that this must be matter of individual opinion rather than of historic statement ; and my own opinion on the most advantageous subject-matter of education is hardly needed in this Memorandum. But I may advance one or two propositions which are not always sufficiently considered, and which are yet beyond serious denial.

*a.* It is impossible for any boy, short of the very highest genius, to grapple successfully with all the desirable subjects of education during his school course. I cannot remember one who has done so in the last ten years.

*b.* The study of Greek is difficult and long. Very few boys learn Greek well at school. I do not mean to infer that some who learn it badly have gained nothing by the time spent ; but at Harrow the lessons of Greek on the Classical Side are curtailed within limits of time so narrow as to render advanced Greek knowledge impossible to most boys.

*c.* The majority of boys drop Greek on leaving school. Still more drop it after a single year.

*d.* Few average men have time and energy sufficient to enable them to study to much purpose in after life the two chief Modern languages, and the rudiments of history and [of] English literature.

*e.* Most Classical boys leave school knowing little or nothing of these subjects.

*f.* For a great majority of minds a full study of low mathematics is as useful as any work that can be undertaken; and our Harrow Classical education cannot without great difficulty embrace this.

The inference that for all except the few best adepts in language a Modern education conveys a richer profit, seems to me to follow from these considerations. Whether any other premisses exist, based upon the paramount value of the Greek language and of Classical composition, which turn the scale in the other direction, I am hardly called upon to judge.

Indeed, the concrete results of our own Modern teaching are, I fear, beyond the reach of any of the ordinary tests. To criticise a product one must gauge the raw material; and, while the success of the Classical Side itself is in the main untested, because the majority of its members never present themselves for any external examination at the universities or elsewhere, that of the Modern has an additional obscurity from the impossibility of estimating exactly the intellectual rank of the pupils who enter it. Nor, indeed, has it much opportunity of matching itself even against the Classical Side on common ground, for there is very little ground in common. It has, indeed, been said, and said in public, by very eminent persons, that as a general rule Modern Sides are beaten by Classical Sides, even in the examination for Modern prizes. No one, it is true, could say this who had much knowledge of the working of Harrow (where in the competitions which are open to both divisions of the School alike the Modern Side has far more than held its own); but it may be worth while to put on paper a few facts which indicate the value of the statement. The chief Modern subjects are mathematics, French, German, and history, science being common to both sides. The chief prizes devoted to these subjects, and open to the whole School, are the following:

*a.* The Neeld Mathematical Medal. A Modern Side candidate was first in this examination in the years 1873, 1875, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881.

b. The 'Fortescue' Prize for French or German. A Modern boy gained it in 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1880.

c. The 'Botfield' Medal for German or French. A Modern boy gained it in 1873, 1877, 1880.

There is no prize for knowledge of history at Harrow; in the 'Bourchier' prize examination there was last year for the first time one general historical paper, and in it a Modern boy was first. The Divinity prize is not open to the Modern Side, since a knowledge of Greek is necessary. One of the Science prizes has been won by a Modern candidate in 1875, 1876, 1878, 1880, 1881. Of the two 'Flower' prizes, for composition in Modern languages, one at least has been won by a boy on the Modern Side every year that they have been awarded since 1873. I should add that the Modern Side has averaged one-eighth of the entire School. It may be hoped that whether it is in the newspapers or in the Cambridge Senate-house that the statement is in future made which I quoted above, it may not remain contradicted.

As regards distinction at the university, I cannot claim much success for the Modern Side. It has as yet had time but for few honours, and in such opportunities as have been offered it has been on the whole unfortunate. In the Army examinations it has done fairly; there have been two or three brilliant successes, many average entries, and more than one bad failure. I have reason to believe that cadets from the Harrow Modern Side are considered by the authorities specially welcome at Woolwich.

*Estimate of System.*—Passing to such estimate as I can form of the general working of the system, I do not think, and have never thought, that simple bifurcation was the best possible arrangement of a school. But I argued twelve years ago, and still feel, that it was then the only method by which Modern studies could be introduced with the hope of much success. And if there be no alternative which would admit of diversity of subjects, and grant to the Modern ones an equal and fair field, I should be content to bifurcate for ever. My own view is that the general plan of the Modern organisation might be extended to the whole School, and include Greek and higher Latin scholarship for some, or for many, of the boys; but putting this aside, I do not feel that bifurcation, even if not the best possible arrangement, is yet wholly vicious. It is easily understood; it obviates the clashing of subjects; it maintains studies which might otherwise be neglected. Divergence, it is often urged, should not begin too young. This, whether bifurcation or multifurcation be adopted, depends on



what is made the basis for subsequent diversity to repose upon. If it is to include Greek, I cannot agree to the proposition; and I have shown above what is the comparative success in the Modern forms of those pupils who begin Modern subjects early and those who adopt them late; but if Greek be reserved till the age of fourteen or fifteen, as many and excellent authorities urge, I see no reason why a common groundwork of study should not be given to all boys up to this age.

*Difficulties.*—I may now, perhaps, be permitted to offer some remarks on the difficulties which beset all 'Modern' education, and those special obstacles which are more closely connected with our Harrow organisation; though it is hardly worth while to separate these into two distinct categories.

(i) A mode of education which prefers other subjects to Greek not only loses the advantage which long experience has given to the old methods, and throws the teacher more upon his own half-improved resources, but also raises a very sensible prejudice by its very newness. This difficulty is one which, however great, obviously cannot increase.

(ii) Most schoolmasters in England have been trained on the old system, and have felt its advantages without being completely alive to its defects. Many of them have little interest in other than Classical studies. Parents have in general a bold confidence in the wisdom of schoolmasters, and are prone to adopt any prejudices which they may feel in favour of the older methods.

(iii) Neither of the universities is open to boys trained solely on the Modern system; and although the proportion of boys who go from Harrow to the university is as large from the Modern as from the Classical Side, it is nevertheless believed by a majority of persons at Oxford and Cambridge that the pupils of Modern Sides have no desire for a university career. Time has accordingly to be wasted in special preparation; and we have had promising boys at Harrow who have given up the hope of such a career from the impossibility of taking a degree without Greek.

(iv) The existence of the Modern side at Harrow is not known to many parents of future Harrow boys. It would seem fair that the alternative modes of education should be presented in the School programmes with reasonable clearness, the Modern system being offered not as a detached postscript, but as though on a theoretical equality with the other.

(v) The absence of endowments has constituted a very serious obstacle to the development of the Modern Side. Most Harrow boys



do not need scholarships, and for my own part I should not despair of teaching a class if all school prizes were abolished. But that of two rival systems of education one should have rich rewards and the other few or none, is certainly discouraging to the latter. I have repeatedly endeavoured without success to bring to the notice of the Harrow governing body the fact that though almost all the Harrow scholarships are free, by their conditions of endowment, from any limitation of subject, not a single pound has been apportioned from them to the encouragement of Modern work. In late years one or more scholarships of minor value have been founded (besides two specially presented by the Headmaster) for the benefit of the Modern Side, which have partly atoned for this inequality. But I doubt whether a prize for historical knowledge or a scholarship for simple mathematics would find a favourable welcome, if offered. There are no 'Fifth Form' prizes on the Modern Side, as on the Classical; there is no Divinity prize open to the upper Modern boys; there is for them no counterpart to the large mass of composition prizes which now almost overtask the energies of the higher Classical scholars.

(vi) Modern masters would work more efficiently if the distribution of work could be better organised; and the larger a body of boys is, the more usefully can organisation be carried out. Smallness of numbers has thus been against us; so also have been the conflicting claims of the Classical Side, to which some Modern masters devote part of their time; and still more the very rapid changes in the Modern staff, and the difficulty of foreseeing the allotment of classes which will have to be made term after term; with the consequent necessity of makeshift expedients, and a wasteful arrangement of the time of masters and boys.

(vii) However good, and however permanent, the arrangements might be, Modern teaching must always be more wasteful of the power of a teacher than that of Classical forms. Divisions must be generally smaller, with more preparation for them on the master's part, and more paper-work to be looked over. It would seem to be, whether a wise proposition or not, at any rate a logical inference, that boys on the Modern Side should pay a larger sum for school teaching than those on the Classical.

(viii) Army candidates require a great deal of extra time and trouble; masters on the Modern Side are to many such boys as much as, and often more than, a tutor. This remark tends in the same direction as the last. I may add that geometrical drawing is now an important subject for army entrance, and will in future

be still more so ; and that we have no organisation for teaching it in school on the Modern Side.

(ix) If the system of bifurcation should continue, it is probable that for some time the Headmaster will be one who devotes his own teaching entirely or almost entirely to the Classical Side, and deposes the administration of the Modern, as far as its teaching and the details of its arrangements are concerned, to one of his colleagues. It is even possible that he may (in years unlike the present) have little personal interest in the most prominent modern subjects. There arise from this two dangers, which in some degree must necessarily present themselves, but might under some conditions become seriously pressing. It would not be unnatural that the Modern Side boys, those who seldom or never, even at the close of their career, come under the notice of the Headmaster, should feel that they belong to an inferior and neglected department ; and if it should happen that the Headmaster is a teacher who is recognised by parents as of professional or other eminence, this feeling will be aggravated. Equally unfortunate would be a notion, if it should ever arise, among members of the Modern Side, that in matters of school discipline they had to expect less consideration than others from a master whose work lay with the Classical boys alone. There are only two ways of avoiding these dangers : one, that the Headmaster should ordinarily divide his energies between the two departments, a scheme which would involve a great sacrifice to that which is at present favoured ; and the other, that more prominence and more authority should be given to the chief master of the Modern Side, a plan which would be extremely difficult in working, and would seriously damage the uniformity of school administration in proportion as it developed from theory into practice. I am not prepared to suggest any remedy for the difficulty above mentioned, but only to indicate it as a weak point in the system of bifurcation.

(x) Another difficulty, not of Modern education, but of the method of bifurcation, is that within itself a Modern Side is compelled to be almost as rigid as the Classical. It is practically impossible, except with the highest boys and a very few others, to introduce fresh internal divergence. And yet it does not follow because a boy is good in mathematics, that he will be good in French and German, or *vice versa*. At present one who combines a taste for Greek with a taste for history is not suited in either department. A general 'divisional' system applied to the whole school might give him his proper place ; a simple partition into two 'Sides' does not.

(xi) It would hardly be expected that difficulties should be wholly absent which depend on the individual adaptation of particular masters to the details of Modern teaching, or the apportionment of members of the staff for special times and special quantities of work ; but if such difficulties should at any moment exist or disappear, they could not with propriety be embraced in a memorandum which is not intended to be confidential.

(xii) I have only to point out finally one difficulty which is at present important, but will gradually become less so : that the early training for a future Modern training is so incomplete and precarious. Many preparatory schools never undertake the function ; others dislike and discourage it. But this must be taken as only one of the obstacles which beset, with happily decreasing force, the development of what must be, however promising for the future, still for the present an uphill task.

E. E. BOWEN.

There is hardly anything to be added with regard to Edward Bowen's responsibility for the guidance and supervision of the Modern Side, and what little more there is to say may as well be said here as later. He declined in 1888 to organise the Army class, not admitting the necessity for it, and for the most part disliking the arrangement ; and the organisation was committed to the hands of one of his colleagues on the Modern Side. In 1893 a difference of opinion arose between him and the Headmaster, the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon—afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, and now (1902) Canon of Westminster—in connection with a matter of importance to the Modern Side as a whole, which resulted in Edward Bowen's resignation of responsibility for its management. The difficulty arose out of the infringement by Mr. Welldon (as he then was) of the rule, which had been clearly laid down from the first, that the Modern Side was not to be made a harbour of refuge for the less able and satisfactory pupils. So strictly had this rule during the Headmastership of Dr. Butler been adhered to, that the Modern Side only received transfers from the Classical by examination. Mr. Welldon, however, dropped this regulation and flooded the lower forms on the Modern Side with the worst boys on the Classical Side—the latter being at the



time overfull. Edward Bowen disliked the change—that goes without saying; but he would have been willing to accept it, if it had been duly announced—in the same way that he had in 1869 told Dr. Butler that he would take charge of the Modern Side on either arrangement as to its status in the School, so long as that arrangement was clearly set out. He now asked Mr. Welldon that the change in policy and administration should be duly made public. This was refused on the ground that the alteration was only temporary. Edward Bowen in consequence declined to be further responsible for the superintendence of the Modern Side, though he continued to his death to teach the two upper forms. The responsibility for both Modern and Classical Sides then passed to the Headmaster, and still rests with him. But by 1893 the success of the policy, which had ‘after long hesitation’ been initiated nearly a quarter of a century previously, had become completely assured—nay, had been so for some years; and the manner in which it had been carried out was generally recognised in the profession as an example which had to be taken into the fullest consideration. At that time there had probably been no Modern Side subsequently started at an English public school without careful inquiry being made into that at Harrow as a pattern and guide full of importance and value. The ‘Side’ too had added considerably to its prestige in school-work since the writing of the above Memorandum. In 1893 it was absolutely pre-eminent in mathematics; in modern languages it more than held its own; when general history became part of the examination for the ‘Bourchier’ prize, then also the capacity of the Modern Side boy was shown. It is curious, too, to find that three times the Fifth Form prize for Latin prose went to representatives of that department, and once the School prize for a Latin Epigram. As regards the Universities, Entrance scholarships at Trinity, Cambridge, were twice gained between 1883 and 1893. The ‘Side,’ too, was successful in the examinations at Woolwich, the first place being twice held by a boy direct from the School, and in other years the 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, &c. At the time of writing (1902) the Modern Side is about one-third



of the whole, and its popularity is increasing rather than diminishing ; while the addition of two Entrance scholarships tenable only on that side—one of them given by a relation of Edward Bowen's in his memory, and the other provided by some ground-rents at Totland, in the Isle of Wight, bequeathed by him to the School—will doubtless prove an additional incentive to recruits, and will do at any rate something more than had hitherto been done to remedy the injustice to which he had drawn attention in 1881, and to remove 'the very serious obstacle to the development' of that branch of the school-work which he then had made a matter of complaint. Indeed, the time may come before long when Harrow will be a Modern School with a Classical Side, unless yet another step in educational progress should become possible and there be a fusion of the two departments.

It was the year 1869—the year which witnessed the birth of the Modern Side—which saw the first of the famous series of School songs. This was one descriptive of an imaginary Harrow—an ideal Harrow it is at first suggested, standing in much the same relationship to the actual School as Tennyson's 'island-valley of Avilion' to our own country of sudden storms and many temperatures.

Underneath the briny sea,  
Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !

Into this happy, luxurious place the fishes come to learn, and to live the life of 'independent fish.' No question of discipline enters in to chafe and fret. No match is ever lost there. Fruit is to be had for the asking. Ices tumble from the sky. All lessons obtain the highest rewards. Prizes are universal, as a general rule. The mishaps of construing are unknown : while sums have their answers written upon them. As regards questions of virtue, the

fundamental principle which prevails there is sheer incapacity to do wrong. 'Fishes all are born good, naturally!' The last verse, which comes as the correction of those preceding it, sounds a deep note; though its full significance is almost lost in the badinage which the writer still employs. The real Harrow is better than the imaginary. Life without its obstacles would not be worth the living, while it is discipline and struggle which give merit and value to results. The permanence of victory is with righteousness, and not with that which 'defileth,' which 'loveth and maketh a lie.'

Which is the better, man, or boy, or fish,  
To live life lazily, swimming as you wish,  
Lolling dull heads about, twirling weary thumbs,  
Or to take sweet and bitter, as sweet and bitter comes?  
Wealth without toil is a sorry sort of lot;  
Learning unworked for is just as well forgot;  
Good beats bad, when the fight is only free,  
Both up at Harrow here, and under the sea.

The song is undoubtedly a fine one; at the same time it is among his least successful. Shortly afterwards—before the close of the year—he gave the School his second, a light little ditty, which Mr. Farmer set to a merry old English tune. The subject is John Lyon's first experiences of pupils. Two boys came to the founder of the school for instruction, one useless in work and play, the other excelling in both. As the latter wore a ribbon of blue, this became the School colour:

Lyon of Preston, yeoman, John,  
Died many years ago,  
All that is mortal of him is gone,  
But he lives in a school I know!  
All of them work at their football there,  
And work at their five-times-three;  
And all of them, ever since that day, wear  
A ribbon of blue—like me!

The next twelve or fifteen months produced two more songs. The first of these—never a very popular one, but

pretty and tasteful—is on the School Bell. The second—which is, and always has been, an immense favourite—is descriptive of ‘the most lamentable comedy’ of a certain popular monarch, whose prowess always excites so much enthusiasm among friends, and so much dismay among foes.

Willow the King is a monarch grand,  
 Three in a row his courtiers stand ;  
 Every day when the sun shines bright,  
 The doors of his palace are painted white ;  
 And all the company bow their backs  
 To the King with his collar of cobbler’s wax.  
     So ho ! so ho ! may the courtiers sing,  
     Honour and life to Willow the King.

His Majesty, however, has a determined opponent in the person of ‘the Leathery Duke,’ of whose enmity he is at first disposed to make light.

‘Who is this,’ King Willow he swore,  
 ‘Hops like that to a gentleman’s door ?  
 Who’s afraid of a Duke like him ?  
 Fiddlededee !’ says the monarch slim :  
 ‘What do you say, my courtiers three ?’  
 And the courtiers all said, ‘Fiddlededee !’  
     So ho ! &c.

But the King, in spite of his confidence, or rather in consequence of it, falls a victim to his enemy, and is carried off from the scene of his humiliation to be ‘put to bed in the green-baize tree.’ The ‘Duke’ in his turn is so inflated with vanity that he turns into a football.

‘What of the Duke ?’ you ask anon,  
 ‘Where has his Leathery Highness gone ?’  
 O he is filled with air inside—  
 Either it’s air, or else it’s pride—  
 And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,  
 And they kick him about till Christmas come.  
     So ho ! &c.



The twelve months between the early summer of 1870 and that of 1871 brought Edward Bowen three sets of holidays of peculiar interest. The first of these—the summer holidays of 1870—enabled him to visit, though not for any great length of time, a portion of the ground of the Franco-Prussian War, which had just broken out, and which was already bringing the heaviness of defeat to French gaiety and confidence. This was not indeed the first occasion on which Edward Bowen had gone to the scene of contemporary military operations. In 1864 he had travelled with a friend in Denmark during the earlier stages of the Schleswig-Holstein war, had been taken over the works of the fortress of Düppel shortly after the failure of a Prussian assault upon it, and had even been under fire there. But there is no complete record of this first expedition; such as there is breaks off suddenly in the middle. In 1870, however, he wrote to his mother a long letter giving a vivid account of his experiences—of his journey to Weissenburg, just evacuated by MacMahon, of his following down the line of the French retreat to Wörth, of his visit to the battle-field fourteen days after the sanguinary struggle there—and the letter has fortunately been preserved. Edward Bowen always had a curiously double nature as regards the question of war. He was on the one hand an ardent student of military history; he went to every, or almost every, battle-field of note in Europe; he carefully collected, labelled, and kept little memorials—stones or leaves—of the sites of battles; he made and published military selections for school use from Thiers' '*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*.' On the other hand, his horror of war was throughout the greater part of his life intense. Evidences of his aversion to it have already been found in his Cambridge work; but the feeling only strengthened as time went on. Edward Bowen was a 'peace at almost any price' man. He dreaded any encouragement of the military instincts of a nation. He had once been a Volunteer, but he became no well-wisher to the School Volunteer corps. He remarked on one occasion that he would gladly lead a revolution against universal conscription in this

country. This strange two-sidedness was, as has just been said, characteristic of all his manhood—he was never, even when an undergraduate, an advocate of militarism; he never, even in mature years, lost his love of battle-fields. It cannot therefore be supposed that his dread of war originated with his experiences in the summer of 1870, when he did not indeed see face to face the naked horrors of modern warfare in all their terrible hideousness and deformity, but did look on a field in which the dead had only just been buried, where their accoutrements were still heaped high, and over which the smell of death hung heavily. Still the knowledge, not from hearsay but from sight, of what the ground which had been the scene of a bloody and fierce contest between European troops may be, even a fortnight after ‘the battle’ has been ‘lost and won,’ may well have done much to intensify that feeling of revulsion from a policy involving actual warfare, which—in spite of a strong academical interest in military tactics—marked him as strongly and as continuously as any of his other qualities. The point gains somewhat in importance from the family tradition that he entertained, when on the verge of manhood, a very keen desire to enter the Army, and that he only forewent the fulfilment of it in deference to his mother’s earnestly expressed wishes. If this be so, he was doubtless grateful to her in after years for her deterrent influence. If Edward Bowen had the brain of a soldier, there was that in him which would have unfitted him, at any rate in a measure, for the grim realities of a soldier’s duties when on active service.

His letter to his mother from France in August 1870 is as follows :

Mannheim : August 22, 1870.

My dearest Mother,—I fully meant to have dated a despatch to you from the battle-field (a late, not present battle), but was too tired each day. However, I sit down now immediately on returning to civilised life. I think I last wrote from Switzerland; since then I have travelled a few days, partly on foot, partly by train, in Bavaria, and at last made straight for the Rhine. After a round-about route I at last found myself at Heidelberg, from which I got to Carlsruhe, a few miles from the river, and nearly opposite

the seat of war. All trains were slow, all unpunctual. *Nothing* heard from morning to night but war-talk. The trains forward [are filled] with recruits and stores, and backward with prisoners and wounded, just as you have read in the papers. They are hurrying up fresh troops as hard as ever. I crossed with a quantity of the northern army (Von Falkenstein's), whom they are sending to the front, naturally thinking that they will not be wanted on the Baltic. A number of the Landwehr (militia) are also going forward to occupy the ground as they take it, and relieve the actual army.

My severer troubles began with crossing the Rhine. [There is] a bridge of boats which leads over into the southern part of the Palatinate—German (Bavarian) ground. But I was quite determined to go on. The fact is that ten days before, when at Bâle, I had put on my knapsack and started for a walk into French Alsace towards Mulhausen, and had been stopped and sent back by a sentry, who would pay no heed to my protestations of neutrality. 'My good sentry,' I said, as I went away (but not out loud), 'the next time I choose to take a walk into France, I shall do it without asking leave.' So I was on my way. I should say I was not going to the front at all—nowhere near the fighting, and there was no danger whatever. The only two important rules to observe were, first, never on any account to give anything to a soldier; second, not to carry firearms. What I did carry was an umbrella and a carpet-bag. However, as to the bridge, I got across it at last, having, when almost despairing, obtained a pass from the major in command. I should say that all through the officers were very well disposed and civil, except when now and then they were over-bothered and irritable. The bridge crossed, what next? Here is a map. [A rough pen-and-ink sketch follows.]

There is a roundabout railway from the bridge to Weissenburg, but I found it was entirely stopped for traffic—had none but military trains, and none at all that day. I tried to get a carriage, but the horses were all taken for the army. I asked for a cart, a waggon, anything, but in vain. So I started off, carpet-bag in hand. After about seven miles, I broke down, and found it wouldn't do; besides, it was raining. I went everywhere begging for a horse; but couldn't get one, till at last a man offered me a carriage to take me the remaining miles to Weissenburg for a napoleon. I closed with him and went off. We got there. It is a walled town *in France*. The French occupied it on the morning of the 4th. As I got near, all the ground looked as if a steeple-



chase had been going over it—palings broken down, vineyards destroyed, cartridge-papers lying about. The sentry at the gate made (to my surprise) no objection, and I entered the town just as the evening was setting in, with an appearance of rain. I went to the little inn of the place, a respectable sort of tavern. ‘Can I have a bed?’ ‘It can’t be done. Quite impossible. Full of soldiers, and some extra billets just come in.’ I have learnt by much experience never to take that kind of answer; so in I went and said that at all events I would have something to eat. Then I told the host that he must try and manage somehow. I had brought a shawl, in case it should be impossible to get a lodging, but it looked rainy and cold, and I made up my mind to sleep on a table. I had some food in a little room with about forty soldiers, and presently the host told me that he had got me a bed. A worthy butcher had turned out of his room and given it me. I went with trembling into a little dirty house, but found a capital bed; and as I had been up at five the last two days I slept soundly. Next day (up before six) I went off to see Wörth. The road to it (which lies through beautiful scenery—the edge of the Vosges Mountains) was that by which MacMahon’s army had retreated when forced away on the 4th from Weissenburg. I passed over the Geisberg, which they had tried to defend, and the slope where Douay, when all was lost, sent away his staff and walked down calmly towards the enemy till he fell—shot dead. After about four hours’ walking I reached Wörth a little before eleven, got some wine at a little tavern (the whole town is a vast hospital now), and then spent two or three hours in walking about the battle-field.<sup>1</sup> The marks of battle had begun long before I reached the town, for the Prussians were terribly shot down as they advanced over the slope towards the town. The French held the town (a mere little village) and the hills behind it, their lines forming two sides of a triangle with the apex at Wörth (which was helped by a fair-sized stream), and on each flank, the sides of the triangle, were slight valleys. The Prussians attacked in front (at Wörth) and also on both flanks, which they could do, being in much greater numbers. On *their* side of the little valleys, especially on the French left (the north side), each valley, slight as it was, was yet steep enough to resist an attacking force; and indeed the French position, generally speaking, seemed to me a decidedly strong one; but, though in *front* the Prussians had to advance towards the village over open ground, and so got terribly

<sup>1</sup> The battle had been fought on August 6.

cut up, their advantage on the flank was very great, for their side of the valleys had generally thick woods, while the French side was often almost bare. The fight at the village itself was very severe. Some houses [had been] burnt, some smashed in. It seems to have been resolutely defended. It was the day fortnight after the battle when I walked over the field. All the bodies of men and horses had been buried, though it was impossible quite to bury everything, and there was the smell of death everywhere about. But the rest of the *débris* lay thick. Knapsacks, caps, helmets, everywhere: rifles, scabbards (they had carried away all the swords and valuable things generally), cartridges, boxes, boots, gaiters, epaulettes, by the thousand. Curious things, too, which one would not have thought of—a great quantity of private letters from the soldiers' friends, bits of books, *brushes* in great numbers, little bottles of various things, tobacco pouches, playing cards, and of course empty cartridges and full ones too. The prevailing impression it made upon the mind was, what a tremendous loss of life it was. You could see where the carnage had been thickest by the knapsacks and helmets that lay almost in heaps. There was one place, on the French left flank, almost their rear, where an open grass slope reaches down to a wood; the French were on the slope, the Germans (it was a Bavarian corps) were in the wood. At the edge of the latter, as they advanced to attack it, the French must have been absolutely massacred; they seem to have fallen almost by companies at a time. A little hollow with a pool in it at the edge of this wood lay thick with *débris*, and I could notice places where some wounded man had crept into the brushwood and lain down, and perhaps his cartridge pouch and his knapsack were there still, and the mark of where he lay. Relics of this kind stretched for two or three miles, or more; then they became less and less thick, but did not stop for I suppose a distance of six or eight miles in length. The cavalry had followed as they fled. The Prussians had suffered as much; but their loss was earlier in the day and nearer the village, and the wrecks had been more cleared away. But to clear away all would be an almost endless task, and I wonder they have done the burying as well as they have. Here and there, there is already a little wooden cross stuck up, with some officer's name in pencil on it. I spent two or three hours in walking about the ground; no one stopped me. I should say that I had at Weissenburg got a pass from the major in command to go about as I liked, on a distinct promise that I would not

attempt to make my way to the actual front. I should tire you if I were to say how often I was stopped and questioned at other places. I am perfectly tired of saying who I am and what is my business, especially as it is so difficult to make them understand that one can go about without having any business at all. I did not see any other Englishman, though there had been two there a couple of days before; they had had passes from the Crown Prince, and I think I know who they were.

I picked up and took away some little memorials of the field, bits of shell, &c. I felt very much inclined to take a chassepôt, but how could I carry it all the way home?—especially as it would have been taken away, and still more as there were proclamations here and there that any civilian found with arms in his hand would be immediately shot. However, when at one place I found a sword, not *very* much rusted—a shortish straight sword such as the subaltern officers wear—it was too tempting, and I seized upon it. The problem was how to conceal it. As I pondered the matter a happy thought struck me. I had brought my umbrella! I stuck the blade of the sword inside, and perfectly concealed it. But the hilt wouldn't go in neatly, and being of bronze glared awkwardly out by the handle. Happy thought again! I stuck the upper part of the umbrella under my arm, and held it as one walks with a gun. So I started off—walked about seven miles; and on the way met three or four battalions of troops on the march, besides stragglers. I thought they never would have done; and all the while I had to walk past with my umbrella fast stuck under my arm, and every now and then the point would keep piercing through the silk in a terribly awkward way. I was dead tired when I got to a station, where I found a train with soldiers was to pass in an hour, and the officer gave me leave to go with them. So I got back to Weissenburg and my friendly butcher.

This morning I got another pass to take a soldiers' train towards here—if I could find one going! I went to the station; they said they did not know when there would be one—there might be one at any moment. I walked up and down the station for six hours and three-quarters; but had some eggs to eat, and my pipe to smoke. Then I got a train, which took about four hours to do about five-and-twenty miles. I came with a wounded soldier, who had had his hand smashed at Wörth. I had a couple of miles more to carry my carpet-bag, concealed my sword all the way, and am here.



I mean to try and get down the Rhine, and expect to be in England some time on Saturday, if all goes well.

The winter holidays of the same year were spent on an interesting and very important astronomical expedition. A scientific party was being sent out from this country to Sicily to take observations in connection with the eclipse of the sun, and Edward Bowen obtained permission to accompany it. Among those who went were the present Sir Norman Lockyer and Sir Henry Roscoe, and it was to the latter that Edward Bowen was especially assigned as a sort of aide-de-camp. The journey was uneventful until they reached Naples. Here a small and fast boat had been chartered to take the party to their destination. Off the Sicilian coast, however, within a hundred yards of the shore, the ship struck on a rock. Fortunately the sea was perfectly smooth, or crew and passengers would have been in considerable jeopardy. As it was, they were all safely landed, although one man was slightly hurt. None the less the wreck threw out all calculations, and it was for a while uncertain how far the party would now be able to accomplish their mission. Delicate instruments, most carefully and elaborately prepared in England, were only too likely to be injured or ruined by the rough handling of the sailors and the general jostling which they received. But less damage was done than might reasonably have been expected; and in the evening of that eventful day the whole expedition was safe at Catania. Here every kindness awaited its members. The American scientists at once proposed that, while the organisations should be kept distinct, the representatives of the two countries should work together, and should publish a joint report; while to the physical wants of the shipwrecked mariners there was offered accommodation in a splendid monastery on the outskirts of the town. The whole of the next week was spent in preparations. For the purpose of the observations various parties were formed, Professor Roscoe taking charge of that to which a site on Etna was allotted. But so far as he and his were concerned, the expedition terminated in complete disappointment. On the day before the eclipse all the

instruments were carried up, together with food and fuel, on the backs of mules, to a spot some 5,000 feet above the sea, where the night was spent in a hut. They had hoped to go still higher, but the weather rendered any further advance impossible. All night long there raged a storm of lightning and snow. The critical hour, however, was two o'clock in the afternoon of the next day, and there was, notwithstanding the tempestuous character of the night, a hope that by that time the weather might be favourable and the eclipse be visible. In the morning it did clear for a while, and the little party could even see another group of observers far below them. But just as the sun darkened, the air thickened; and at the moment of totality there came a blinding hail-storm of extraordinary ferocity, which rendered all observations impossible. Eight minutes afterwards the sky was clear again. Others, however, had been more successful; and in the article which Edward Bowen contributed to the 'Saturday Review' of January 7, 1871, on 'The Lessons of the Eclipse,' and in which he touched briefly on the scientific results attained, he was able to claim without hesitation that the expenditure of trouble and money upon the Sicilian expedition had not been thrown away.

But the Easter holidays of 1871 brought experiences of even greater interest and importance than those of the previous summer. In the course of them, Edward Bowen paid a short visit to Paris during a period of that city's history which has often excited indignation and horror, but which has done so very largely because the facts have not been realised, and have hitherto been concealed from any likelihood of realisation by the heap of hideous libels and slanders piled up by triumphant and vindictive enemies. The Paris Communists had taken up arms against the Government at Versailles in the middle of March; and it was about four weeks afterwards that Edward Bowen, in company with Mr. Frank Marshall, who had just joined the staff at Harrow, went across to France, made his way into the capital without any sort of difficulty, and spent some six or seven days there. His visit was aided by a letter of introduction to a resident, who was able to give him much

information both as to the causes of the outbreak and as to the personnel of the leaders. Unfortunately, his stay was cut short by the imperative necessity of returning home in time for the commencement of the summer term; and he was therefore no longer in Paris at the time of the entry of the Versaillais, and witnessed nothing of the indiscriminate massacre of many thousands which was deliberately perpetrated in the name of law and order; but his experiences form an important and eloquent testimony to the paradoxical state of Paris during the brief and ill-fated reign of the Commune, and to the completeness of some popular delusions with regard to the character of its administration. Indeed, there can be no doubt that he accepted as approximately accurate such a picture of the social condition of Paris as is contained in the following passage from Lissagaray's 'History of the Commune,' a history written by a Communist soldier, and first published in 1876 :<sup>1</sup>

The official despatches, the hireling journalists established at Versailles, pictured her [Paris] as the pandemonium of all the blacklegs of Europe, recounted the thefts, the arrests *en masse*, the endless orgies, detailed sums and names. According to them, honest women no longer dared venture into the streets; 1,500,000 persons oppressed by 20,000 ruffians were offering up ardent prayers for Versailles. But the traveller running the risk of a visit to Paris found the streets and boulevards tranquil, presenting their usual aspect. The pillagers had only pillaged the guillotine, solemnly burnt before the mairie of the eleventh arrondissement. From all quarters the same murmurs of execration rose against the assassination of the prisoners and the ignoble scenes at Versailles. The incoherence of the first acts of the Council was hardly noticed, while the ferocity of the Versaillaise was the topic of the day. Persons coming full of indignation against Paris—seeing this calm, this union of hearts, these wounded men crying, 'Vive la Commune!' these enthusiastic battalions, there Mont Valérien vomiting death, here men living as brothers—in a few hours caught the Parisian malady.

<sup>1</sup> The second edition was suppressed by the French Government. There is, however, an English translation made from this edition by E. M. Aveling, and it is from this translation (p. 182) that the passage cited is taken. Another English version is, at the time of writing, stated to be in preparation and almost on the eve of issue.



Such a passage is endorsed in the main by Edward Bowen's account of the besieged and distracted city. Paris was orderly. There was no serious crime. There was a certain amount of disgusting literature on sale in the streets, but the streets, taken as a whole, were probably purer than under the Empire. There was no incitement in the Communist press to murder or pillage, while the Versailles papers were clamouring for the blood of the Federals. Even the narrower streets and rougher districts of the city were safe for the pedestrian. As for the soldiers of the Commune, they were invariably courteous. Edward Bowen tells a story of one of them, with whom he made friends, refusing half of a chicken sausage because it was the last piece that his English host had with him. So far as the National Guards had police duties to discharge, they discharged them with civility and good temper. No revolutionary movement is ever perfectly pure throughout, and doubtless the Communists of 1871 were 'a mixed lot;' but that the good and heroic prevailed Edward Bowen held strongly, and he never swerved from his opinion. That the Commune itself never took a single life; that the seizure of the hostages was a necessary and successful expedient; that the subsequent outrages, of which the more savage elements in Parisian society were finally guilty, paled before the infamous atrocities of the commanders of the Versaillais; that the firing of the Tuileries—if it was not the result of the bombardment—was an act pardonable both as an expedient to stay the advance of bloodthirsty and murderous troops, and in view of the associations connected with the Tuileries in the mind of the Paris workman; that it was ten thousand times better to have been Delescluze than to have been Galliffet—these were opinions which Edward Bowen never surrendered, and which were based partly on his sympathy with some of the Communistic aims, partly on his personal experiences in Paris, and partly on an almost unrivalled knowledge of the subject. There are two records of his visit, both from his own pen. One of them is contained in a letter to his mother, written the day after his return to England; the second is a lecture which was delivered about

sixteen years afterwards (October 31, 1887) to the local Liberal Club at Harrow, with his friend Mr. Bryce in the chair. The latter, which represents his mature opinions, and which is probably far the best thing in English on the movement, is printed in full among the Appendices. The letter may be given here, and is as follows :

I wonder whether you got my two letters : one I sent by a stranger on Thursday, and the other with a rather better chance on Friday. Yesterday at 1 o'clock we were just opposite Asnières watching the cannonading and sharp-shooting from the top of an unfinished house. We dined in hearing of the guns at 6 in Paris, and reached here [Harrow] at 8 this morning. I hardly know what to say ; we have seen so much that is interesting. I think I will give you first a rough outline of what we did, and then general impressions.

The first and second days were devoted to going about, and looking at barricades, and getting views from inside. At first we were a little nervous about going in small streets and into rough districts, but we soon found out it was safe everywhere—except as regards shells, for we never ventured to go quite to the very west corner of Paris, where they kept always falling rather thick. We found out, however, one or two capital places for seeing from. Once or twice we ventured on a view from the Arc de Triomphe, where there was really very little danger, and a few sightseers were constantly clustering about it. Another time we got a porter of a house that had been abandoned to let us go and look out of its highest window, where we got very near the fighting. We were rather startled to find that a shell had burst a few days before actually in that very room ; but, as he said, it was an *obus égaré*, a shell that had lost its way and was altogether exceptional. Once we got a good look over the walls by going and standing on a barricade that nobody was guarding, till a sentry found us out and turned us off. There was a grand view from Montmartre, which is a kind of citadel of Paris in the north, not fortified except now with strong barricades. It is the place where the cannon were kept at first which brought on all the trouble. This was rather far off ; nearly a couple of miles from the nearest fighting, but it commanded a splendid view (especially with an opera glass) of the whole valley of the Seine west of Paris ; and as each shot was fired we could name the spot, and generally see where it hit ; and [we could] hear the mitrailleuses and the usillade distinctly, but on some days there was much more of it

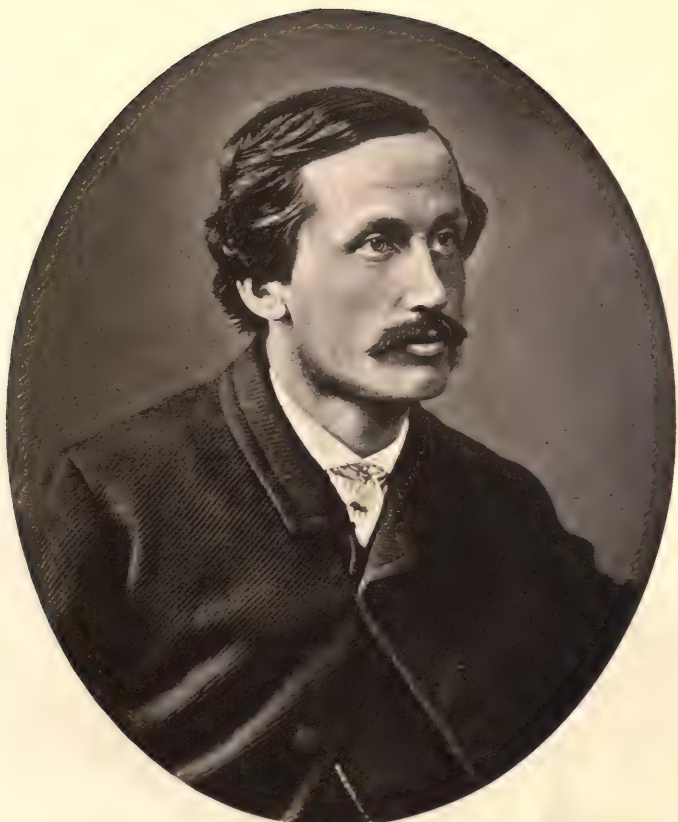
than on others. Another interesting walk was down on the south side, where the forts of Vanves and Issy are. Here they did not mind our getting on the ramparts, and we could see the forts playing on the slopes beyond them where the enemy's batteries were. Two of the days we spent in going about outside [the walls], on the east side, among the Prussians, to look at the ruins of the war. One was devoted to the north-east, where Le Bourget is, the village which was so often taken and retaken, and where the Prussian guards got so cut up; the other to the scene of the great sortie of December, the villages of Bry and Champigny at the south-east side, on the Marne. The desolation is as complete as you can conceive. The *country* indeed is recovering fast, except that so many trees are cut down; but in some villages, for example Bry, there is hardly a house that has not suffered; often a whole group absolutely reduced to rubbish or burnt. In one village we could not see a single house remaining in the half of it which was nearest the Prussians. One [house] struck us which, besides [being damaged by] shells, had its front door scored by bullets just like drops of thick rain; and over one door was the significant placard '*Maison habitée.*' We ate our lunch on a ruined wall over Champigny, just in front of a grave where fifty Prussians were buried, looking all over the south of Paris, five miles away where Vanves and Issy were firing, and listening at the same time to their reports and to a nightingale in the trees above us! But I think our last day was the best; we had gone out with the idea that there was to be an armistice, and we meant to get into Neuilly and see the effects of the fighting; so we got outside and walked slowly towards the west side, where it all goes on. The guns did not stop, so we went slower and slower, till we began to think we could not safely venture nearer, when just in a village called Clichy we came full on a battery which was firing across the river. A friendly inhabitant showed us where we were safe and where not. 'That,' said he, 'is a *vilain coin*, a nasty corner; the bullets come by constantly; but if you get up into that unfinished house, and peep out from the top, you can see capitally.' So we got up with one or two men and a National Guard or two, and just below us at two hundred yards off was the battery at the bridge firing away, while the National Guards were taking rifle-shots across the river at the park of Asnières whenever they saw a chance. There were no shells falling within nearly half a mile of us, and no bullets came near us, so we could not have had a better spot. It is curious to think that it was this time yesterday.



Now about politics. Paris is perfectly tranquil, well-governed, orderly. There is no crime, no pillage, except one or two forcible confiscations of semi-public property by central authority. Everybody was perfectly civil. Even the roughest sentry was good-humoured and polite; and close by the Hôtel de Ville the National Guards merely said gently, 'Move on, please, citoyens, move on!' Opinion is freely expressed. I repeatedly heard the Commune blamed in public and in private. On the whole, however, I think the Commune is not gaining ground. I came away with a tolerably clear idea of its chief men and its position, thanks to that introduction which I told you I had, and to constant newspaper reading—not to mention a republican club of which I went to a meeting, and where I heard rather good speeches, some eloquent and some distinctly thoughtful. Everybody is unanimous (except a few of the upper classes) in hatred of Versailles—Thiers especially, and Jules Favre, and above all Picard; but the Commune itself is not very strong, and has its own dissensions, and even while we were there a movement took place which seemed to throw power into the hands of the more violent section. So I don't think it can win. But it is very strong from a military point of view, and its soldiers fight well—there has been more loss of life than you would judge from the newspapers. I fear things will be worse before they are better, and I cannot see any solution without a good deal more fighting.

Paris is half deserted. All the 'west-end' is simply desolate. About half the shops are shut. There is not a single *table d'hôte* in Paris. Prices are rather high already. We only saw one private carriage the whole week, and that on the last day. About the Champs Elysées and near the fighting all except the poor people have gone away; and it is curious to see them walking about keeping a row of houses always close to shellward of them. In fact Paris is absolutely in the hands of its lower classes, who govern it with perfect order, and without half as much violence or crime as went on before, though not a single policeman exists in the city, and not a single court of justice is sitting.

The scholastic work of the next two years (1871–1873) was very largely connected with the remodelling of the School regulations, which had been rendered necessary by the Public Schools Commission of 1861 and the consequent legislation. The report of the Commission had appeared



*Walter L. Goss. P. M. D.*

*Edward Bowen.  
at the age of about 35 years.*





quite early in 1868, and in the same year an Act had been passed giving the governing bodies of the chief public schools powers to reconstitute themselves, and requiring them to do so before a specified date. These reconstituted bodies were then to draw up new regulations for their respective schools, subject to the approval of the Privy Council. Accordingly the reorganised governing body of Harrow were at this time engaged in framing fresh rules, but before finally passing them they very properly consulted the views of the staff of assistant masters, and submitted for their criticism a rough draft of the amended statutes. The memorandum which was sent in reply was signed on behalf of the assistant masters by the Rev. F. Rendall and Edward Bowen, the latter having been especially responsible for its composition. Many of the criticisms contained in it deal only with details or technicalities, and are of no public interest; but it undoubtedly contains ample proof not only of Edward Bowen's statesmanlike view of the whole subject, but also of his lawyerlike capacity for detecting bad draftsmanship and inconsistencies, as well as a considerable power of dealing with finance. His general attitude towards the changes which were now set on foot may be thus briefly summarised.<sup>1</sup>

(1) *The Relation of the School to the Town.*—It was natural that the town should cling to a literal reading of the old charters. Edward Bowen, on the other hand, always held (a) that it was the intention of the founder that the School should be *bonâ fide* a *grammar* school, i.e. a school providing the necessary training for the universities, or at least supplying a higher education; (b) that in any case the new Act made the School henceforward national and not local.

(2) *Entrance Scholarships.*—These did not for some time meet with universal acceptance at Harrow; and till quite lately those hostile to them—on the general ground that they were not suitable to such a school as Harrow—retained an able and important representative even upon the governing body. But the report of the Commission had

<sup>1</sup> I owe this summary to Mr. Charles Colbeck, now senior master on the Modern Side at Harrow.

pointed to the necessity of the system unless Eton, Winchester, and Charterhouse, with their large foundations, were to be allowed to secure by their wealth the great majority of the most intellectual boys from the private schools. Unfortunately Harrow neither had then, nor has now, such endowments as to enable her to compete with these rich rivals on anything approaching equal terms; and a scheme had to be devised to enable some kind of entrance scholarships to be offered. The plan which was actually adopted, with a view of partially providing the requisite funds, was to allow an extra boy to each house, but at considerably less than the usual charges. The idea was chiefly Edward Bowen's, and he, almost alone among his colleagues, always saw clearly that economically the arrangement was not a contribution by the house-master, but a tax upon the parents of the other boys; and that therefore the limits to the working out of the proposal were to be found in the measure of claim possessed by those parents to the house-master's care and energy, and not in the willingness of the latter to accept additional burdens. Later, however, he found—and the majority of the staff found also—that in practice these scholarships—which were very few in number and of insufficient value—drew scarcely any boys to Harrow who could not have come without them, and he realised the importance of considerable modifications in the existing method. At the present time the provision of an adequate and satisfactory system of entrance scholarships is one of the most important and pressing problems connected with Harrow.

(3) *A Conscience Clause.*—The masters were not all of them unanimous on this point; some desired a simple provision that any boy might be withdrawn from the chapel services or from religious instruction by his parents or guardians on conscientious grounds; others wanted to go further, and to enable (1) the Headmaster to claim sufficient assurances that a boy so withdrawn should have instruction in his own religious belief, and (2) any house-master to decline to keep any such boy in his house. These two opposing views had found definite expression in an earlier memo-

randum to the Public Schools Commissioners themselves. Edward Bowen, it need hardly be said, held tenaciously that the conscience clause should have no such limiting provisions attached to it. The School was national, and should therefore be open to all creeds. He was conscious, indeed, of the practical difficulties, and was keenly anxious lest unrestricted admission should issue in a serious dislocation of the social arrangements and characteristics of the School—a dislocation bad and mischievous enough in day schools, almost fatal in those consisting wholly or mainly of boarders; for example, he felt that the requirements of the Jewish Sabbath were such as to go far towards making the admission of Jews undesirable. But he was emphatic and resolute on the general principle—to which, it may be added, the clearest and most unequivocal expression has been given in the present regulations of the School.

(4) *The Status of Assistant Masters.*—In the memorandum to the School governors strong exception was taken to the provisions upon this point. Unfortunately those provisions were compulsory in view of the terms of the Act of 1868; but they none the less seemed then, as they seem now, to those most closely affected by them, to be unnecessary and unjust. The passage in the memorandum which deals with the point is as follows:

We desire to call your serious attention to the insecurity which the statutes admit into the position of assistant masters. Our staff contains as many as twenty-five University graduates, filling positions of important responsibility. The internal arrangement of the several boarding-houses is, as you are aware, confided almost entirely to the assistant masters in charge, and on them falls the entire pecuniary risk of building or renting, as well as furnishing, these houses; a risk which in some cases amounts to many thousand pounds. The service has hitherto been conducted on the principle of seniority, the most important posts being assigned to masters of many years' service. The position has hitherto been regarded as a permanent office, and a removal contingent only on failure of health, inefficiency, or misconduct; and it is in reliance on this permanence that men enter on this calling as a provision for life, marry, invest their fortunes in it. Under the old statutes this permanence was secured, partly by the spirit (one master on



the foundation having the same tenure as the headmaster), partly by a prescription which, not having been shaken by any headmaster, carried practically the force of law. The Act of Parliament, however, has assailed this prescription by destroying, wherever it existed, the legal status of assistant masters, and the prescription itself must follow in course of time. What then is to be the future position of an assistant master? Are his prospects, so far as they depend on the school, to be placed absolutely at the mercy of any future headmaster? The latter will often be young; he may possibly be inexperienced; but he would thus be invested with a power almost without example in the English Public Service, a power exceeding that of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army—that of the summary dismissal, on his own authority, of any member of a large and educated staff, while the governing body are precluded from hearing in his defence, or supporting by remonstrance, an old, it may be a valued, servant. No doubt the strict letter of the Act of Parliament might warrant such an interpretation; but it must not be forgotten how clearly the Act lays down the principle of the responsibility of the headmaster for the acts of his government to the governing body. We are convinced that this responsibility ought to be impressed upon him at the time of his taking so important a step as the dismissal of an assistant: that the ground of it should be distinctly stated, and the assistant heard in his defence. It has been suggested that some such amended statute as the following might meet the case: ‘The assistant masters shall hold their office at the pleasure of the headmaster; but if he sees cause to dismiss any assistant master of more than two years’ standing, he shall state previously in writing the grounds of that dismissal to the assistant master. The assistant master shall have the right of laying such statement, together with a counter-statement of his own, before the governing body, and claiming their judgment on the case. The headmaster shall have power at his discretion, after receiving the judgment, either to recall the notice of dismissal, or to reinstate the assistant master if already dismissed.’

No such amended statute was, however, adopted, and the danger of injustice continued to go, and still goes, unrestrained. Rugby troubles in 1873, and Eton troubles a little later, brought the question once more to the front, and on one of these occasions an attempt was made to obtain an Act of Parliament dealing with the grievance, but the Bill never reached, or at any rate never passed, a second reading. Edward Bowen was, as has been seen, quite willing to

co-operate with his colleagues in the profession in their endeavours to obtain a right of appeal to the governing body; but his own view was that the best remedy was to be found in a somewhat different direction, and that a distinct legal status should be assigned by Parliament to an assistant master which could be defended in the ordinary way. By this means the interference of the governors in the actual management of the school would be avoided—an interference which was, in his opinion, undesirable, it being for the governors to lay down general principles, but for the headmaster to apply them. Nothing, however, has as yet been done, and it may perhaps be added that nothing is at present likely to be done. If some scandal should occur, if there should be some abuse by a headmaster of his absolute powers, another Bill will no doubt be introduced. If it is fortunate enough on the ballot to secure first or second place on a Friday, it may possibly pass through the second stage in its parliamentary history; but whether it ever gets any further will almost certainly depend on the Government, whose hands will already be full, and who will be thinking rather of ‘the massacre of the innocents’ than of the adoption of other people’s children.

Edward Bowen’s theory of teaching has already been noticed in connection with his essay, ‘On Teaching by means of Grammar.’ He felt from first to last that the burden placed upon the pupil was too heavy, and that wholly insufficient pains were taken to relieve him of the load of drudgery which simply broke his back. It was in pursuance of this theory that he attempted to obtain a reconsideration of the difficult question of ‘cribs.’ Most masters are against them. There is an idea that a boy’s present struggles and miseries somehow bring about a measure of intellectual development to which otherwise he would not attain, and that it is a matter of secondary importance whether he finds his tasks tolerable or intolerable. It was only consistent with Edward Bowen’s whole reading of the duties of a teacher that he should protest against such a notion. The work, he

urged, was too hard, and because too hard, too slowly got through. 'Cribs' made it at least twice as easy, and doubled or trebled the pace. He saw too that the common rule created a serious offence, difficult to detect, and as often as not committed with impunity. He considered that under the system in force boys were unnecessarily being led into temptation, nor could he shut his eyes to the very painful fact that a lad whose character had been seriously damaged by frequent yielding to this temptation, and afterwards to others for which it had been the preparation, had a just cause of complaint against the masters through whose methods he had been tempted in the first instance. 'Woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.' After twelve years' experience he gave forcible expression to his views in a memorandum which he circulated privately among his colleagues, and which will be read with interest, at any rate by members of the scholastic profession. These views he never changed, and to some extent he was able to carry them into practice on 'the Modern Side,' where he allowed the Sixth Form to read Tacitus with a 'crib;' but he never succeeded in converting the staff as a whole to them. The paper is dated 'November 11, 1870.'

There are some considerations which seem to me to deserve to be taken into account when we consider the subject of translations, but which I should be sorry to spend public time in urging at length *viva voce*; I hope, therefore, that it will not be thought presumptuous if I print and circulate them, and beg for them a favourable hearing.

We ought not to shut our eyes to the fact, that, if we do not allow and provide translations, we have at any rate no alternative method left of dealing with the subject. We must be all, I imagine, prepared to admit that punishment is quite useless. The reason is not far to seek. We cannot punish with a perfectly clear conscience. Not only is it impossible to be very severe with a fault when the number of detections is known to bear so small a proportion to that of the offences, but we are perplexed, both each for himself and still more as a body, by the feeling, that while we profess to regard it as an act of disobedience, it is in reality, and is felt by all the more sensitive boys to be, an act of unfairness. That the result is a capriciousness in our treatment of it which



has no parallel in our dealings with any other crime, there can be no doubt; and if it were not for the bare chance of these remarks falling into any hands for which they are not intended, I could show that it is so to a startling extent. We cannot hope, then, to stamp out the practice by punishment. I have no more opportunities of forming a judgment than any other master, but, among the hundreds of boys with whom at various times I have talked on the subject, I do not remember that it ever occurred to a single one to suggest that punishment was of any use. Have we any hope in our own vigilance? Experience tells us that this cannot be expected. Even granting—which could not be granted—that some twenty Form-masters would continue to take unremitting pains to defeat the translationist, we have not the time or the power to do it with success, and the task is often a repulsive one, from its bringing us face to face with prevarication and falsehood. Something might no doubt be done by a bold attack on the conscience of the boys, and an appeal to their honour. Something is always done by such appeals, both in this and other matters. But I wish I could express how strong is the apprehension with which I, for one, regard them. Conscience and honour seem to me too serious things to be staked on a losing struggle. We ought surely to reflect when by such means a partial attack is made on a bad custom, what a terrible risk there is of a reaction which may carry away some part of the conscientious feeling along with it; and it is always to be remembered that the more serious we make the fault, the more we increase the chance of denial. Is it not better even to live under the yoke of the Philistines than to take down the ark into a battle where we know beforehand that the chances are against us?

We are fairly beaten in the contest.<sup>1</sup> Bohn is too much for us. We have had even less chance than other schools, from having rich boys, and London so near. Translations swarm, and even if by a great effort, and at the risks above spoken of, we could destroy 50 per cent. of them, in two years' time there would be just as many again.

This being the case, ought we not to give up the struggle? Does it seem right to the masters that by our own act, and with the aim of improving the scholarship of the cleverer scholars, we should put before every boy who comes here, weak or strong, a

<sup>1</sup> It will, however, be found later on that Edward Bowen, when at 'The Grove,' was singularly successful in his warfare with these translations, and that he kept his House entirely, or almost entirely, free from them.

temptation to what most of them believe to be unfairness, which we know that a very large number will not be able to resist? Has not a boy whose will becomes enfeebled by deceit, who is led from translations to positive cheating or to falsehood, who pursues for years a system of hypocrisy in work, a grave charge to bring against us for having created, for his very stumbling, the sin which began it all?

This is all irrespective of the intellectual question. For argument's sake it might be granted that scholarship would suffer by the change; there is a point beyond which the claims of scholarship are not paramount. But it is a position which is at all events open to challenge. My own opinion, which I only offer as that of one out of twenty-five, is that a language is best learnt by means of translations. It is far too large a question to discuss here, and the opinion of those who read this is not likely to have been so hastily formed that a few words would change it; but it is worth remembering that the two chief English authorities on educational subjects, Ascham and Locke, both believed in the system I am advocating. I am only able to offer the single experience of German on the Modern Side, which is so taught. Of the general result even here I cannot speak yet; but this much at all events may be said, that it is a most successful system for purposes of class. It is possible to make sure that every boy has learnt his lesson, to whatever extent one is prepared to enforce it: every boy may be 'put on' once or oftener; the lesson is doubled or trebled; the construing takes less than half an hour, and the other half can be given to the parsing of a special piece (set beforehand) and general teaching. If a boy is 'turned,' he can come and say it again out of school, and to hear a morsel here and there takes about two minutes. So enhanced is the control over the preparation of the work, that my one fear, if the system should be established, is the power which would be given to masters of an energetic turn of mind over their Forms. If it is desirable to give some puzzle-work to the cleverer boys, unseen pieces are a resource always ready to hand. And for the scholars, it must not be forgotten that double lessons means a double dose of subjunctives, every peculiarity encountered double as often, and some insight into the literature into the bargain.

I really think that we might expect a large and permanent improvement in school morality, as regards fairness and truthfulness, by the reform which I am pleading. Perhaps I may be forgiven

for saying, that at the same time I should make a point of endeavouring to avoid such temptations to fraud as (1) setting under any circumstances for work out of school any book to which there exists a key; (2) allowing boys in examination under any circumstances (short of a moral certainty that they are safe) to do the same work as their neighbours at the same time; (3) exacting from boys, or encouraging them to offer, normal statements that they have done 'an hour's work' at any subject; (4) a harsh view of prompting or of giving moderate help. If we could carry a few such reforms as these, and remove the great stumbling-block of forbidden translations—I hope I am not too sanguine, but I do fancy that Astræa might perhaps return again, and a boy on coming here might learn, as one of his first school lessons, candour and good faith.

Another contribution of value and interest to contemporary scholastic questions was made by him in the spring of 1872. This was an essay on the supervision of the Public Schools by the Universities, published by him under the title ('confessedly adopted *ad invidiam*'), 'The Proposed Control of the Public Schools by the Universities.'<sup>1</sup> The scheme, so far as it was ever formulated, had its origin in some suggestions made by a committee of the annual Headmasters' Conference—suggestions which certainly appeared to go beyond their instructions, but which excited a good deal of attention, and undoubtedly met with a good deal of support. It was in 1870, at the conference at Sherborne, that the committee had been appointed 'to negotiate'—such is Edward Bowen's account of their duties—'certain practical arrangements with the Latin Professors at Oxford and Cambridge, with the Universities themselves, with various colleges, with the Government, and with other examining bodies.' These arrangements related to matriculation examinations so far as the Universities were concerned, but to leaving examinations by the Government. The Committee, however, had invited the Universities 'to inspect the schools and report on their efficiency, and, in addition to this, to hold examinations of all boys at two stages of their school career, with a view to awarding

<sup>1</sup> The essay will be found among the Appendices.



certificates of satisfactory attainments.' It was these proposals—'originating in a manner which it is not unfair to describe as "casual"'—which seemed to Edward Bowen to amount to an attempt to place the Public Schools under the 'control' of the two Universities, and the essay is a vigorous criticism of the scheme. It is marked by all his usual breadth of view, and also by his capacity for banter and sarcasm. He makes fun of the suggested inspector—

With the office merely of a roaring lion, who is to go about seeking some one to examine, grasping at an induction for morsels of evidence, listening to a lesson here, reading an exercise there, and returning to his Athens much (as I should venture to picture it) with the feeling that Peisthetærus must have experienced after his sojourn in the Region of the Birds, with the sense that he has been listening for a couple of days and nights to one universal gabble!

Again, he draws an amusing picture of the go-ahead master who is possessed by a desire to introduce the study of Scandinavianism into his school. This imaginary innovator is represented as 'finding every advantage in this study that can be offered by the most devoted professor of the established curriculum.' There is obscure history to be waded through. There are dialects to be learnt 'which are dead as door-nails.' It has no connection whatever with modern thought. All this makes the supposed master an enthusiast in teaching it. 'I awaken interest, I train to logical sequence, I load with varied information, I exercise cultivated imagination; my pupils write verses like the Eddas, and get by heart mythology like a Skald.' Now what would be the result of University inspection upon this daring educational experiment, which, however, might have a claim to a fair trial?

A college Fellow, or it may be a country clergyman, comes down to judge the teaching of the school at which I am engaged. As it is not to be supposed that he will know the ancient Norse, he will find it convenient to take, as a specimen, some other portion of my work than that in the results of which I take such pride; or else he will put me aside altogether, and devote himself to some non-Scandinavian class; and all that the inquiring parents are likely to know of my splendid successes is that my neighbour's form are found to be good in their Greek. Or—should

it happen that the Board of Control at the Universities have searched out and sent down some scholar who has devoted himself to the same results as I, who comes, hears, sees, and passes a judgment which is probably valueless from the absence of a standard of comparison—much light will the public receive from the assurance that my work is excellent, and—*ex pede Herculem*—the school is admirably conducted, when it is notorious that among my colleagues he knows nothing of A, who goes to sleep over his Virgil; B, who puts the cricketers systematically first; or C, whose class-room is a bear garden. More probable than either hypothesis is the third: that the inspector will appear some day provided with an array of established tests in classical scholarship, and a couple of questions in Icelandic literature which he has begged or stolen from Dr. Dasent; that the report which will appear of my work will run, ‘Moderate success in the normal subjects; shows some curious Scandinavian energy;’ that with a sigh and a blush I shall give up my northern studies, abandon Wodin and Thor, stick to the construction of the prolative and quid-quod-qualitive verbs, and the light of Scandinavian learning will be quenched in schools for ever!

Such an illustration is of course almost perverse—as indeed it was meant to be; and the whole essay is written with a light hand. But the paper is none the less a very serious and earnest advocacy of two great ideas. Of these, the first was that the influence of outside inspection was to cramp and harass the teachers. As for control by Oxford and Cambridge, those seats of learning had better devote themselves to the task of broadening their own curriculum before attempting or being permitted to impose their yoke upon the Public Schools. If there were to be inspection it would be preferable that it should emanate from a Government office; but the existing system of education in schools was too much ‘on its trial’ for it to be desirable that a dead hand should be brought in from any quarter to destroy by its touch new efforts and experiments. Secondly, the anxiety for inspection was based upon an erroneous estimate of the value of mere instruction. As a matter of fact, inspection could not gauge the excellence or defects of the instruction; but even if it could, such excellence or defects constituted but very indifferent evidence of the real merits and success of a school. The component parts of a boy’s

education were manifold; and actual instruction was only one of them. With this one part inspection dealt—probably inefficiently and unsatisfactorily; but with the other parts it could not deal. The merits of a school depended on much beyond the pedagogy—on the character of the traditions, the general standard of intellectual interest, the discipline, the personnel of the masters, the vigorous athleticism, the general good ordering of the school régime, *plus*, of course (and here comes in a touch of the characteristic banter), ‘what I understand to be the very cream of University distinction, the proper appreciation of the sound of the Roman consonants.’ All, therefore, that was best and most important in connection with a school was beyond inspection, and yet inspection was being asked for in order that a parent might have some sort of guide as to the school to which his son should be sent. Edward Bowen, however, though strongly adverse to the proposals of the Headmasters’ Committee, frankly admitted that educational reforms were required. ‘I am not one of those’—he says towards the end of his paper—‘who believe that the schools can be safely left altogether to themselves, or that the Universities have no duties in connection with them.’ He goes on to mention several matters in which he counsels alteration. Among them are (1) the establishment of ‘a Council of Education, under the department of the Minister of Education, charged with the duty of inspecting the public schools of the country in all matters that relate to finance;’ and (2) the lowering of the age for students at the Universities—a change which he advocated in the belief that it would mean that the number of those able to avail themselves of an University education would be greatly increased.

The next few years were, on the whole, years of quiet service to the School and of unostentatious devotion to the requirements of school-life. The question of inspection did indeed remain a somewhat burning one, but Edward Bowen had ‘said his say,’ and he made no further contribution of note or importance to the discussion. Scholastic contro-



versy at Cambridge introduced an element of excitement, but they did not call out from him any essay. The question at issue was the relief of candidates for an Honour Degree from the necessity of passing an examination in Greek at an early stage in their University career; and it was a controversy which very gravely affected the Modern Side at Harrow, where it was found that the tax which was placed by the existing regulation upon the energies of those intending to go to Cambridge was unduly heavy. The time of these pupils was wasted getting up, merely for the purposes of 'the Previous Examination,' the rudiments of a subject which they did not intend seriously to pursue. This reform therefore at the University was anxiously awaited by Edward Bowen and by all friends of 'Modern Sides.' It was awaited in vain. The proposed abolition had indeed the support of all the best-known headmasters in the country—Dr. Hornby, Dr. Butler, Dr. Ridding, Dr. Walker, Dr. Jex Blake, Dr. Abbott, Mr. H. W. Eve; while it was cordially approved by such leaders of thought and educational interests as Lord Aberdare, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Frederick Cavendish, Charles Darwin, the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, the present Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Temple), W. E. Forster, Lord Houghton, Lord Lawrence, Professor Huxley, Professor Jebb, Dean Stanley, Mr. (now Sir) George Trevelyan, and Dr. Vaughan. But, influential as were these names, the movement failed. All the conservatism of the country clergy was aroused in opposition to it. Considerations connected with the Greek Testament were introduced and pressed. It became a contest—as was observed at the time—between 'the Church and the world,' and 'the Church' won. On three separate occasions the feeling of the graduates of the University was tested. It was on the first of these that the reformers came nearest to the attainment of their objects; but though they were not far from success they fell short of it, and have never since made good the necessary ground.

At Harrow itself in the seventies there were no striking scholastic changes. The work of the Modern Side was being steadily, but very quietly, developed, without any

special characteristics attaching to the development. The success, however, of 'the Side' was as yet not quite assured, and it was during the first half of this decade that the temporary decrease in numbers set in to which Edward Bowen alludes in his 'Memorandum.' But the devotion and perseverance of himself and his colleagues were not to be without their reward, and in 1876 the tide again turned, and has since then never ceased to flow.

Athletics continued to divide Edward Bowen's interests with school-work; and his influence upon athleticism at Harrow, though not supreme, was at any rate considerable. It was, however, mainly indirect. He was very strongly of opinion that any immediate interference by the masters in the matter of the games was a mistake—indeed, that such interference was outside their proper sphere. The assent of the headmaster to any change in the method or rules of a game was one thing; it was another for him or his assistants to compel any alteration. Edward Bowen worked to get anything which he thought desirable done by the boys themselves, and to all appearance on their own initiative. A chat with the captain of the School eleven, or of a House team, would be the opportunity of putting ideas into the boy's head which had their due results in the course of time. But direct proposals from him were rare; still more rare was any direct opposition.

He was an excellent football player, and took a regular part in the game from his earliest years at Harrow to within six weeks of his death. At twenty-five it was natural that he should play; that at sixty-five he should still be doing so was extraordinary. But so it was:

The fields with his presence are haunted  
Where daily to football he pass'd,  
Through forty long winters undaunted,  
The playmate of youth to the last.<sup>1</sup>

When he first went as master he used to play 'forward'; but about 1872 he took to playing 'back'—the only instance of caution which he ever showed in connection

<sup>1</sup> *Memorial Verses*, by E. W. H.

with athletics. He retained, however, his fleetness of foot, and when he was well over forty, he was in a spurt almost, if not quite, as fast as an exceptionally fast 'forward' who was at the time in the School team. He possessed also remarkable powers of endurance. The debauch of football which he instituted as an annual occurrence, on the first day of the Christmas holidays, was something till then unheard of. The game lasted from ten till four, the players stopping as often as they liked, and for as long as they liked, for refreshments. Edward Bowen himself played throughout without intermission—six hours of continuous football! He was, too, one of the inventors and lawgivers of 'Association' football, though in later years he felt deeply the degradation involved for that branch of the game by the widespread betting and corruption which it was notorious were frequently connected with it. He would probably have opposed the substitution of either the 'Rugby' or the 'Association' game for that traditional at Harrow; but his opposition to the introduction of the 'Association' rules would unquestionably have been especially strong, on the ground of the importance of keeping the School clear of a form of athleticism which was known to be steeped at times in dishonour and disgrace.

In cricket he was for many years a first-rate field; though a very unconventional bat, whose methods were not always looked upon with favour. He never bowled, even in an emergency. For some time he used to field 'in the country,' and during that period was one of the finest 'long-legs' ever seen. In the early sixties the All England Eleven played Twenty-Two of Harrow and District, and Edward Bowen's work in the long-field is said to have been wonderful. Later on (in the seventies) he generally kept wicket, where he was extraordinarily rapid—so rapid that he was sometimes accused of taking the ball before it had actually passed the stumps. He did not indeed claim that he had never missed a catch there, but he once said in his old age that he had, to the best of his recollection, never dropped one in the long-field on the Harrow cricket-ground. As a judge of the game he was excellent, though here also, as elsewhere, an element



of unconventionality would make its way in. He once published some 'Notes on Placing the Field' for the guidance of one of the Harrow captains,<sup>1</sup> in which he shows complete knowledge of the scientific details of the game, however questionable his orthodoxy here and there. 'A bowler is indispensable; but the same can hardly be said, absolutely and universally, of any other place in the field. I once remember, with a good man in, and on a good ground, taking away point and sending him deep extra cover-point, and it answered wonderfully.' He endeavoured to get this done in the course of a somewhat recent match with Eton, when runs were coming freely on a wicket which was like a billiard-table. 'It is quite obvious,' he said rapidly, during the interval for luncheon, to an old captain of the eleven, 'that we must take point off and put him down by the scoring-box.' The old Harrovian, however, was disposed to demur, and he seems to have been supported by other authorities; anyhow the public were deprived of an interesting surprise. Other very characteristic notes are: 'Don't have general consultations (though a quiet word or two with a trusted mate doesn't hurt), unless you are really in grave doubt what to do; but remember that "falling to pieces" is generally the result of want of inventiveness in the captain.' 'If a catch is missed, it does no harm to suggest an excuse to the miserable criminal.' 'Every one is allowed to lose his temper, if he likes, when the match is *well over*, and there is no one by.' His interest in the match at Lord's was unsurpassed by that of boy or colleague. Among the most delightful surroundings in which he was ever seen were his luncheon parties at Lord's. He always had a small carriage in some distant corner, 'far from the madding crowd,' or as far as possible, where there were hurried refreshments and hurried conversations over the progress of the game. Some whimsical invitation would have been sent out, such as 'Lunch, low carriage, corner of Block B; solid and serious; will you serio-solidify?' or 'Lunch on Friday and Saturday;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cyril Buxton, afterwards captain of the Cambridge Eleven. His death in early manhood was a deep and lasting grief to Edward Bowen and to a wide circle of friends.

Solidity permeated by Punctuality, and Efficacy graced by Expedition. Will you give me the pleasure of seeing you?' and in response there would be a select gathering of masters and friends and old pupils, together with some three or four boys who had no one else to go to. 'Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.' 'O the great days in the distance enchanted.' His acquaintance with the precedents of the match was almost unrivalled. In the 'Notes on Placing the Field,' just referred to, he recalls how 'Money in the 1867 match with extraordinary boldness and effect took away a man in order to induce a batsman to play badly.' He had a collection of the scoring cards which extended over many years. Indeed, his care for the issue of the annual struggle was such that those two days became days of real strain, in which the stress and anxiety altogether outweighed the pleasure and the excitement. Some of his lines on the match of 1878—which Harrow only won with difficulty by the small margin of twenty runs—scarcely go beyond his own real mind upon the matter :

What is it? forty, thirty more?

You in the trousers white,

What did you come to Harrow for

If we lose the match to-night?

If a finger's grasp, as a catch comes down,

Go a thousandth part astray—

Heavens! to think there are folks in town

Who talk of the game as play! <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is in connection with this match that the following story is told of Mr. Robert Grimston—whose close connection with Harrow cricket will be referred to later on, *à propos* of some beautiful memorial lines written by Edward Bowen. Mr. Grimston would never go to the actual match at Lord's; the tension was as a rule more than he knew how to bear. But on this occasion Harrow appeared at one time to be winning easily, and some friend telegraphed the fact to him, and urged him to come up. He did so, and during the Saturday afternoon was a prominent figure on one of the front seats of the Pavilion. Eton, however, made an unexpected bid for victory, and scored all but twenty-one of the required runs. Mr. Grimston remained in his place during the critical fourth innings; but when it was over, and the last Eton wicket had fallen, he took off his well-known top-hat, wiped the perspiration from his massive brow, and said, 'Well, I do think they might have spared me that hour's agony.'

On one occasion, the last match which Edward Bowen lived to see—when Harrow won by a single wicket—he and others endeavoured, as they went back in the train, to recall exactly how the last four or five ‘overs’ had gone. He was too exhausted to do so, and it was not until he had had food that he succeeded in reconstructing in his memory the details of those few decisive minutes. It was much the same all through. No boy in the School took greater interest in the games than he; no lad in the eleven looked forward more anxiously than he to those fateful days at Lord’s. That such an attitude towards athletics increased his hold upon the School goes without saying; but it was not for this purpose that he thus interested himself. He cared for athletics for their own sake, believed in them, desired to promote them. He had no sympathy with the commonplace talk about their undue supremacy; he had no wish to see them lose any of their pre-eminence. And in the seventies he did not a little to develop the games in connection with the younger boys, and to interest their elders in their fortunes and efforts. He instituted an ‘Infants’ cricket match, for lads under fifteen on January 1 of the current year. It was followed by ‘Ponsonby’s Colts,’ for whom, however, the limit was sixteen. At football he started the ‘Torpids’—which were ties between House and House, but played during the Easter Term by those who had not yet completed two years in the School. To the winning team in this latter case he invariably gave a breakfast, which consisted of a large number of courses—they were identical every year and had always to be got through in half an hour—and ended with a draught of claret out of the great silver goblet which had been his Declamation Prize at Cambridge. The wine was duly drunk as a loving-cup, the drinker rising in his place and two boys standing by him, one on each side [‘to prevent him being stabbed in the back’]. It might indeed have been the subject of an Academy picture—the famous master at the head of the table, and ‘the eleven small shy boys, to most of whom at least he was a stranger and a mystery, wondering partly what his quick speech said, still



more what his sly humour meant,' and the drinking of the loving-cup with all the old-world ceremony.

Another institution—though it came rather later, a little outside this particular period of his life—was the 'Ones.' This competition, like 'the Torpids,' came in the Easter Term, and had besides its own immediate interest the further advantage of doing something to enliven what is usually, from the athletic point of view, an unsatisfactory quarter. It consisted of a series of ties between single football players, whose contests took place on small grounds with wide goal-posts, and lasted no longer than five minutes. All the ties were played off in an afternoon—the triumphant victor receiving one or more of Caldecott's picture-books, while 'defeated players might eat buns after four o'clock at their own expense.' Each year—usually in 'the merry month' of February—some brilliantly humorous notice would appear on the School gates, which showed that, in addition to all his other capacities, the compiler would have been incomparable as editor of 'Punch.' The following may serve as a sample :

### THE ONES

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1893

The Ones ones more ! Rush to the Field of Glory ! But first pay 6*d.* by Tuesday evening. Football field (real field)—unless bad weather (real bad).

Ties given out on the ground, 2.15, amid great excitement. Hair pulled out in handfuls (real hair).

40 feet by 30 ; goals 8 feet. Prizes—each winner of 1st tie, 6*d.* ; final winner, two picture-books of Caldecott.

Umpires as useful and humble as usual. Five minutes ; if tie, go on till decided. Then begin again.

Then comes the Procession.

The Procession will be headed by any of the tailers. Then the Band. They will march to the Bull Field (real bull). A flourish of horns, and the Band will get the correct pitch.

Three Charity Removes. Winners of Prize Poems. Persons in Love. Fishes and Mermaids. Oysters, in Upper and Lower Shells.

Those who have passed in Swimming (in Swimming dress). If there are too few who can swim, Harrow will be made one of the Sink Ports.

Several other people cheering.

Animals. The hip-hip-hippopotamus.

Dicky-birds, argent and gules. Crows. Rooks, cawing. The captain-commandant of the caw. Should a dog come on the ground, he will take out his sword, lunge, and *drive it home!* Probably in a Buss.

The rest of the Square will be rooted to the spot with terror. They must extract their square roots, and then go home.

Music as usual; louder if possible. Air, 'No, I do not know John Peel and do not wish to.' To be followed by the Hailstone Chorus (real Hailstones). Then speeches, during which the company will disperse.

The result of the Ones will be announced immediately the competition is over, but it will not be known in Uganda and the Orange-peel River till much later.

All seats free. Children half-price. No cards.

The competition, however, was after some fifteen years of existence deliberately abandoned by its originator. The exhaustion involved in it was too great for the boys, short as was the time allotted to each single tie; and it was found that excessive fatigue sometimes deprived the best and most active player of the honour and renown which ought to have been his, and gave them to a lazier, and therefore less worn-out, exponent of the game.

Another example of the whimsical fun which his versatility would introduce into school-life is to be found in an examination paper which he once set upon the subject of cricket. It may, perhaps, be said that it has as yet not been introduced into any scholarship examination, though doubtless Edward Bowen would have regarded a thorough knowledge of cricket as indispensable to a creditable or useful membership of the School; and there is certainly something to be said for the proposition that a lad who could deal with such conundrums as these would be as likely to make his way in the world as another who was versed in 'the doctrine of the enclitic De,' but ignorant of the rules of the Marylebone Cricket Club, or of their

possible bearing upon unheard-of situations. Here is the paper :

1. A no-ball is bowled ; batsman runs out, wicket-keeper catches it, and stumps him. Umpire says, ' Not out—it touched his wrist.' Was it out ?

2. Batsman takes guard  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards to leg, and bats there. A ball almost grazes the off stump. Is it a wide ?

3. They were just in the middle of the second run when one of them was bowled out (happened in a county match). Is that true ?

4. Player is running, wicket-keeper gets ball. Is it out if bails are dislodged (*a*) by earthquake, (*b*) by batsman's bat thrown at them ?

5. Very slow ball bowled ; batsman runs halfway out and misses it ; wicket-keeper runs to help it with his toe into wicket, which it hits. Is it out (*a*) if his toe did help it along, (*b*) if it didn't ?

6. Partner backs up halfway ; wicket-keeper tosses back ball ; bowler puts down his own wicket by happy thought. Is it out ?

7. A, who is generally credible, says he was once bowled out by a wide. Do you believe him ?

8. If two batsmen walk off simultaneously to have a drink just before 'over' is called, which is out ?

9. My partner hits high catch. I judiciously tread on bowler's toes, who misses it ; then asks umpire to give me out for doing so. Does he ?

10. One bail being off, may you run out a man by dislodging the other ?

11. Last ball of match is a no-ball ; batsman hits it and gets run out in the first run. What is scored, and was he out ?

12. Prove from Plautus (' Most.' 3. 2. 144), Horace (' A.P.' 343), Juvenal (3. 213), and Cicero (' Manil.' 12. 34) that the wickets were pitched, one of the field caught everything, a distinguished magistrate scattered the bails, and an unparalleled number of runs were made.

(M.C.C. rules must be quoted where necessary.)

Another institution which owed its existence to him, and which was so peculiarly his that no endeavour has been, or will be, made to carry it on, was that of tree-planting by successful batsmen. The honour was bestowed upon any boy on the first occasion of his making fifty in a school match ;



it was bestowed only once, and under no other conditions than those of a match with a foreign team. The whole of one side of the 'Sixth Form' and 'Philathletic' grounds is lined with the trees which commemorate the first fifties or more made by various members of the eleven upon what is at best a slow and difficult wicket. Some ceremony used to be observed at the planting, which took place at the end of the summer term. There was a gathering of the chief cricketers, a little claret-cup was supplied, and the fortunate planter was required to make a brief speech, which was usually in the same terms ('I plant this tree'). Edward Bowen, too, for many years gave a small silver cup for the best catch; but in this case the custom is not to be broken through, one of his colleagues having stepped into his place. The cup had engraven on it an open left hand—suggestive of a left-handed piece of work—and it was always awarded by the members of the eleven themselves, the only condition being that they must select some definite catch, and not bestow the prize for general proficiency and merit. Again, indirectly but very materially, Edward Bowen helped all the cricketers by the institution in 1876 of the celebrated 'Cricket Bill,' which all visitors to the Harrow cricket grounds on half-holidays are duly taken to see, and by means of which some five hundred boys or more can be called over by a single master in less than two minutes, and by two or three masters in less than one. Previously the cricket used to be interrupted at 3.45 P.M. Boots had to be changed and all the players had to toil up the hill to answer their names in the School yard in the ordinary way. The result was that the interrupted games were often not resumed, or only partially resumed. Now, however, the interruption does not exceed five minutes or so; while for the members of the eleven, or of 'the Sixth Form game,' there is no interruption at all, since they are excused attendance. The organisation is of the simplest kind, and always works without a hitch. The boys stand in order along the edge of the large field, divided into groups of six or seven. Each group has its distinctive number and its 'shepherd,' who stands a little in front of his flock. The master who calls the 'Bill'—Edward Bowen

invariably did so himself, year after year—passes rapidly along the line, and the ‘shepherds,’ giving the number of the group, say either ‘All here, sir!’ or ‘One absent,’ ‘Two absent,’ as the case may be. The flocks then disperse, while the ‘shepherds’ whose folds have not been complete go up to the master, and give in the name of the missing lamb. It may be added that no case of attempted dishonesty has ever been known in connection with the ‘shepherds,’ and that even a mistake through carelessness is of the rarest occurrence. The success of the ‘Bill’ requires of course, in this and in other respects, the co-operation of the boys; but it is to their own advantage that such co-operation should be given, and it has never been withheld.

In yet another form of athletics Edward Bowen continued to take a prominent part. He was a very great walker. His early feats in this respect have already been noticed, but though he did not in these later years attempt to compete with the endurance of his efforts as an undergraduate, yet he did an immense amount of walking. He kept a map of his tours on foot in England and Wales, of which he had gone round the entire coast, as well as over a great deal of the country inland. Some favourite pupil would perhaps be his comrade on these occasions, or sometimes it would be a small party of two or three or four that he took with him. One such expedition still remains vivid in the memory of a companion—a boy in the School at the time.<sup>1</sup> It was to the Botallack mine in Cornwall in the Easter holidays of 1863. The very day after the visit there occurred in this mine a fatal accident in which several lives were lost. The chain attached to the car which had lowered Edward Bowen and his youthful companions with perfect safety only twenty-four hours previously suddenly snapped, and all the occupants were hurled to instant death. Edward Bowen at once by means of a letter to the ‘Times’ endeavoured to set on foot a fund ‘to relieve the wives and children of those strong husbands and fathers whose bodies now lie dashed to pieces two hundred fathoms below the waves;’<sup>2</sup> and whose

<sup>1</sup> Mr. G. Kennedy, now a Metropolitan Police Magistrate.

<sup>2</sup> The mine runs under the sea.

souls may God receive.' But the boys not infrequently found these long walks extremely hard work. Possibly, as in the case of the 'Ones,' the exertion involved was now and then really too much for them. Edward Bowen, however, had a great belief in physical strain of this kind; he desired that the boys should learn pluck and gain stamina—'youth be bearer soon of hardihood'—and he was not disposed to pay too much attention to weary limbs and aching feet. He would always make his way as far as possible straight across country. A notice 'No thoroughfare' had for him no other meaning than that there was obviously an outlet at the other end; and the amount of trespassing which he did might well have startled even a hardened poacher. But to avoid 'the hard high' was a golden rule which was not lightly broken through, and with the aid of a small compass he pushed along over meadows and through copses and down grassy paths towards his goal. It did not always prove the quickest route in practice, whatever its advantages in theory—that, however, was a minor point. The major consideration was the absence of stones and dust. Afternoon tea was a much esteemed institution on these expeditions. It was usually at some wayside inn, in the small shabby coffee room with its few prints and cane-bottomed chairs and horsehair sofa. As likely as not a worn-out lad would be stretched on the sofa, at first almost too tired to eat, but gradually giving in to persuasive persistence, and at last finding himself sufficiently restored to take up the march again. And all the while there would be the kindly, amusing, vigorous head of the party, dispensing the tea (being unique in his manner of doing even this), and keeping the various members bright, interested, good-tempered. There is now in the writer's possession a briar stick, worn down quite short, which Edward Bowen often carried with him on his walks, and which has round it a silver band with the names of some of the places to which it had accompanied its owner. The map, however—to which reference has been made, and which was known to many old friends and pupils—is missing, and in all probability will now not be found. Otherwise it might have been well worth while, in view



of its interesting and remarkable character, to have reproduced it.

These years (1872-1877) saw the birth of several of his most famous songs. In 1872 came 'Forty Years On,' the most celebrated of all. Later songs may contain individual lines, or a single stanza, which taken separately reach even a greater height than is attained by this noble piece of work; yet judged as a whole this song may justly rank as the finest which he ever wrote, and it would perhaps be no exaggeration to speak of it as the grandest in modern English literature. It is based upon the experiences of the football field, and suggests the memories of football struggles, football defeats, football victories, which will linger with old Harrovians forty years after their school-life has ended. It has become the national anthem of Harrow, and is always sung on great occasions, the boys and the Old Harrovians standing for it.

Forty years on, when afar and asunder  
Parted are those who are singing to-day,  
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder  
What you were like in your work and your play;  
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you  
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—  
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,  
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.  
Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!  
Till the field ring again and again  
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,  
Follow up! Follow up!

Like so much of the best poetical workmanship, the song may in part owe its shaping to the personal circumstances of the author. 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Edward Bowen was writing it during the summer holidays while on a tour in Switzerland. One of his colleagues who was with him recalls the fact that his physical activity was not quite what it had been, and that he was at times rather outpaced in climbing by his junior companions. The realisation of this advance in years is perhaps responsible for the splendid last verse:

Forty years on, growing older and older,  
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,  
Feeble of foot and rheumatic of shoulder,  
What will it help you that once you were strong?  
God give us bases to guard and beleaguer,  
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun ;  
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,  
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !  
Follow up ! &c.

There are two other reminiscences in connection with its composition which will be of interest, at any rate to those who have many a time joined in singing it. The first of these is that a verse or two of it, written out specially large and clear—Edward Bowen's handwriting was generally very small and cramped—was sent by its author to Mr. John Farmer to be set to music, just as the latter was coming away from choir practice in chapel. Mr. Farmer looked at the manuscript, and turning round asked characteristically if any one had such a thing as a piano in his waistcoat pocket. It so chanced that no one had ; and an adjournment was accordingly made to the neighbouring rooms of one of the masters. Here Edward Bowen himself gave the idea of the chorus, and in a very few minutes the well-known tune, with its stateliness, its touch of deep pathos, its tempestuous close, was composed. The other story is this. Some exception was taken to the introduction of the Divine Name into the last verse. Mr. Matthew Arnold was then at Byron House in Harrow ; the matter was referred to him, and he was asked to determine it. He at once decided for the line as it stood, and the crowning stanza was fortunately saved from serious damage, if not from ruin.

No song came in 1873, but in 1874 Edward Bowen produced 'Giants,' which, like so much of his apparently light workmanship, expressed strongly held views, while the moral incentive of the song may well pass beyond the narrow by-path of boy-life, for which it was originally designed, into far broader and dustier highways. Have not nations as well as schools those fits of depression, those temptations to say

that the living are worse than their forefathers, which find expression *mutatis mutandis* in the first stanzas of this School song, where the great 'giants of old' are represented as possessing unheard-of strength and vigour and prowess?

There were wonderful giants of old, you know,  
 There were wonderful giants of old ;  
 They grew more mightily, all of a row,  
 Than ever was heard or told ;  
 All of them stood their six feet four,  
 And they threw to a hundred yards or more,  
 And never were lame, or stiff, or sore ;  
 And we, compared with the days of yore,  
 Are cast in a pigmy mould.  
 For all of we,  
 Whoever we be,  
 Come short of the giants of old, you see.

And have there not been generations—such as our own at the opening of this twentieth century—which have felt themselves devoid of the greatness of the past, and have in their self-depreciation given way more or less to despondency, and needed the healthy, invigorating corrective which is administered to all *laudatores temporis acti* in the last verse of this merry song for boys?

But I think all this is a lie, you know,  
 I think all this is a lie ;  
 For the hero-race may come and go,  
 But it doesn't exactly die !  
 For the match we lose and win it again,  
 And a Balliol comes to us now and then,  
 And if we are dwarfing in bat and pen,  
 Down to the last of the Harrow men,  
 We will know the reason why !  
 For all of we,  
 Whoever we be,  
 Come up to the giants of old, you see.

The next year, 1875, saw the issue of two songs. One of them was a rollicking ditty descriptive of the interview between 'Good Queen Bess' and John Lyon, in the presence of 'the bold sea rover,' with regard to the charter of Harrow



School; the other was a most beautiful piece of work in which the 'fairy thoughts' and the 'fairy voices' and 'the fairy people' are represented as coming from far and near, and circling round the School and its life. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the exquisite daintiness, the delicious delicacy, the unbroken beauty of this latter song—too dainty, too delicate, too beautiful ever to be estimated by ordinary lads at its real worth, but to anyone capable of appreciating literary merit conclusive evidence as to the writer's remarkable poetic gifts. The last verse, like the last verse in 'Forty Years On,' seems to bear its quiet testimony to the author's sense that he himself was advancing in years. Must the circumstance mean that the ties of sympathy which bound him to boy-life would to some extent be relaxed? The answer is found in the reflection that the spirit of man need not grow old with his body, and that the ears of the soul may always remain open to the magic whispers of the 'fairies.' The whole song, unsurpassed in pure charm and gracefulness by anything which came from his pen, will be found towards the close of this volume, but the first and last verses may also be given here :

When in the morning cold and bleak,  
 In spite of wind and weather,  
 The wise and foolish, strong and weak,  
 Throng up to School together,  
 From off the plain, from round the hill,  
 The fairy thoughts arisen  
 Begin the day of work and play  
 With hope, and whim, and vision :  
 Awake the old, suggest the new,  
 Heart after heart rejoices—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !—  
 So sound the fairy voices.

O'er twenty leagues of morning dew,  
 Across the cheery breezes,  
 Can fairies fail to whisper true  
 What youth and fancy pleases ?  
 As strength decays with after days,  
 And eyes have ceased to glisten,

Those souls alone not older grown  
 Will have the ears to listen.  
 Keep youth a guest of heart and breast,  
 And though the hair be whiter,—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !—  
 You hear them all the brighter !

In 1876 he published a song of another description—a great favourite, but much inferior in literary qualities to its immediate predecessor. This was 'Jack and Joe.' 'Jack' represents scholarship ; his food often consists of grammars and lexicons, and he drives the Oxford examiners in head-long rout. 'Joe,' however, is the athlete, whose batting turns the hairs of the professional bowlers gray, and who 'goes with a bat to bed.' The zeal of each is unbounded—'Jack's' for his books, 'Joe's' for his games :

Morning wakes with a rousing spell,  
 Bees and honey and hive,  
 Drones get up at the warning bell,  
 But Jack was at work at five.  
 Sinks the day on the weary hill,  
 Cricketers homeward flow ;  
 All climb up in the twilight chill,  
 But the last to leave is Joe.  
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,  
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

The song ends with the suggestion that their apparently hopeless quarrel is after all a matter for compromise ; grammars and bats, brains and sinews, should go together. A happy blend of their qualities will insure for each the highest success in after-life—'Joe' may become a general, and 'Jack' an ecclesiastical dignitary.

Next year came two more songs. The first of these has for its heroine a certain fair 'Shepherdess,' resident 'many a year ago' on the plain at the foot of the hill, with whom alike 'the monitor great in Greek,' and 'the cricketing captain slim and sleek,' and many another scholar besides were desperately in love. But the young lady's determination was to have none but the winner of the Gregory Scholarship—the most important of the leaving scholarships

and the blue riband of Harrow—and her hand was duly given to that studious and fortunate youth, far, far back in the annals of school and country, when ‘merry King Charles’ was upon the throne, and ready to give to this and all other real romance the advantage and pleasure of his presence and good wishes.

And if this ditty of love be true,  
     Many a year ago  
 (And you'll please forgive our singing it you),  
     Down in the plain below ;  
 O was there ever so sweet a pair,  
 As both of them went a-milking there,  
 With a pail and a stool and tangled hair,  
     A-milking for to go ?  
     But none, she said,  
     Will I ever wed,  
 But the boy who gets the Gregory prize,  
 And crosses his *t*'s and dots his *i*'s,  
     Down in the plain below.

The companion song was directed against the ‘sulky boys’ who took no adequate interest in the School games. A measure of participation in these is very properly compulsory at Harrow, as at most other schools ; but there were those who, as far as possible, ‘stayed upon the top’ of the hill, instead of racing down its slopes with their comrades—the greater number—to the cricket or football field ; and it is upon these few that the lightly administered blow of the song falls :

Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we run,  
 When the summer games come with the summer sun ;  
 On the grass dreaming a lazy grassy dream,  
 List to the merry click, willow tapping seam ;  
 Balls ring, throats sing, to a gallant tune,  
 Cheerily, cheerily, goes the afternoon.  
     Down the hill, down the hill, after dinner drop,  
     Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay upon the top !



The year 1877 brought with it what is to most the somewhat unwelcome experience of a contested election in connection with public elementary education. The question of a School Board at Harrow had for some years past—largely at the instigation of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold—been forced to the front by Edward Bowen and other local Liberals, who had combined to withdraw their subscriptions from the Voluntary School, in order to secure one under popular management. The tactics had at last been successful, and the first School Board was being formed at Harrow. Edward Bowen was one of the candidates. He stood as an Anti-clericalist and (to use the modern phraseology) a Progressive. His short address sets out perfectly clearly his views upon the leading lines of educational policy:

In my opinion the parish is much indebted to the energy and goodwill of those gentlemen who have managed the hitherto existing schools. But I have much regretted that those gentlemen should have wished, from conscientious motives, to deprive the parish of the advantage of having its own schools under its own control. And I doubt whether those who long resisted, and who now deplore the introduction of the new system, are the best persons that can be found to carry it out.

Further, to avoid difficulties which have arisen in many other places, I think that clerical influence ought not to be represented too strongly on the new School Board.

I offer myself as a candidate who thinks that the education of the people ought to be under the control of the people; that all Churches and sects should be on an equal footing; that the education of their children should be compulsory on all parents; that the scale of fees should be kept low; that the instruction given should be sound and simple, and should not include, in its religious portion, any creeds or doctrines to which any section of the community might object.

Such views were not likely to be acceptable to the more ecclesiastical or conservative section of the ratepayers, and the election was hotly contested. It ended in divided honours. Edward Bowen and the Vicar of Harrow were both returned; and once the election was over, there were harmony and co-operation. The Board had at the outset of

its life to draft its rules, and this task was entrusted to Edward Bowen, who took as his model the regulations of the London School Board. He did not, however, seek re-election at the expiration of the three years' term. Public School duties pressed upon him, and the continuance of the additional work would have been more than he could have managed ; but his place was taken by a colleague, and until the present year (1902) there has always been a Harrow master upon the local School Board.

In 1877 too his attention was given to the consideration of a somewhat important question in connection with the examination of candidates for the Army and the Indian Civil Service. It is not stated in the Report of the special Commission which was appointed to consider the question, whether the proposal to add a competition in physical exercises directly emanated in the first instance from him or not ; but the fact would appear to be definitely established by the following letter, which was published in due course by the Commission, together with several others from leading educationists.<sup>1</sup>

Harrow : March 30, 1877.

My Lord and Gentlemen,—1. I request leave to bring before your notice a suggestion with reference to the examinations for the Army and the Civil Service of India, which appears to me to have some importance and to be of a practical character. What I propose is that there should be added to the present examination a physical competition, in which the marks gained should be added to those otherwise obtained by the candidates.

2. I should, perhaps, say, that I have had considerable experience of the working of the present examinations, being the master in principal charge of the Modern Side at Harrow School ; and that, from circumstances into which I need not enter, I have a somewhat varied acquaintance not only with the practice of physical exercises generally, but also with the capacity of boys and young men to take part in them.

3. I cannot but think that an addition of marks for physical excellence would be in itself useful and desirable ; that it is merely just that bodily gifts of strength and health should tell in the

<sup>1</sup> This and the following letters are reprinted from the Report of the Commission by leave of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office.

selection of an officer or an Indian administrator in some proportion to, though no doubt in a less degree than, those results of intelligence and study which are denoted by intellectual success ; and that the addition would go far towards increasing the general popularity of the system of competitive examinations. If carried out with moderation, it would not impair the success of any of the candidates most remarkable for intellectual merit, but only alter the places of the lower candidates, who, as a general rule, approach very nearly to one another in marks, and who might reasonably be discriminated from one another by a verdict on their physical accomplishments.

4. Permit me, however, to refer to one or two of the dangers which it would seem most important to avoid in the introduction of such a change as I have suggested. In the first place, it would be desirable to avoid any specially professional element in the qualifications demanded. This would be merely following the example of the examination as conducted hitherto. Just as a lad is not asked now to show himself skilled in fortification, military engineering, or the Indian languages, but only to give evidence of his being so qualified as to be able to approach these studies with the probability of greater success than his rivals, so I would have him show proficiency not in riding, shooting, or the endurance of camp life, but in those physical excellencies which are natural and customary among all boys and youths, and which give promise of future healthy development.

5. Again, it would be right to exclude mere skill as an element of success, since accident and circumstances have so large a share in its production ; and to avoid exercises which would give a marked advantage to candidates possessed of wealth and leisure, and accustomed to a country life, over those in humbler circumstances ; and to render the competition at once simple and really open to all.

6. Once more, the success of the scheme might be impaired by its involving a great expenditure of time. I venture to submit that in the detailed suggestions which I am about to make, this danger will be minimised, if not avoided.

7. If, however, it should be urged, that all that is necessary is provided at present by the medical examination of the candidate, I would respectfully reply, in the first place, that this tends to secure only a minimum of health and strength without giving any advantage to the healthiest and strongest ; and secondly, that in this, as in all examinations, a mere standard tends inevitably to lower itself, and that at present the qualifications demanded are



in some cases very low. Indeed, I question whether the successful candidates for some of the examinations of which I am speaking are, in point of physical qualification, any further in advance of the average of boys and young men than would naturally follow from the fact that a military, or an Indian, career suggests itself most naturally to the vigorous rather than to the weak; and, as far as my experience goes, this difference shows itself but slightly.

8. I would propose, then, that—

- a. Candidates should be allowed to offer themselves for a voluntary physical examination.

(Voluntary, because the essence of the examination would be to give additional advantage to those who excel in physical merit, not to graduate all the candidates who are of an average, or below the average, standard.)

- b. The marks gained should be added to those otherwise obtained.

(In other words, this competition should not exclude any other subject; it would hold a position like that which freehand drawing now has in most of the examinations.)

- c. The object should be to give an advantage to the strongest, most active, most healthy candidates, not to those specially accomplished in exercises suited to the Army or to Indian life.

- d. The number of marks allotted should be such as to leave to intellectual merit a very clear predominance.

- e. The details of the marking should not be published.

(This would be necessary to prevent the vulgarising of the competition, and to avoid personal rivalry.)

- f. Marks should be given up to the maximum assigned, on the understanding that mediocrity is represented by 0.

(This is in order to preclude the entrance to the competition of any but those superior in physical merit. The saving of time would be an important result of this; and the principle is, I venture to think, the right one to adopt.)

- g. Only those should be examined who have passed the preliminary examination.

(Also for the saving of time.)

- h. The maximum should be practically obtainable by the most strong, healthy, and active youths, and its marks should

be placed at about the same number as those allotted to freehand drawing (1,000 in the Army Examination).

- i. The examiners should be directed to take into consideration the height, appearance, carriage, muscular development, visible health, measure of chest &c. of the candidates, and any other evidences of strength and activity which may be easily recognised.

9. Such, my Lord and Gentlemen, are the conditions which I would submit for the examination which I propose, and it would be perhaps well to be content with these at the outset. But I cannot deny that the competition would be more satisfactory, and the strain on the discretion of the examiners less, if they were empowered, as they found themselves able, to introduce some specific exercises into their examination, which might be held in the neighbourhood of a gymnasium and a swimming-bath. There can be no doubt that a really more perfect result would be obtained, if some such development as the following were added to the examination. It will be remarked that it is drawn in strict adherence to the principles suggested above in paragraph 4.

10. The 1,000 marks awarded to physical merit should be divided into two moieties, 500 being given at the general discretion of the examiners, as above recommended, and 500 in the following proportion :

- i. 200 marks for speed. A time race of 300 yards. Mediocrity, i.e. 0 marks, being represented by a time of 36 seconds.
- ii. 100 marks for swimming 100 yards, 50 marks being given for ordinary, and 100 for good, swimming.
- iii. 100 marks for high jumping ; mediocrity represented by 4 ft. 6 in.
- iv. 100 marks for carrying shot.

It is obvious that the scheme just suggested would need revision, after some experience had been gained of its working ; but I am much mistaken if it would not be found to afford a fairly satisfactory basis for the first occasion of a valuation of candidates.

I have only, my Lord and Gentlemen, to apologise for having taken up so much space in the suggestions which I have ventured to lay before you, and to recommend them to your favourable consideration.

I have &c.

(Signed) E. E. BOWEN,

*Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge,  
and Master of the Modern Side, Harrow School.*

The Chairman and Members of the Civil Service Commission.

Some months after, he sent to one of the members of the Commission a letter on a point with regard to which difficulties had been suggested. He writes :

Harrow : February 9, 1878.

I am much struck by your saying that hesitation is felt as regards a *general* assignment of marks for apparent health and strength. I cannot share that feeling myself. Having for many years seen here a constant succession of boys engaged in school-work at one moment, and in athletic exercises at another, I have no doubt whatever as to the ease with which the strong and healthy could be discriminated in a few minutes from the rest. I have had before me to-day a class of 20 boys of about the age of Woolwich or Sandhurst candidates, some of whom in fact will shortly present themselves to you for examination ; and since beginning to write this I have written down for each of them an assigned mark, varying from 0 to 500, with a very complete certainty that I am not far wrong. A doctor could do this still better. A fair result may be attained with the help of a stethoscope, a tape, and a mere glance at the figure and complexion ; and there could be no objection to allowing an examiner to use what additional means he liked, provided that the desired object were made clear to him, and that he reported from time to time on his methods. From what I know of the candidates who enter, I do not think that there would be among them the smallest reluctance to offer themselves for such an examination. It would be of the same kind as that which is now enforced on all candidates for the Army, though it would, no doubt, be more careful and severe.

Permit me to press this view by another consideration. I think that such an assignment of marks would be absolutely necessary in order to correct the results of any further tests. There is, after all, something accidental in (say) the ability to jump well ; and I should shrink from giving one-third (perhaps) of the total physical marks to a candidate who might possibly, however nimble, have a weak circulation, a tendency to varicose veins, or a laboured breathing. Once abandon general physical competition, and a lad with any of these defects (if *passed* by the present medical examiners, who are not very strict) might conceivably gain the highest marks assigned for physical excellence.

Passing on to the suggested special competitions, I will say that I shall be very glad if the time comes when all of them can



be easily and profitably used for examination. But I hope I may be forgiven if I venture to urge caution at the outset. It may happen, and it not improbably will, until the examiners have clearly proved their sternness in rejecting mediocrity, that almost all the candidates who have passed the preliminary examination will enter for one or more competitions. With the possible exception of riding, I think that all the exercises which you mention may be managed either at once or ultimately; but the practical difficulties will, for the first year or two, be very great. Though I have had some experience in organising such things, I invariably am surprised at the time which is taken in managing them. Running is soon over, and swimming need not take long; but jumping must involve delay, and riding still more. If 200 or 300 men enter for each of these, and the times have to be arranged for each so as not to clash with their paper-work, it is hard to see how the difficulties of the organisation can be surmounted.

But they are difficulties which will gradually diminish; and if a modest and humble beginning were made, would it not be possible gradually to add fresh tests to the previous ones? Indeed, it is not clear that fresh notice would be required for them, or even (unless there were *choice* of exercises) for the *details* of the first proposed competition.

May I remind you, too, that the proposal will be very new to the public, and popular though it will probably be in the main, it may be desirable to avoid any appearance which might be thought too theatrical or too striking to the imagination?

On the whole, with deference to yourself and those gentlemen who have entered on the subject, I would suggest that the special part of the competition should in the first instance be limited to running and carrying shot, and perhaps swimming.

I will add one or two remarks on matters of detail.

1. The total maximum of marks suggested is 1,200. May I remind you that the average total of marks gained is only about 4,000, and that the addition proposed will be greater than it seems, because a deduction is made from almost all the other subjects, and none will be made from this?

2. I would suggest that not only the examination itself, but the details of its results, should be kept private. The physical aggregate must be published, but the items of which it is composed might be kept back as easily as the marks given for each separate question of a paper. Do what the authorities will, there will be a danger of vulgarising the competition, and privacy will be one means of avoiding this.

3. If running be one of the tests, it must be against time. I submit that about 300 [400] yards is the best distance ; anything much less is hard to judge, while a long race is open to some objection in regard of the necessary training, as well as the length of the performance.

4. It will be remembered that riding is taught at Sandhurst to all future officers. If it be adopted for competition, it will be necessary, I suppose, to borrow one of the Military Riding Schools ; but I cannot conceive that any performances in these can give a very valuable criterion of really good riding.

5. Putting the shot always brings out very strong men. But it is after all an exceptional gift, and many of the strongest men cannot succeed at it : ought it to rank as high as other tests ? On the other hand, carrying shot is, I cannot doubt, the very best test for mere muscular strength that exists.

6. I am glad that you mention no gymnastic exercises. To offer marks to them would be a premium not on physical excellence but on very special preparation.

7. If I were asked to fix a scale of marks myself, I would assign 1,000 to the whole, giving 500 to general physical merit, and the rest to special tests, of which running should have the largest share.

I have only to add that I shall be happy to come up to London at any time if it should be thought that I can be of any use towards the further consideration of the subject.

Believe me, &c.

The Commission in their report unhesitatingly adopted the general idea of an examination in physical exercises. They did not, however, regard the proposal that marks should be given for the general health and strength of a candidate as free from objection ; on the ground that such an estimate, even when formed by medical officers of experience, must be attended by an element of uncertainty, which it was desirable to exclude. They therefore 'recommended that competitions should be held under the following six heads : (1) riding, (2) walking, (3) running, (4) leaping, (5) swimming, and (6) gymnastics.' These competitions, however, were to be voluntary, and no candidate was to be allowed to enter under more than three heads. To a member of the Commission and to Edward

Bowen was assigned jointly the drawing up of a detailed memorandum with regard to a system of marks, and the memorandum was added by the Commission to their report. It is not, however, necessary to enter into its details.

In the winter of 1879 the Headmasters' Conference met at Eton, and Edward Bowen sent them, in response to a request which had been conveyed to him by Dr. Butler, a paper on 'The Study of Modern Languages at Public Schools.' It is distinctly the least interesting and least successful of his educational essays; it has not the same literary brilliancy as most of his other work, nor does it elucidate great principles or dwell upon cardinal theories, as, for example, his paper on 'Teaching by means of Grammar.' The subject, perhaps, scarcely lent itself to any idealist treatment, and Edward Bowen at the outset of his paper speaks of it as 'a document which is not intended for wide circulation.' Under these circumstances the essay has not been included among the Appendices, though a brief account of it here will not be out of place.

The writer first asks what is meant by success in teaching? Does the successful teacher chiefly impart knowledge, or chiefly develop the mind? Perhaps in view of the different answers which such a question receives from wise men, we may say that neither view is true to the exclusion of the other. But, on the whole, Edward Bowen strongly inclines to the opinion that success in teaching is mainly to be judged, so far as it can be judged at all, by the extent to which knowledge has been imparted. If this has been well done, it cannot but follow that the mind has also been developed, while the opposite view is open to the practical objections that 'we shall never agree on what is the best mental training,' and that 'the plea that the storage has been scientifically executed covers clumsiness and conceals failure.' As regards the success, thus estimated, to be expected from teaching modern languages, it is—the author of the paper thinks—greater than that which may be looked for in connection with Classics,

which in this respect are on the whole a failure: few boys end by reading a Latin author at sight, and still fewer a Greek one. Now



French and German are up to a certain point easier. To write good French prose, indeed, seems to me as hard as to write good Latin : but in modern languages a sentence is more easily understood ; the difficulties of order are less ; the French accident is simpler than either of the classical ones, and the German easier still. Take the verbs. The verbs in  $\mu$  may have the moral effect of the ancient Greek tragedies ; they may purify the mind by means of pity and terror ; but they do not get learnt. But verbs in French and German, if eight lessons will not do it, are mastered at the ninth. It may fairly be hoped that, with an equal time devoted to the study, the Classical standard will be largely surpassed, and an equal result obtained with a less expenditure of time. The last clause which I have written is not intended to be ironical, for with modern languages, at any rate, small results are much better than none ; the study can and generally will be continued afterwards, and even a smattering has its uses. How far this consideration applies also to Latin, and how far to Greek, and how far it justifies apparent failure, is not our immediate question.

What—so far as modern languages go—is a reasonable standard at which to aim ? As regards French, an average boy, who commences at a preparatory school, and works on at it in a public school till the age of eighteen, having three lessons a week with some preparation required for each, might fairly be expected to be able at the end to translate correctly and to write easy compositions without blunders, and ‘ a boy who begins early, works regularly, and gives four or five hours a week will probably know the language well for literary purposes, when he leaves school ; he will read it quite easily, and will write a letter correctly.’ As regards conversational capacity it must sadly be confessed that no real measure of success is to be looked for. The essayist points out that conversation cannot be taught to boys in form. ‘ Conversation requires more than one person ; each converser must speak aloud ; all cannot with advantage do so together. While A is speaking, B is unemployed, or badly employed in listening to his bad attempts.’ Nor is it desirable, as is sometimes suggested, that the master should himself habitually talk French or German. Very few masters, to begin with, have enough knowledge to enable them to do so ; only ‘ very little is wanted to make a school-

lesson bad,' and any failure on the part of the master to translate his lesson with the utmost readiness would more than supply that 'very little.' And in any case :

the foreign expressions would generally not serve our turn. We want the boy to apprehend quickly ; the sentiments must now be delivered slowly, or he will not catch them. We want all his faculties to be on the strain to follow our teaching ; half of them will now be spent in translating our language. The teacher can certainly fall back on conversation classes and casual talk ; but I do not think that these can ever be sufficient in quantity to supply the practice necessary for conversational ease.

The objection is only half got over by supposing the lesson to be given by a foreigner, while there is in his case the disadvantage that he will probably know English imperfectly.

On the whole, then, I am inclined to be sanguine with regard to the possibility of teaching French or German as a literary attainment to boys who have (say) one-sixth or one-seventh of their time to give to it, and I expect that we shall succeed in this more and more. Conversationally, I cannot expect much success in large schools. But conversation would not be long in coming, with opportunities of practice, to any well-grounded student. We are proud to think that we ourselves could talk with Professor Blackie in a month's time, if we only had the practice ; and Latin is distinctly easier after half an hour. Probably a well-trained boy reads French as easily as we read Latin, and can find his opportunities more easily.

The essay afterwards goes on to touch upon several incidental points—the greater ease with which older boys learn a language than younger ones ; 'the uselessness of formal grammar as a means of teaching' (a return to his old theme) ; the 'golden' value of combining French with some other study, such as history ; the use by well-advanced scholars of French books as alternatives to English ones ; the use of French translations of the classics ; the difficulties in organisation caused by Swiss *bonnes* and German governesses ; the 'unique' value of French for educational study, because of the 'clear, orderly, and perfectly traceable'

character of its historical development; the 'uphill work' of pronunciation; the use of modern literature; and with the following passage in connection with the last point the paper closes abruptly:

Practically the curious phenomenon presents itself that at most schools nothing is read of more than a hundred years old in German, or of less in French. It is always Schiller and Goethe, Molière and Racine. Fortunately Schiller is as good reading as one would wish, but there ought to be more editions of Goethe's prose, and if possible some of Heine. The last few years, however, have opened a good many fresh stores. I wish Boileau were more commonly read, as he is now fairly accessible; Pope did not surpass his rhythm, and hardly equalled his wit. Voltaire's 'Henriade' has parts as interesting as Racine, which is not exorbitant praise; but they are not to be had in England. There are happily collections of modern plays now published in both languages which seem well chosen. Of Thiers I have already spoken. If some essays of Sainte-Beuve existed in a form adapted for school use, they would be excellent for our pupils to compare with their Macaulay. I have known boys read Pascal, but it would hardly do for a school book. There are plenty of editions of the classical dramatists of France, and an anthology of archaic French is on the point of being published by Hachette. Montesquieu does not need special editions, and can be bought cheap; but probably he will not be much read. It would be an excellent service if some one were to publish some portions or even the whole of some of the best chroniclers—say Joinville or, still better, Villehardouin—in the original text and an inexpensive form; there is a St. Louis to be had now, but it is modernised. Parts of Guizot are to be had easily, and Mérimée, and Villemain, as well as the immortal Erckmann-Chatrian series. But prose fiction is generally not so good for class reading as books of travels or history.

The Easter holidays of 1880 brought Edward Bowen into the closest contact with contemporary political controversies. There had been for some time an element of restlessness in his mind, and a feeling that, if the opportunity came, he would exchange the work of a schoolmaster for a



career in Parliament ; but such an opportunity had never definitely offered itself. He had indeed felt after one or two constituencies ; but matters had never got beyond an early stage, and he had never fought a decisive contest. In the spring of 1880 this experience was to be his. He was chosen to contest the borough of Hertford in the Liberal interest against Mr. Arthur Balfour. It was the election which turned out Lord Beaconsfield, and pronounced condemnation by an overwhelming majority upon his former policy, especially in South Africa and Afghanistan. With this condemnation Edward Bowen fully concurred. His hatred of militarism has already been noticed, and it came out strongly enough on this occasion both in his address and in his speeches. 'I am,' he said in the former, 'an opponent of the policy which has involved this country in embarrassing foreign relations, in two unjust wars, and in eight millions of debt.' In one of his speeches—apparently his first in the actual campaign—he spoke with great warmth, and with uncompromising severity, of the Indian policy of the Conservative Government :

We are sometimes accused of using strong language ; but, with regard to the Afghan war, I do not think, notwithstanding all that has been said about it, that the country is even yet alive to its utter shamelessness. We had on the north-east frontier of India a quiet people, doing us no harm—on the whole friendly to us—living in their mountains in the same sort of way and with the same degree of independence as the Scottish people lived a hundred and fifty years ago in their mountains, with the same feeling of devotion to their country, and with the same hatred to foreigners. We had then in those mountains a powerful protection against any stranger who chose to invade us from beyond. Of course I do not speak from my own knowledge alone, although I have studied more than most people the principles of military science ; but I say we had then a perfect frontier on the north-east of India. I cannot conceive anything better than a broad river, a desert plain, and an almost inaccessible mountain chain ; and if ever an army of one hundred thousand Russians had come across the Khyber Pass and debouched there, the only question for them a month afterwards would have been at what particular place they should capitulate. An invasion of India from Afghanistan is an

utter impossibility, and if we hold India for a thousand years we need have no fear of a Russian invasion from that quarter. But from folly, from intrigue, or from want of something to do, the Government have interfered, and we have now hills across which the name of England is written in blood; we have passes, and rivers, and homesteads, all of which have been trampled down by our army. 'The necessary consequences of war,' perhaps you will say. But who made the war? At all events, not we citizens of England. I speak with warmth upon this subject, because I am convinced that the people of this country are not yet alive to the folly and wickedness of this war; and if there were nothing else which made it necessary to have a contest, and to fight the battles of the Liberal policy, I should say this Afghan war was quite enough.

In a speech delivered as the political campaign drew to its close he spoke not less strongly upon the watchword—'Defence, not Defiance'—the motto alike of the Liberals and of the Volunteers:

'Defence' is then simple enough. But what is 'Defiance'? I call it 'Defiance' when at a Mansion-house dinner a Prime Minister<sup>1</sup> goes out of his way pompously to declare that England can stand not one campaign only, but two campaigns, and three campaigns, and that at the very moment when he had in his pocket—but suppressed it—a friendly letter from the Emperor of Russia. I call it 'Defiance' when patriotic songs are sung at music-halls simply to stir up a warlike feeling, and for no other purpose. I call it 'Defiance' when Lord Beaconsfield speaks to our Irish fellow-citizens not in the terms of ordinary argument and reason, but in the terms of insult and outrage. 'Defiance' is easy enough. Any Minister in power can put together those blustering words; but if prestige, and ascendancy, and all that, merely mean that we are to make ourselves as unpleasant to the nations of Europe as we can, you might as well, if that is all they mean, attribute prestige and ascendancy to the Colorado beetle.

In matters of domestic policy Edward Bowen kept in the main to the party programme. The development of National Education, the County Franchise, the reform of the Game Laws so far as regards ground game, 'equal rights of burial in the national graveyards' for Noncon-

<sup>1</sup> The reference, of course, is to Lord Beaconsfield.

formists and Churchmen, the improvement of the local government of counties, the amendment of the law regulating the distribution and transfer of land—all these were reforms to which he alluded in his address, and for which he was prepared to vote. On the other hand, he declined to support Local Option. ‘Though sincerely eager for the cause of Temperance, I am not able to support the Permissive Bill, which seems to me an unwise and misleading method of dealing with the evils of drunkenness.’ He says nothing of Disestablishment—a policy which had, it may be observed, his approval in theory, although he was of opinion that the time was not yet ripe for it, and that it was a mistake to force it prematurely to the front. A question put to him at a meeting brought out a declaration against Home Rule, and another a statement in favour of the local settlement of the religious question in Board Schools. ‘For his part, he was in favour of the reading of the Bible in schools; and it was unanimously voted by the School Board of which he was a member; but he considered that it ought not to be imposed upon those who were reluctant to receive it.’

The closing words of his last speech before the poll may also well be quoted. They show that to him Liberalism was something much more than a temporary creed upon certain definite points, that it was a great tendency, a great stream of resolve and effort, which was independent of the passing opinions, and even the passing mistakes, of the day or hour. To Edward Bowen, both before and after 1886, the Liberal party was the greatest of all the national forces making for righteousness, and the belief in it as such a power underlies these last vigorous and inspiring words at Hertford:

I am addressing you now, gentlemen, perhaps for the last time as your candidate; I will not say how it may be as your member. But as I withdraw, and leave the rest of the work to you, I feel reluctant to leave you without some words of hope. There rises at such moments before one’s eyes the picture of what England might be, with equal laws, with class privileges abolished, with perfected education, with peace secured, with pauperism diminished, with Church quarrels set at rest. Some men here and there tell me that they do not read the papers and do not think of



politics. Are there really any who do not care for such things as these and have no hope for a better future? Depend upon it, those who have the largest sympathies are likely to do the best work.

‘Never a sigh of passion or of pity,  
Never a wail for weakness or for wrong,’

fails, says the poet, to find an echo in regions beyond the human vision. And not only in those distant realms, but here, too, generation after generation, is heard the cry of enslaved nations and degraded classes, of ill-taught children and neglected homes, of wives whose husbands are drunkards, of poachers entrapped and decoyed into crime, of—shall I say it?—of voters who may not vote free; and with it, too, there comes the cheering shout of men who can help them, and who will. What then? Are all Liberals good men and all Conservatives bad? No; there are good and bad on both sides. But I contend that in our ranks there is, and has been, a more earnest spirit for dealing with such problems as these—a spirit which will prefer them to phantoms of delusive honour—and that is what I mean by being a Liberal. Gentlemen, vote for me or not, as you like; but, in Heaven’s name, let each of your lives be one long vote in favour of freedom and progress. Then you will pass away, as we all shall, and the place will forget your name, but your work will live—live in the happier homes, live in the developed intelligence, live in the freer life of the children whom you have helped to bless.

The borough, however, was too traditionally Conservative for the attack upon its political flag to have any chance of success, and Mr. Balfour was returned by 564 votes to 400.

This was the first and last occasion upon which Edward Bowen fought a contested election, but it was not the last in which he came forward as a candidate. In 1883 he nearly stood, it is believed, for Leeds. In 1884 he was selected with the late Mr. C. A. Fyffe to contest the borough of Oxford in the Liberal interest, but he did not persevere with his candidature. In 1885 he was before the committee of selection in connection with the Harrow division of Middlesex, but Mr. Milner (now Lord Milner) was chosen by the Liberals to contest the constituency. The latter made a good but unsuccessful fight, and Edward Bowen lost nothing by the fact that he had not been accepted as his

party's champion beyond a certain amount of trouble and expense. In 1886 came the Home Rule Bill, and from that moment there was a cleavage between him and what had formerly been his party. From that date he was a 'Liberal Unionist,' though he never, as has now been the case with the great majority of that political section, allied himself with the Conservatives. He remained to the end strongly anti-Tory; all his old Liberal sympathies and aspirations continued, not one of them was diminished or foregone. He was still, as before, a Radical and a Democrat, opposed to the military spirit, feeling deeply for and with the working classes, in strong sympathy with the trades unions, hating clericalism, urgent for social reform. In our recent troubles in South Africa he was opposed to the policy of the Government, and believed the Boer war to be both unnecessary and unjust. At the same time he recognised that, once hostilities had gone to any length, any restitution of the constitutional position of the two republics was out of the question; and he was prepared to accept a generous measure of self-government as the best solution possible of the political and racial difficulties, brought (in his opinion) to their acutest stage through the fault of the English Ministry. He disliked the recent increase in the numbers of the Army, and almost his last private intervention in political matters was an endeavour to persuade the Opposition to divide ('as an Opposition') against the proposals of the Secretary of State for War to augment the military forces, even though the division should involve them in a complete, and even disastrous, defeat. But he also strongly felt the need of Army Reform—a smaller Army and a better one was his theory. He never carried, however, his views upon the diminution of the fighting material, so far as actual quantity was concerned, into the question of the Navy. The size of the Navy must be such that its supremacy was indisputable. To recall a passage in one of his Hertford speeches—a passage just quoted—the policy of this country must be 'Defence,' not 'Defiance.' A great Navy was essential for 'Defence,' but

a large Army—with an ambitious or vainglorious spirit pervading its ranks—might easily mean 'Defiance.'

It is somewhat difficult to estimate the measure of success which Edward Bowen would have attained as a member of the House of Commons. The actual circumstances of political life would have kept him from office. He would have been no party to a Home Rule policy; he would not have adopted towards a Conservative Government—or a Government mainly Conservative—any other attitude than one of hostility. He would, therefore, since 1886, have had to stand aloof to some extent from the ordinary party organisations. He fully realised this—and the knowledge of it certainly mitigated any sense of disappointment which his failure to enter the parliamentary arena may have caused him. But would he have been an independent power in the House? To some extent, undoubtedly. A man of strong character, of exceptional ability, of singularly beautiful and refined mind, and of intense earnestness, can scarcely fail to make a deep mark in the Commons—even if those characteristics are not accompanied (as in his case) by any great oratorical capacity. But Edward Bowen, though he would have attracted and influenced the finer minds, whether inside or outside the House, was not suited to lead masses of men. He would have understood them, but they would not have understood him; and the same would have applied, though to a less degree, as between him and the rank and file of a parliamentary party. There would always have been a somewhat indefinable element of separation—or definable only as the same element which separates a man of peculiarly delicate morale and sensitive mind from those capable of taking their part in the rough and tumble experiences of ordinary life. Had Edward Bowen succeeded in his attempt to enter Parliament, the gain to political life would have been wholly incommensurate with the loss to education; and there is probably not one of his friends or colleagues or pupils who will not feel that it was far, far better for the extent and durability of his reputation, for the value and completeness of his career, for the fullness of the



ministry with which he 'served his generation,' that the election at Hertford was lost by him and not won.

The years 1878 to 1880 brought yet more songs. The first of these was a noble composition, noble in its conception, and noble as pure literature. His theme is the birth of Harrow—a birth contemporaneous with more than one of the greatest names in English history, whose 'glory' is for ever 'encircled' about the School :

When Raleigh rose to fight the foes,  
 We sprang to work and will;  
 When Glory gave to Drake the wave,  
 She gave to us the Hill.  
 The ages drift in rolling tide,  
 But high shall float the morn  
 Adown the stream of England's pride,  
 When Drake and we were born!  
 For we began when he began,  
 Our times are one;  
 His glory thus shall circle us  
 Till time be done.

Then comes a reference to the 'Avon's child,' reared by the same winds that were the nurses of Harrow, and when Shakespeare's genius woke the world, Harrow also thrilled as it 'heard the music soft and wild.' The last verse may, perhaps, rank as the finest eight lines which ever came from Edward Bowen's pen :

Guard, guard it well, where Sidney fell,  
 The poet-soldier's grave;  
 Thy life shall roll, O royal soul,  
 In other hearts as brave.  
 While Thought to wisdom wins the gay,  
 While Strength upholds the free,  
 Are we the sons of yesterday  
 Or heirs of thine and thee?

The next song was an eulogium on the generally and heartily abused month of October. The months meet to

choose a king, and the selection is referred to 'the lads and the lasses.' The pale-faced students choose March, since it is that month which brings the scholarships; the girls choose the soft and delicious May; but the lads will have none but October.

October brings the cold weather down,  
 When the wind and the rain continue;  
 He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,  
 And braces the languid sinew;  
 So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,  
 And the winter frost before us,  
 Come sing to the king of the mortal year,  
 And thunder him out in chorus!  
 October! October!  
 March to the dull and sober!  
 The suns of May for the schoolgirls' play,  
 But give to the boys October!

In 1879 came two songs. One of them was a quaint, humorous ditty on 'Euclid,' and on 'the little black demon' to whom all the miseries of the youthful student of 'Euclid' are due. The only way to deal with the hob-goblin is to tackle him and 'teach him respect for his betters,' and to this end he must be caught and well shaken and thumped. The other song was a dainty, delicate little ode—'June and the Scholar'—set by Mr. Farmer as a graceful quartette, the only setting possible in view of its fragile character. The scholar, rejoicing in the beauty of summer, fears to lose the companionship of all the glow and grace which come with the month of June:

O June, be a sister, and stay among the trees!

But he is reassured, and bidden remember that the happiness of summer was designed for him, and should be accepted and enjoyed:

Never fear,  
 Scholar dear,  
 In the morning of the year,  
 Was not all the sunny beauty made for you, made for you?

Take the bright shiny day,  
 Take the pleasure and the play,  
 The shade and the twilight, the dawning and the dew.

But the misgiving continues. The glory of the summer sky will depart, and with it all the charm of meadow and glade will go also. The voice, however, of reassurance becomes stronger. The winter will follow the summer, but the summer will return again, and at the last there shall be summer which shall cease only with time itself :

When the rose  
 Full blows,  
 When the surly winter goes,  
 I will come with the swallows and the sun, and the sun ;  
 And the grass shall be bright  
 In the glad June light ;  
 Far and away, till the world is dead and gone.

The next year too (1880) gave birth to some beautiful lines—'Good Night'—which may perhaps be spoken of as the slumber song of the Harrow boy. It may be doubted whether 'Hampstead Lights' were ever before made the subject of real poetry, but it is they, seen from one side of the hill, which are here introduced into verses of great charm :

Good night! Ten o'clock is nearing ;  
 Lights from Hampstead, many, fewer, more,  
 Fainter, fuller, vanishing, appearing,  
 Flash and float a friendly greeting o'er.

It is these friendly lights which sympathise with the tasks and troubles of boyhood :

Good night! How they dart anigh thee  
 Bright glad rays for repetition known ;  
 If the task be crabbed and defy thee,  
 How they blink a sympathetic groan !  
 Wit acuter—  
 Guesses free and fast—  
 Tyrant tutor  
 Placable at last—  
 Such the blessings sparkle to the sight ;  
 Take them and answer, Good night !



So too it is these 'Hampstead lights' which make their own the natural aspirations of boyhood for merriment and vigour and success in games.

Luck befriend thee  
 From the very toss ;  
 See, they send thee  
 Victory across ;  
 Speed the ball, and animate the fight ;  
 So, till the morning, Good night !

Once again, these distant lights are the true friends and well-wishers of youth, and flash their prayers and blessings upon young life, frail and weak and tempted.

Good night ! Sleep, and so may ever  
 Lights half seen across a murky lea,  
 Child of hope, and courage, and endeavour  
 Gleam a voiceless benison on thee !  
 Youth be bearer  
 Soon of hardihood ;  
 Life be fairer,  
 Loyaller to good ;  
 Till the far lamps vanish into light,  
 Rest in the dream-time. Good night !

In 1882 this period of Edward Bowen's life-work was brought to its close, and the third and last period commenced. 'The Grove,' a large school-house standing right on the top of the hill, close to the parish church, was vacant, and Edward Bowen was asked by Dr. Butler to take charge of it. There was perhaps before this, and certainly afterwards, a belief among the boys that he had set his heart on this particular house, and had refused others in order that in the course of time he might succeed to it. Never was boyish tradition wider of the mark. The acceptance of 'The Grove' was wholly against his own inclinations. The offer had not merely to be made, but most strongly pressed.

Reluctant in old days to take a 'small' house, he was still more unwilling to bear the burden of the exceptionally heavy responsibilities which attached to this larger establishment. He even doubted his powers and his likelihood of success. But acceptance was persistently urged upon him—one of his colleagues speaking of it as 'a crowning service'—and he most reluctantly gave way and assented to the Headmaster's earnest wishes.

Three years afterwards Dr. Butler resigned, being appointed to the vacant Deanery of Gloucester; and a new chapter opened in the history of the School. Edward Bowen lost more than one colleague by the change, for another familiar figure withdrew from Harrow at the same time. Mr. John Farmer was offered the post of organist at Balliol College, Oxford, and feeling that the old School, without the face of so cherished and so loyal a friend as the retiring Headmaster, could never be the same place again, accepted the proposal made to him. The consequent loss to the School was almost irreparable. His peculiar talents, his geniality, his love of boyhood, his sympathy with every form of young life, his belief in music as a great popular educator, his enthusiasm for corporate singing as an evidence and guarantee of good-fellowship, his quaint racy humour—all these had made him a personality impossible to replace. Edward Bowen felt the separation not a little; and he wrote one of the most beautiful of all his songs in connection with it. Its title is 'Songs,' and it deals with their coming, then with their sleep in death, and then with their resurrection and new life, as the presence of old friends is felt, as the gladness of young voices is heard :

While 'mid the breezes  
Life breathes free,  
Ere trouble freezes  
Youth's blue sea,  
'Mid hopes attendant,  
Play, work, home,  
Surging, resplendent—  
So songs come !

Songs, where the thought was,  
 If aught true,  
 If tender aught was,  
 There hide too ;  
 Down in the chamber,  
 Hearts hold deep,  
 Cradled in amber—  
 So songs sleep !

When droops the boldest,  
 When hope flies,  
 When hearts are coldest,  
 Dead songs rise ;  
 Young voices sound still,  
 Bright thoughts thrive,  
 Friends press around still—  
 So songs live !

Enough perhaps has been said of Edward Bowen's relations to Dr. Butler, and this is not the occasion on which to attempt any appreciation of the retiring Headmaster's services to the School in which he had been educated, and over which he ruled for a quarter of century with such fidelity to its truest and deepest interests. Edward Bowen never wrote, at any rate for publication, any estimate of his famous and widely loved chief ; but it has been left to his chief to write some lines upon him—lines expressive of the regard and affection, of the admiration both upon personal and professional grounds, which the senior felt for his subordinate. Dr. Butler's testimony to what Edward Bowen was, both in character and in capacity, had best be quoted at this particular point—when their long and true colleagueship comes to an end—rather than later, as one among the other tributes from friends and associates, whose voices, when all was over, joined ' to praise the memory of a famous man.'

Kinloch-Rannoch, Perthshire.

My dear Bowen,—My little contribution to your Memoir may be made perhaps most simply in the form of a letter to yourself. To be in any sense a critic of your Uncle, my own dear friend



of more than forty years, would be to me most distasteful, and indeed impossible.

In an informal letter I may perhaps be able to note just a few points in his work and character which, obvious as they are, you may think worthy of record.

It will not, I hope, be treason to the right proportion of things if I begin with what every one knows, his persistent devotion to the games of the boys. More, probably, than any master who has ever lived at Harrow, he gave his heart to their games as well as to their work.

'Mr. Bowen's Match' was always the first of the summer term.

It was he who organised the games between the masters and the boys after tea on summer evenings.

It was he who, in spite of many warnings from doctors, continued during the football season to play almost every day of the week; first, and that for many years, as an active runner, and latterly rather as a trusted umpire to whose decision no one could demur.

For racquets, the gymnasium, and the rifle corps, he cared comparatively little. They appealed less to his sense of comradeship, of each man supporting his fellow, of quiet disciplined endurance, of constant self-suppression on the part of the individual in deference to the interests of the side as a whole.

As to the educating effect of cricket and football, he did not care to preach; but he would never have hesitated to avow, what his actions for forty years proclaimed, that, in his deliberate judgment, they were second to nothing in fostering a healthy, manly, unselfish, corporate life.

He joined in them with all the instinct of a boy and a young man of exceptional bodily energy; but had this simple instinct been less fresh within him, he would none the less have thrown himself into the games from a clear sense of professional duty.

This side of his character, daily and yearly in evidence, added greatly to his influence in all matters intellectual and moral. The Shakespeare readings which for many years he arranged on Saturday evenings, the lessons which he gave in School on political and military history, the brilliant lectures which he occasionally delivered before the whole School in the Speech-room, were all weighted, as it were, by the knowledge on the part of the boys that this bright, eager, fascinating man, to whom all treasures of the mind were attractive and sacred, was also their tried companion on the cricket ground and the football field.

If we turn now to his more directly intellectual work at Harrow, the Modern Side will, I suppose, be generally regarded as its chief monument. In 1869 he received a virtually free hand to institute this new departure in Harrow life. His keen love of literature, ancient and modern, was a guarantee that the innovation would not be revolutionary, and that no merely utilitarian conception of learning would be the ideal of our Modern scholars. One important point was agreed upon from the first. The Modern Side must be carefully guarded from any fears or hopes that it would become a 'refuge for the destitute,' the home or harbour of our duller boys.

It was to start with no Fourth Forms, still less any 'Lower Lower First.' Its lowest Forms were to rank with the Shells on the Classical Side, and admission was to be given only after a not too easy examination. Considerable pressure was put on your Uncle, almost at the outset, to lower this standard, but he resolutely persisted, and of course was always supported by the Headmaster. The new institution soon took its place. The prestige of his name and varied acquirements gave it a prestige of its own in the eyes of the public at large, of preparatory schoolmasters, and, not least, of the boys themselves. There were not many men to whom this experiment could have been safely confided at a school like Harrow; but no critic, however conservative, or however convinced of the pre-eminent value of classical culture, could look down on a system of study of which a scholar like Edward Bowen was the head.

Thus much, or, perhaps I should say, thus little, as to the Modern Side, his own special creation. You will like to have a few words from me as to his general influence as an Assistant Master.

It certainly will not surprise you to hear that he was singularly fresh and fertile in suggestions. The desire to make good better, and better best, was with him an instinct. 'What could be done to add swiftness, ease, brightness, thoroughness, honesty, to the working of the School machine?' This was to him a constant thought.

How often he would write to me suggesting improvements as to prizes, punishments, use of translations, dress, diet, discipline, masters' meetings, 'bills,' i.e. callings over of the boys' names on holiday! The object and tendency of such suggestions, was to 'break every yoke,' to minimise formalism, to encourage freedom, to withdraw restrictions unless they were clearly needed.

Sometimes his proposals were gratefully accepted; but it is

but fair to him to add that, if they were not accepted, he never showed any sign of annoyance, or was less ready to make others in future.

But of course, apart from all this fresh current of suggestiveness lay, in the background, the character of the man, a character that no one will ever so describe as to satisfy the friends who knew him. We may, if we please, apply to it such poor words as 'force,' 'dignity,' 'winningness,' 'versatility,' 'humour,' 'charm,' but such units do not make up a whole.

Perhaps it is better to say in the fewest and simplest words that we were all proud of him. As long as he was with us, we were privileged to see a very beautiful sight. We saw year by year his noble seriousness of purpose and his sweet tenderness of heart, set off, not in any way disguised, by his quick playfulness and frequent paradox. He found his happiness in habitual self-sacrifice. Always reserving a large tithe of his keenest interest for the gravest public questions, political and theological, he gave himself with perfect devotion to his home, to the School as a whole, to the boys in his house, and to the other masters. It may safely be said that no master at a public school ever won more brotherly love from his colleagues. And if we are asked as to the value of such an example—where are the scales that can weigh it?

And now a few closing words as to his songs, possibly his most precious, and assuredly his most enduring, contribution to the life of Harrow.

Of their purely literary merits I will not presume to speak in detail, contenting myself with saying that alike in *motif*, delicacy of touch, finish of expression, mastery of metrical cadence, and above all, sympathy with the 'myriad-minded' moods of boy-life at a great historic school, they are, in my judgment, genuine poetry, and will take no second place among the best lyrics of this order.

On such matters, however, critics, especially when they are dear friends and colleagues, must always be very fallible. Where I claim a more than papal infallibility is in the declaration *ex cathedra*, from my post of Headmaster, that the songs proved from the first, and never lost their spell, of quite extraordinary value in promoting good fellowship among the boys and in forging links of love and loyalty between the passing generations of Harrow men.

And here another name and another presence force themselves upon us. It is hard to believe that they too are but a memory.



Let me, however, indulge it just for a moment. To me at least it is still a vision.

It was delightful to see John Farmer's face of joy and mystery when he came to report that another of Bowen's songs, and yet another, was either newly on the anvil or just welded and polished into shape and beauty.

Sometimes, like 'Queen Elizabeth,' it was delicious nonsense, in which even Mr. Gladstone could join with enthusiasm, and become, as he sang it, almost a Harrow boy. Sometimes, like the 'Fairies,' or 'Songs,' or 'Good Night,' or 'Yesterday,' it unsealed some of the deeper fountains of human emotion, stirred, no doubt, specially and illumined by the *genius loci* of Harrow, but happily common to 'all sorts and conditions of men' in those pure and simple moods of mind and heart of which memory, rather than imagination, has the key.

Never, surely, was there a happier alliance than that of Edward Bowen and John Farmer. No two men could be more unlike in original gifts, in education, in physical activities, in knowledge of the world. But love of Harrow and of free boy-life revealed each to each, and made them brothers. By a coincidence which their contemporaries may love to remember, they died within a few weeks of each other. No one ventured to tell Farmer, on his dying bed of lingering pain, that Bowen was gone—taken from us in a moment, a moment of unclouded happiness. Their bodies are 'buried in peace,' the one under the southern shadow of the old Harrow church, not many yards from the gate of 'The Grove ;' the other at Oxford, his second English home, a few feet from the grave of Jowett, who appreciated and loved him, and whose love was returned with no common reverence and affection. 'Their bodies are buried in peace,' but—at Harrow at least it is no exaggeration to say—'their name liveth for evermore.'

Always, my dear Bowen, affectionately yours,

H. MONTAGU BUTLER

## IV

UPON Dr. Butler's resignation in 1885, it was only to be expected that among the names mentioned in connection with the vacant headmastership should be that of Edward Bowen. Some of his colleagues sincerely desired his election and endeavoured to secure it; but the majority shrank from an appointment which would have been significant upon more grounds than one. Edward Bowen was not only a layman, but was believed to be now separated by a distinct cleavage from the religious opinions of the clergy. He had also, as has been seen, very strong political views—views which did not represent the educational staff at Harrow as a whole—and these as well militated against him. His claims were, however, very strongly urged by his friends; and although he never entered upon any formal candidature for the great position, he allowed his name to be seriously discussed. The Governors of the School invited the staff to express their opinion as to the best appointment, and a meeting of the masters was held to consider their reply. Edward Bowen's name was at once brought forward, and it was moved that he be recommended. Eight voted in favour of the proposal; the others concurred in recommending the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon, at the time Headmaster of Dulwich. At the last hour an attempt was made by two or three of the staff to vary the recommendation by urging the name of Dr. Percival (afterwards Bishop of Hereford), but it came to nothing, and Mr. Welldon was unanimously elected. There can now be no doubt that the governing body missed two great opportunities. Dr. Percival had made at Clifton a big reputation based upon several years of solid, untiring work. The indebtedness of that school to him was very large, and his selection for Harrow would have meant the appointment of

a first-rate educationist, a man of strong views and resolute character, but able to work pleasantly and considerately with his subordinates and to secure their loyalty and regard. As to the measure of loss entailed in the refusal by the majority of the assistant masters to recommend Edward Bowen, or in the omission of the Governors to choose him on their own independent responsibility, each reader of this memoir will form his own estimate. It is, however, scarcely too much to say that five years afterwards, had the assistant masters then had their chance over again, they would probably have selected him as their nominee well nigh unanimously. When in 1899 the fresh chance did at last come, all question of utilising it was settled by the fact that Edward Bowen was then sixty-three years of age, and himself felt that it was essential that the reins of school-government should be in younger hands. At the same time he never seriously regretted that the fates had stood between him and a position higher than that of an assistant master. He felt indeed that a headmastership would have meant for him full opportunity to develop his own ideals and to carry into effect his own reforms; but the position had one drawback which counted for much in his eyes. A headmaster can scarcely be on the same level of intimacy with the boys as an assistant master, and for Edward Bowen most of the pleasure and happiness of educational work consisted in the closeness of collegueship with boy-life. The fact that he was never Headmaster of Harrow, though deplored by others, was not one of the real disappointments of his career.

The reorganisation of the school-work was a matter to which the new Headmaster at once gave his attention upon coming into residence. Into this Edward Bowen and some of his colleagues not only threw themselves vigorously, but were prepared to go a good deal further than the changes actually introduced. The teaching at Harrow (as doubtless at all public schools) is done partly in forms, partly in divisions which are not identical with the forms, and partly in pupil-rooms. The basis is the form; but for certain subjects, such as French, mathematics, science, the boys are re-grouped, while in a pupil-room there may only be some



half-dozen members, or even less, of one particular form, since a tutor's pupils will only number about forty in all. Edward Bowen—and he represented others as well as himself—was anxious to extend the principle of 'divisions' as against the principle of 'forms.' The latter he would have kept together by the teaching of Scripture, Latin, history, and literature; but he desired to teach other subjects, including Greek, in 'divisions.' By this means a fusion of the Classical and Modern Sides would have been possible, and such a fusion he was prepared to take into serious consideration. The changes which were actually effected did not go so far as he wished; but there was a certain amount of very careful reorganisation, and the alterations which were then made have in the main been permanent.

Twenty years divide Edward Bowen's acceptance of a large house from his death. During the whole of this time he continued at 'The Grove,' though when the end came he was probably within a few months of resigning it. The house stands, as has been said, right on the summit of the hill, quite close to the church, and its garden is in beauty second to no spot in Harrow. As time went on, he purchased the freehold, with a view to presenting it to the School. The deed of gift was not signed by him, but upon his death it was found that he had provided that his intentions in this matter should be duly carried into effect; and 'The Grove' is now the property of the Governors, forming part of the splendid bequest which he left to them. Upon taking over the House in the summer of 1882 he at once threw himself into its interests and needs. All the boys' part was rebuilt by him at his own expense, and in this rebuilding he introduced a change which has since been enforced to a great extent by the authorities throughout the rest of the School. It had been the general practice to put boys two together—the same room being both study and bedroom—reserving single rooms for the few upper boys. Edward Bowen introduced single rooms for *all* boys; and this the Governors now require in all the houses, as far

as space will permit. The dormitory system with separate studies he made no attempt to initiate. He did not think it necessary, and would probably have opposed it. In another respect, too, he was the protagonist in the matter of reform. Hitherto it had been usual to give boys for breakfast no more than coffee or tea and slices of bread and butter. The fare was obviously insufficient, and the boys were in the habit of themselves supplementing it by purchasing meat or sausages from some cook-shop and carrying in the additional food with them to the meal. The practice was permitted and recognised even in the best houses. Edward Bowen, however, very properly stopped it, and himself added meat for breakfast. This, again, is now the general rule of the School. His influence was, however, against luxuries, even to the comparatively small extent to which they usually entered into Harrow life. His own indifference to them has already been noticed, and that indifference he sought to instil into others. In other houses any boy might have an arm-chair; at 'The Grove' nobody under the dignity of a Sixth Form boy might utilise one. So, too, fires were always begun later and left off earlier than by the other house-masters. The rooms were small and the furniture old. It was not that he regarded the pleasures of life as necessarily *mala per se*; on the contrary, they were in his eyes good and desirable, so long as they were not permitted to dominate habits or to injure character; but he despised comforts and knick-knacks himself as not ministering to healthy and wholesome pleasure, and he thought it better that boys should be trained and encouraged to despise them, especially since he realised that they brought with them an element of moral danger to young life. The old pupil whose reminiscences of 'The Grove' are given a little further on<sup>1</sup> recalls how he was once blamed for indulging in a practice suggestive of 'the later Romans'; and it was as tending to 'later Romanism' that Edward Bowen discountenanced arm-chairs, early fires, warm baths, and daintily furnished rooms. Freshness, vigour, hardihood, simplicity, these were the characteristics which he sought

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* pp. 204-208.



**'THE GROVE'**

Oh, it stands on the high hill head,  
Lads some forty there be ;  
Know them you may by the shirts all red,  
That are worn by boys—like me !





to attach to his pupils, and a soft luxurious life was, he knew, not the way in which these qualities are to be acquired. His own life certainly was neither soft nor luxurious. His bedroom was roughly furnished; his drawing room was about on the level, both as to artistic development and otherwise, of that of an ordinary lodging-house; while his study—who shall describe it? It must be sufficient to say of it that it was carpeted with two or three pieces of old carpet, not of the same pattern and hue. Wooden book-cases crammed with books ran round the walls. In the middle was a writing table, with a common table added at each end, the whole being covered with papers of one kind or another. His usual chair was a wooden one, while the only arm-chair in the room was of extreme antiquity. There were two or three cheap prints over or near the fireplace, and there were divers articles on the mantelpiece, though these latter could not have been described by the most kindly of critics as ornaments; while there were some very shabby green blinds, but no curtains, to the windows. In such a room as this one of the greatest educationists of the nineteenth century sat and worked. If this, however, was sufficient for him, it was not to be expected that he would provide something altogether different for his boys. ‘The disciple is not above his master.’

Edward Bowen as a house-master was throughout an extremely strict disciplinarian. His vigilance was untiring. His rules were few and simple, but they had to be obeyed. He always let it be understood that he would not keep a boy who would not conform to them, and he was surprisingly successful in detecting breaches of them. ‘Bowen,’ writes an old head of his House, ‘had the most extraordinary way of turning up unexpectedly. He always wore thick, heavy boots; the floors were all of wood; and yet he walked so noiselessly that you never heard him until he turned the handle of your door.’ In a paper from which quotations have already been given, Edward Bowen has spoken of the master as having no chance against the ‘crib;’ but at ‘The Grove’ the ‘crib’ had no chance against the master. One evening, after he had been a short while in charge, he offered to accept

without punishment any translations which the owners might find it difficult to conceal. The surrenders were to be made before nightfall. Enough 'cribs' to fill a wheelbarrow were delivered up in response. The back of the offence was thereby broken ; and these aids to the higher learning were afterwards almost unknown in the House. He was, too, very resolute with regard to customs. He would have none of those minute, irritating regulations which tradition sometimes imposes. There were the usual privileges for the senior boys, but the nonsensical prohibitions of this or that on the ground of bad form or 'swagger' were made away with, and the House was kept absolutely clear of them. Nothing that the house-master disapproved of was tolerated ; everything was scrupulously organised and carefully watched over. It was a strictness of rule which certainly fretted some boys a little ; while the ruler was not always popular, and often not fully understood, though not often actually misunderstood. But his determination, with his gaiety to help it, carried him through ; and as time went on, and those who had been in the House became not only old pupils but also fast friends, and exercised their influence upon those who came after them, he succeeded in completely winning the boys as a whole, and in obtaining from them a grateful and affectionate recognition of his wisdom and earnestness and devotion.

There was, too, a trait in his character as master which was not realised by those who only knew him slightly and superficially, but which was seen clearly enough by friends and pupils who were intimate with him, and which undoubtedly had a large measure of influence in gaining the loyalty of the senior boys, and in deepening their sense of duty and responsibility. He took things intensely to heart. Any real trouble in the School or House was a matter of acute pain and distress to him. On one occasion a lad (not in his House), detected in misconduct which necessitated his withdrawal from the School, asked, in the hour of his misery, to see Edward Bowen. The master came from the interview with great tears rolling down his cheeks. 'I cannot think how he gets over things so easily,' he once observed of a colleague. 'I don't know,' he said to a



pupil on the occasion of some trouble in the House, 'what I should do if that were to happen again. I believe I should cut my throat.' Such a characteristic no doubt meant that at times he would take, what might seem to others who were less sensitive than himself, an exaggerated view of some occurrence, and it undoubtedly must have greatly increased for him the wear and tear of a house-master's life; on the other hand, all that was best and nicest in boy-nature shrank from exciting pain of which the acuteness was beyond question.

How true the House were willing to be to him in a crisis, and how studious to carry out any real request which he made to them, was once shown in a very striking manner. Edward Bowen was in the middle of term obliged to leave Harrow for three weeks in order to undergo medical treatment. It was necessary to find some colleague to take charge of the House, and he asked one of the junior masters to do so. Before leaving, he said a few words to the House, appealing to them to be well conducted and loyal. The result may be given in the words of the *locum tenens* :

I shall always remember with gratitude the kindness and consideration I received in the House, from the Sixth Form down to the Fourth. I think it no slight testimony to his influence over his House that, among so large a number of all ages, not one showed the least inclination to give me any trouble, or to take the trifling advantages that boys are apt to think it fair game to take over the inexperience of an outsider.

It need not be said that Edward Bowen's interest in athletics showed itself very strongly in connection with his House. He played regularly with his boys, and if the weather was such that either cricket or football (as the case might be) was out of the question, he would organise a house-walk. But he would do nothing for the gymnasium or the rifle corps. Both became in later years pet aversions of his. They neither of them supplied a game. The gymnasium, too, did nothing to promote corporate life, and in this circumstance Edward Bowen would find a strong reason for its discouragement; while the rifle corps had this further grave objection, that it was, without being

really professional soldiering, provocative of the military spirit. At one time there was not a single boy in his House who was a member of the corps. But keen as was his interest in cricket and football, eager and unfailing as was his encouragement of them, 'The Grove' was never the champion house—or, to use the common School expression, 'cock house'—in either game. The reason is not far to seek. Edward Bowen's theory that boys generally stayed too late at school has already been alluded to, and it will be noticed again in connection with his striking evidence before 'the Bryce Commission ;' and it was the fact that he acted as far as possible upon this theory which stood between 'The Grove' and athletic supremacy. The football team, for instance, was generally younger than its rivals, and although its members always played a good game—sometimes a game distinctly beyond their physical powers—yet they were never able to go through a season unbeaten. The same circumstance militated against the House in the matter of scholastic distinctions. Edward Bowen often had able and promising boys, but during the twenty years that he was at 'The Grove' he had only one head of the School.

The House had, it need hardly be said, several special songs of its own. These were written for the annual House suppers at the end of the Christmas term, and were mixed in with such toasts as 'Age and Wisdom,' 'The Heroes,' 'British Oratory,' 'Lobengula,' 'The Muses,' 'The Muscles,' 'The Lord Chancellor.' They were not infrequently House versions of the best known and most popular of the School songs. For example, 'Queen Elizabeth' had this absurd sequel, in which the building of 'The Grove' and the selection of red as the House colour find their explanation :

Queen Elizabeth sat once more,  
Sceptre in hand, on Dover shore ;  
Round about her are fifty score  
Ladies and knights of Dover.  
Close the enemy's fleet came near ;  
Ladies and knights, in mortal fear,  
Take the express to Windermere,  
All but the bold sea rover !

Queen Elizabeth sat once more, &c.

Queen Elizabeth, all aglow,  
 Doubled her fist, and viewed the foe ;  
 (' Body o' me ! ' she cried also ;  
     ' Marry come up ! ' moreover ; )  
 Rover jumps on the castle wall,  
 Loads a gun with an iron ball :  
 Down go enemy's fleet and all,  
     Thanks to the bold sea rover !  
         Queen Elizabeth sat once more, &c.

O but joy at the great success  
 Fills the heart of the good Queen Bess :  
 Doesn't she just the hero bless,  
     Doesn't he blush, all over !  
 ' Odds and boddikins ! here's a man !  
 Arma virumque ! Sister Anne !  
*Is it a shirt of scarlet flannel*  
*on your breast, my rover ? '*   
         Queen Elizabeth sat once more, &c.

' Send for Lyon,' she cries, ' again ;  
 Say he must build with might and main  
 Far the best of his houses ten  
     Just where the Foss and Grove are ;  
 All the bravest of boys shall wear  
 Shirt of red like the rover here :  
 And shall the Supper be once a year ? '  
 ' Yes,' says the bold sea rover !  
         Queen Elizabeth sat once more, &c.

Even more amusing is a song written upon the Soudan campaign, in which several old pupils had been engaged. This, however, has no counterpart in the School Song-book. It should perhaps be added, that at the time of its composition the Khalifa had not yet met his real fate, and that therefore poetical licence upon the subject of his destiny was not only permissible but obviously necessary.

#### THE KHALIFA, 1898

Further than the Sphinx is  
 Went the gallant Three,  
 (Bad the lack of drinks is,  
     Bad the fly and flea ;)



Looking out at Philæ,  
 Berber, Atbará,  
 (Dirty, crocodily,)  
 For the Khalifa.

<sup>1</sup> W came the first, he  
 Rode upon a Gee ;  
<sup>2</sup> S on foot was thirsty,  
 Thirsty too was C.<sup>3</sup>  
 'Boys,' they say, 'of virtue,  
 From The Grove we are,  
 And we come to hurt you,  
 Ugly Khalifa !

'C and S and W  
 (From The Grove, you know),  
 Sad indeed to trouble you,  
 But you've got to go.  
 For we know Macaulay,  
 And the Prussian War,  
 And can kick a ball a  
 Little, Khalifa !'

Not a word replied he,  
 But he blacker grew,  
 And, unterrified, e-  
 jaculated 'POOH !  
 So they want to harm me !  
 Ho !' he cried, and 'Ha !  
 Go at them, my army !'  
 Said the Khalifa.

Ninety millions, black, but  
 Destitute of dress,  
 Charge, to sound of sackbut,  
 W, C, and S.  
 Few can rush as they did,  
 Breathing blood and war,  
 (Personally aided  
 By the Khalifa.)

<sup>1</sup> F. W. W., 21st Lancers.

<sup>2</sup> J. W. S., Cameron Highlanders.

<sup>3</sup> G. S. C., Gren. Guards.

C came on, they wondered ;  
S came on, they swore ;  
W killed a hundred—  
Possibly some more.  
Camels and pavilions  
Flee away afar,  
And the ninety millions,  
And the Khalifa !

How their fame is wafted,  
W, S, and C !

<sup>1</sup> (O has telegraphed it,  
So it true must be!)  
In their native island  
When they safely are,  
Came a crocodile, and  
Ate the Khalifa.

Edward Bowen's religious influence upon his House was that of a man who felt deeply, but who, as a rule, said little ; and what he did say dealt rather with the moral, than with the doctrinal, aspects of Christianity. From Christianity, as commonly understood and received, he was no doubt divided ; though his reticence—a reticence only rarely thrown off, and never in response to anything which might be interpreted as mere curiosity—makes it difficult to measure the precise extent of this division. Faith was to him loyalty to good and to 'the larger hope'—which, however, he throughout 'trusted' not 'faintly,' but with whole-hearted sincerity. 'True religion' was to his mind the desire to do right ; and on this interpretation of the words no one was ever more truly religious. But the mystical and contemplative aspects of Christianity had towards the end, and for a considerable number of years before the end, no attraction for him, and did not appeal to him, so far as his own personal life was concerned. 'I have no desire,' he once wrote, 'to be more religious than my boys.' He made, therefore, comparatively little effort to teach religious dogma—he certainly would never have done violence to his conscience over the matter—and so far as he taught it at all,

<sup>1</sup> L. C. F. O., Correspondent, Central News.

did so mainly with the view of introducing his pupils to a subject, and of enabling them to appreciate the outlines of some question. In connection with the preparation of boys for Confirmation, he always held that the lessons given by a House-master were to be regarded as supplementary to those given by the Headmaster, and that as the latter was in Holy Orders it was with him that the responsibility rested for such purely doctrinal teaching as might be considered desirable. At the same time Edward Bowen's Confirmation lessons made a very deep impression upon his boys. He used the late Dean Vaughan's well-known Manual, though perhaps as a guide for himself, and not as a text-book for the candidates to work upon; and the pencil-marks in his copy seem to show the special points upon which he desired to insist—an evil spirit, impatience of reproof, passion and ill temper, temptation of others, luxury, disregard of the poor, the dangers of amusements, the dangers of games, the love of popularity, the graver vices of boyhood and manhood. He used to set, too, a few questions to be answered on paper, such as the following :

What does a Baptist argue? What can be said on the other side?

What is the Church, and why have one?

What was required in Christ's time to become a Christian?

What are the *chief* differences between Catholics and Protestants?

What two *duties* are there with regard to religious beliefs?

Is irreverence wrong? Any test?

Will you say what you really think about swearing? [Edward Bowen regarded it himself as a somewhat serious vice.]

What is the Kingdom of Heaven?

Re-write according to modern ideas any parts of the Catechism which seem antiquated.

Do you agree with what I said about debt?

'Confession:' what do Protestants generally think about it, and why? *When* is it right and wise? [asked in 1900].

Try and write carefully and thoughtfully 'My duty to the House.'

He had, as has been said, two or three cheap prints in his study. One of these was that of the Zouave Trappist



absorbed in silent meditation. He was fond of referring to it in connection with his Confirmation teaching, and perhaps at other times too. 'Was the Zouave right? No, boy, he was shirking. You must stay in the world and do all the good you can in it.' Jean Valjean, the Bishop, and the candle-sticks, were another favourite topic. 'It is your soul that I am buying.' He discouraged morbid reflections, unsuitable for young life. 'It is not your business to think about heaven and hell; what you have to do is to make other people happier in this world.' He was at all times insistent upon the misleading character of common sayings. '"Money is the source of all evil:" say, "Money is the source of all good." One is just as true as the other.' At all times, too, he was insistent upon self-sacrifice even in the smallest things. 'Never take the corner seat in a railway carriage when other people are in the compartment.' 'If you are going by train to play cricket, always travel third class; there may be men in the eleven to whom the difference in cost is of importance.'

An adequate summary of Edward Bowen's ideas of the truly religious life is not far to seek. It was perfectly expressed by himself in some exquisite lines entitled 'Shemuel,' which he wrote about 1869, and sent to more than one friend as a Christmas carol.<sup>1</sup> Shemuel is a Bethlehemite shepherd, unable to go with his fellows on the occasion when the angelic visitants were revealed to them, since he is detained by the duty of tending a guest stricken with fever. His comrades return from the fields full of the vision, and conscious of the advent of the Divine kingdom. He sits on in the sick-chamber, ungladdened by any miraculous revelation, but destined to be 'preferred before' them.

Works of mercy now, as then,  
Hide the angel host from men;  
Hearts atune to earthly love  
Miss the angel notes above;  
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,  
Quench the sound of angel voices.

<sup>1</sup> It will be found among the Appendices, p. 414.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence  
His celestial recompense.  
Shemuel, by the fever bed,  
Touched by beckoning hands that led,  
Died, and saw the Uncreated ;  
All his fellows lived, and waited.

Upon Edward Bowen's death, an old pupil, whose career at Harrow was followed by one of much distinction at Cambridge, contributed to 'The Harrovian' (the School magazine) an appreciative article upon him 'in the House,' and has been good enough to allow the author of this memoir to make use of it. The paper—of which the greater part is here given—will be read with interest as coming from the pen not only 'of a ready' and gifted 'writer,' but of one who was for three or four years an inmate of 'The Grove,' and who was bound to Edward Bowen by strong ties of affection and esteem. Mr. George M. Trevelyan writes as follows :

There are indeed special reasons why some account of Bowen's personality as a house-master would be (if it were obtainable) necessary to complete the idea of him as a servant of Harrow and as a man. For he held that intellect was only the handmaid of conduct, and that conduct lay almost as much among the small incidents of life as among the great. It followed that his work as a Harrow master consisted largely in teaching boys by example the spirit of contentedness and eagerness in which we should greet all chances, competitions, and necessities—'how to take sweet and bitter as sweet and bitter comes.' Of course we of his House had in this respect more opportunity than others : we saw a greater variety of hours and incidents, things big and little, fired by the bright yet serene ray of his interest which idealised everything. Unconsciously we sucked in his never spoken, ever acted doctrine ; that the goodness of life consists not in the greater or less quantity of pleasure or even opportunity, but in the spirit in which one takes it—that the proof of the pudding is not the number of plums it contains, but the eating.

A typical Bowenite institution was astronomy. Every boy in his House had to attend two courses of astronomy before he left ; one astronomy proper, the other the history of a war ; but in both

cases it was always 'astronomy.'<sup>1</sup> Each Christmas term, for one evening in every week, the 'astronomers' (roughly speaking, the middle-sized boys of the house) were gathered into the sanctum of the drawing-room, which was never entered by us (and seldom used by him) on other occasions. As a drawing-room it was neither artistically beautiful nor physically comfortable; æstheticism and luxury were equally outside Bowen's line; but its memory is far more venerable to me than gilded saloon or palace of art. Round this room we sat, the swells on the sofa, the rest of us on the ancient drawing-room chairs or our own wooden chairs brought in, not without clatter. If it was astronomy proper, he explained to us the courses of the heavens, by aid of a little round table that was the sun, a cricket ball that was the moon, putting them through their various motions in the centre of the room; sometimes he himself actively personified the moon or some other heavenly body, while we sat round, critically spectatorial. We had no function but to look on, but evil waited on him who did not understand and remember, for next night, in the solitude after prayers, his light step was heard along the passages silently bearing the terrible 'astronomy questions' to one room after another. We were not taken out to see and identify the real stars; that was not part of the game. But the joys of astronomy in the year when it was a war more than made up for the alternate year's penance of astronomy proper. The Crimean war was good, but the Franco-Prussian war was justly the favourite, for he had followed it on foot behind the German armies; so the clearest exposition possible of the outlines of campaign and battle were illuminated by personal incidents; how he had hid the sword in his umbrella at Wörth; how, when he had attempted to enter France to follow the French armies, he had been refused entrance at the frontier, and had revenged himself by remarking, 'Next time I come into France I won't ask leave;' and so had gone with the Germans.

<sup>1</sup> When at the 'small' house he once substituted anatomy for the history of a war. That year—to use his own expression—'astronomy was bones.' Another old pupil, whose memory goes back to those earlier times, writes: 'There was at least one skull on the mantelpiece, and Bowen carried a skeleton hand attached to his waistcoat. It was this hand, I think, which was made the starting-point for a collection for the hospital. It became the right hand of "Jones," a poor man who needed assistance while learning to work with his left. A collection box stood on the study table with weekly bulletins of "Jones'" condition. He was just righting himself when he sustained a fracture of the tibia; then something else set in; by the end of the term "Jones" had undergone every conceivable accident, disease, and operation.'



Sixth Form pupil-room was no less an institution; in the summer it was out on the lawn, between the cedar and the big blank wall. It was the most friendly and confidential of pupil-rooms, with a thousand little institutions and jokes, very dear to think of now. The lesson was classical. But during the latter part of the time that I was in Sixth Form pupil-room we were all either Modern Side or Classical scholars of the abortive type. Shortly before there had been 'scholars of marvellous force,' but he never seemed less interested in us for this decadence, but took us as we were, as he took all other things. He was just as interested in the Juvenal and Lucan lesson as if we had been 'Blayds and Merivale, Hope, Monro.' The one indispensable piece of knowledge on which he insisted was the seven mouths of the Nile, which we rattled off faster than the tongue could really syllable the names—or else we heard, 'O boy, do a map of the Nile in five paints, boy.' Once, for ignorance of the whereabouts of the Cocytus (which I think I placed in Asia Minor), I did a 'map of hell in five paints, boy.' If the lesson was ended five minutes before time, there was then, of course, ample leisure to run through the history of the world B.C. with the aid of a diagram extemporised on the back of an envelope.

Fifth Form pupil-room had more of severity and discipline; but it too had its sacred customs, and jokes whose jest lay in the gravity with which they were treated. Thus the Modern Side boys were made to feel their inferior position in the world of scholarship by being required to do little more at the Homer lesson than to render *ὅτε δὴ* by 'when at length,' and *θαλερός παρακοίτης* by 'blooming husband.'

To be late for dinner implied saying (or being ready to say), 'Phaselus ille.' Wherever, in South Africa, America, or London, you come across a man who combines extreme familiarity in that yacht song of Catullus with a scarcely proportionate knowledge of the rest of the classics, you may be sure he was at 'The Grove' under Bowen.

But Bowen was most Bowen at House supper. The after-dinner speech in his mouth became something rich and strange, about as different from the ordinary 'on this joyful occasion' and 'gathered together as we once more are,' as 'St. Joles' is different from the 'Death of Nelson.' It was for these House suppers that he wrote us those House versions of the School songs.

The severity with which he enforced both School and House rules arose partly from a sense of the use of discipline, partly

from that love of institutions and idealisation of custom which in him was not pedantry but poetry.

His anger was never hot, but very cold and very terrible, the withdrawal of approval and of confidence. He had in him an ever-welling fountain of cold indignation at wrong-doing that was never dried up by our never-ceasing calls upon its resources; it was always forthcoming, of most genuine quality, terrifying the hardened and grieving the repentant. He had a way of making one feel that to do some things was wrong, and that wrong-doing was a definite thing, and ought not to be excused as a 'mistake' or passed over in silence.

There were two particulars in which he differed from the ordinary theories of house-mastering; and to differ in theory was with him to differ in practice also. In the first place he held as a rule in life—not merely in school life, only especially in school life—that luxury was bad, and that plain living stood in some relation to high thinking and high acting. This theory (which was not always a paradox, and now the time gives proof of it) was held by Bowen unostentatiously, but most practically. He always acted, he seldom expounded his theories of conduct. The only lecture I ever heard him deliver on this subject of luxury can be reported at full; finding that I was in the habit of taking two hot baths a week, he remarked with pathetic displeasure, 'O boy, that's like the later Romans, boy.' And so at 'The Grove,' though we had wherewithal to be filled, and whereon to sit down, we were not allowed to revel much in soft chairs or in strong meats. Fires in our rooms were only allowed late in the year; too late we often thought, and used to march into his study to petition him for warmth, wrapped up in rugs and other Siberian disguises, to his intense delight and amusement. But he was not ascetic, for what good things he had to eat, he not only enjoyed, but idealised, as he did all the other little things of life, and all his bits of pleasures. Typical of this restrained but idealising attitude towards the smaller pleasures, was the institution of 'glorification cake.' After a house football match the eleven used to be taken into the dining-room on the private side, and there regaled on coffee and an immense rich round cake, which he cut up with sacrificial solemnity, either as 'glorification' or (when occasion demanded) as 'consolation' cake.

Secondly, he did not consider that the house, any more than the school, was a fitting altar on which the individual should be sacrificed. He would suffer no one, who he thought would develop faster elsewhere, to stop on another year in order that

'The Grove' might be glorified. 'The Grove' was in consequence noted for its youthfulness, and in spite of the keen interest in athletics and scholarly competitions which he fostered, and the very fair proportion of distinguished athletes and scholars we produced, we were never 'cock house.' For, according to Bowen, though the master was made for the house, the house was made for the boy. Boys who he considered ought for their own sakes to go into a wider field of education or of activity, generally went, irrespective of whether the House lost or gained. This was not from want of feeling for the House; his desire for its welfare and glory was his feeling for the School in epitome; further, he himself would often have given much to keep boys to whom he was strongly attached. But personal wishes never influenced a decision of his life; except sometimes in the negative, for self-denial's sake, provided it could pass unnoticed and unboasted. So he always acted on his principle that while it was the duty of a master alike in the cause of school and of house to spend and to be spent, it was his further duty to see that no boy was in any way sacrificed to either house or school.

Was he a great house-master? If that question is to be decided solely by the greatness of the House as a corporation, he has for the reasons stated above no abnormal claim to distinction. But if it is to be decided by the effect produced on individuals and characters—the only standard he admitted—there are many of different kinds, occupations, and ages, who would answer together, 'Yes, he was a very great house-master indeed.'

The best way to realise what Bowen was like in the House, is to think what he was like in the School, or on a holiday. Those who saw him in one field can imagine him in all; those who saw him in none can imagine him in none. He did not wish to be known or remembered by men; but he wished to serve and be loved by many friends. Above all, thought he, to serve; since to serve was the duty—to be loved, only the reward.

Another old pupil—one who was both head of the House and head of the School<sup>1</sup>—bears the same testimony to what the relationship at 'The Grove' between boy and master meant for the young immature life overshadowed by that strong and resolute, but at the same time tender and winning, character:

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. Sanders.



There are few who were in his House that did not come away the better for his influence; and here and there you will meet with men who tell you that all that is best in them they owe to Edward Bowen.

In form-work throughout these twenty years Edward Bowen was absolutely at the height of his reputation. His idealism remained that to which he had given such vigorous expression in the essay on 'Teaching by means of Grammar,' published in 1867.<sup>1</sup>

To convince boys that intellectual growth is noble, and intellectual labour happy, that they are travelling on no purposeless errand, mounting higher every step of the way, and may as truly enjoy the toil that lifts them above their former selves, as they enjoy a race or a climb; to help the culture of their minds by every faculty of moral force, of physical vigour, of memory, of fancy, of humour, of pathos, of banter, that we have ourselves, and lead them to trust in knowledge, to hope for it, to cherish it; this, succeed as it may here and fail there, quickened as it may be by health and sympathy, or deadened by fatigue or disappointment, is a work which has in it most of the elements which life needs to give it zest.<sup>2</sup>

And his own life found this 'zest' in teaching. Form-work was to him an intense enjoyment. It was more directly educational than some of the work in the house; and it was without the particular anxieties and worries which are attached to a house. In 1901, when he was seriously contemplating resigning, or had actually made up his mind to resign, 'The Grove,' he proposed keeping on his form, which consisted of the members of the Modern Upper Fifth and Sixth. They were not, and never could become, any sort of burden to him, whatever the weariness of advancing years. And they received throughout all that was most brilliant in his nature, all that was most striking in his genius as a master. His fancy, his playfulness, his fun, his inventiveness, all these were given full play in his form-

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* pp. 99 ff.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* p. 314.

work. A colleague has written of him as an 'enchanter,' and there was beyond question an element of enchantment in his teaching. The drudgery of learning vanished; the dullness which often hangs like a cloud of London smoke over some lesson was never experienced. With him in the master's desk it became sheer delight to learn, and the form learnt readily. He could always get an immense amount of work out of them. It was, writes an old pupil, 'mainly because the form guessed how much he worked for us. When we knew that he spent large parts of the night in preparing a map for us, we did not much mind some extra work in producing a careful copy of it.' Of discipline there was outwardly very little, and a certain amount of superficial insubordination at times prevailed. But it was superficial only. The whole of the fantastic fabric of form-life was built by those fairy fingers on a basis of absolute discipline; and it was simply because this basis was realised and respected that such a fabric was possible. Edward Bowen's lightest word was, if seriously meant, law; and the fact made many light words, which were not seriously meant, possible. He would always allow a certain amount of joking and badinage between him and the form, but there was a line which might not be crossed. The boys, for example, might laugh and chat with him, but they might not talk to one another; nor did they, as a rule, attempt to do so. But within bounds there was a measure of something like licence which would have utterly horrified old-fashioned dominies, who had not learnt to 'turn human,' and which would undoubtedly have startled even masters of a more modern and reasonable type. For example, on one occasion at the close of first school (8.45 A.M.) Edward Bowen set twenty sentences in connection with German grammar. The entire form declared that the task was too much, and refused to leave the room unless the sentences were reduced to fifteen. The mimic struggle went on for a few minutes, but at last terminated in a burst of good-humoured laughter as Edward Bowen threw himself back in his chair and observed that breakfast was getting cold. On another occasion he had a tussle—this time a genuine one—with two lads over some work which he

wanted them to do, but which they declined to attempt. Most masters would have laid down the law, given peremptory instructions, and threatened. Edward Bowen brought the scene to a close by quietly saying ‘*Please*,’ and the two recalcitrants surrendered at once. A late boy would be greeted from all sides of the room by the cabman’s ‘clk’ ‘clk;’ such sounds are unusual, to say the least of it, in an ordinary class-room, but Edward Bowen permitted them. ‘They were to encourage him to go faster and arrive earlier.’ Three times late was, however, a real offence; but it was met, not by lines, arbitrarily imposed by the man in authority, but by a punishment—often an analysis of some essay of Macaulay’s—agreed on between master and delinquent. Other penalties would be to go down such and such a road and count the trees on one side, or to bring back the name on the first shop after a given point. As Edward Bowen always knew the correct answer, having noted the circumstance in his own walks, guessing was out of the question, and there was nothing for it but to obtain the information by a voyage of personal discovery.

Let us now, with the help of more than one old pupil,<sup>1</sup> enter Edward Bowen’s Form, and watch him and his boys at work there. The class-room is in the buildings on the northern side of the chapel, and is in the basement. The entrance is down a flight of steps. The master will be there a few minutes before the Form, making certain preparations, and as the boys come in some of them ‘will at once wander over to his blackboard, on which will be displayed, it may be sketches of some battle-field or of some historic scene upon which he has been talking, or it may be some odd curiosity, such as [during the recent South African war] a Mafeking note, a soup-ticket from Ladysmith, a foreign political caricature, or, failing any of these, one of those coloured prints of moderately comic German domestic or military life.’ These last obviously serve as incentives to the inferior German scholars to make out the letterpress with a

<sup>1</sup> I have to make special acknowledgment of several obligations: (1) to private correspondents; (2) to a couple of admirable articles which appeared in the *Journal of Education* after Edward Bowen’s death.



view of seeing whatever degree of humour is to be seen. But another group will have gone straight to the master's desk, 'maintaining with him a continual fire of questions and quibble.' If he have brought any button-holes with him, as now and again he will do, there are eager requests for them, but early applicants are not always successful, and one flower is often reserved till after school, to be bestowed as a reward of merit upon some boy who has done particularly well. One other preliminary may be noticed, though it is characteristic only of hot weather. But if it is the height of summer and the sun is blazing in through the windows, permission will be given for 'haloes.' These are the Harrow straw hats, so shallow as to require elastic to keep them steady, hung on upside down, in order to shield the back of the head and neck. And now the form are in their places—with or without their headgear. There will perhaps at once come from Edward Bowen the rapid question, 'Battle to-day?' This means that the day is the anniversary of a battle, and he hopes that some one will have noted the fact. Or perhaps it is an anniversary which he has himself not realised, but which one of the boys has thought of, and in that event there will be a call from the lad of 'Battle.' The suggestion may or may not be accepted. If not, 'there will follow one of those arguments peculiar to the form,' and in the end Edward Bowen probably asks what battle is meant, and then goes on either to admit with mock unwillingness that, though it was (of course) unimportant, such a battle none the less did take place on the day, or to deny the accuracy of the authority quoted. And now for the lesson itself. If it is 'Latin,' it will not begin with Latin. A 'Latin' lesson that begins with Latin, is Latin all through, is obviously commonplace. Edward Bowen's 'Latin' lesson begins with the daily papers. What is the news? What are the chief events in current history? The names of one or other of the ministries in power may be asked for, and the question is pretty certain to come if there has been in France, or elsewhere, a change of ministry. If it is a 'French' lesson there will be the same sort of divergence from the time-table. A 'French' lesson is likely for the

first few minutes to mean 'lists.' These will be lists, it may be, of the Prime Ministers of this or the last century, or of the Presidents of the United States, or of the Archbishops of Canterbury (beginning with Cranmer). Another set which may be asked for is the Roman Emperors, another the Hills of Rome, another the Electorates of the Empire, another—it need hardly be said—the Headmasters of Harrow. Another, as Mr. Trevelyan in his paragraphs on the House has noted, may be 'The mouths of the Nile.' This last is *de rigueur*, since it is, as Edward Bowen is never tired of explaining, essential that every one should possess at least one piece of absolutely useless information. The list, whatever it may be, will be rattled off, almost in a single breath, by one member or another of the form; and then those who also know it, but have not had the opportunity of displaying their knowledge, are called on to 'stand'—a word which in Modern Sixth Form life at Harrow does not bear its usual significance, but means to lean a little forward over the desk. All those 'standing' then receive a mark with the original declaimer. The measure of required preparation which has been given to the lesson is very quickly tested. Pieces of paper are distributed, and a few questions asked, which are to be answered in two or three words. These are then collected, and the rest of the time will be given not to finding out what the members of the form have or have not learned out of school, but to teaching and to inspiring them to teach themselves. If it is a history lesson to which we are being privileged to listen, all books will perhaps soon be put away, and the master will fascinate and amuse his audience with a description of some battle of Napoleon's, or will explain how some foreign history works in with the English history on which the form is engaged. If he wants to explain the details of some fight, tin soldiers will be brought out of his desk—'surely,' writes a pupil, 'in no Sixth Form room have tin soldiers ever manœuvred before'—and the various sequences of the engagement made clear with their help. Suddenly, it may be, the tin soldiers are formed into procession. In the rear comes a riderless white horse spotted over with ink,

and without a stand, and with its hoofs bent by force outwards. It is Turenne's funeral. Listen to the explanation about the horse. 'You see, Turenne's horse was remarkable for having very big feet, and that is the only way we could give it big feet.' Or another relic connected with Turenne may be produced—'the tree' under which he was shot. This consisted of one leaf and a piece of bark about an inch square, presumably picked up by Edward Bowen on the actual spot and now kept by him in his desk. A similar relic, to be produced upon a suitable occasion, is 'the hedge' from Naseby; it is a twig about eighteen inches long. Or let us suppose that we are listening on a Friday evening to a French prose lesson. Not an interesting subject as a rule but Edward Bowen will make it interesting. First of all several short sentences will be translated by the Form on paper; then he will discuss what the translation ought to be, then he will talk about French idioms, and lastly there will be a longer piece of English to be turned into French. An important prize, however, is attached to the correct translation of the original sentences. There are only six of them, but they are not easy to manipulate, and, as a reward, there is offered a six-sided lead pencil bought of the grandson of the only publisher whom the first Napoleon shot (one Palm of Nuremberg). This special prize is scarcely ever won, not once a term, nor even once a year. Once in a generation of boys or thereabouts it is gained, and it is unnecessary to dwell on the *kudos* that attaches to the triumphant winner thereof. Perhaps as the lesson—whether French prose or history or Latin—goes on, we may be fortunate enough to see 'the goose' brought into operation. This is a great invention, and has been brought direct from Spain. On its first arrival it was duly announced—without, however, its nature being disclosed—as 'an instrument of torture which would be used on anyone who was *very* naughty;' and for a considerable time the mysterious threat kept the Form almost preternaturally 'good.' If, however, there is any scandalous piece of ignorance or any flagrant piece of wild guessing, we shall see it emerge from its hiding-place; possibly the boys will themselves call for it. It is a small bird, so made that it mechanically wags its



head up and down, and this is pointed towards the offender, who has to endure its salute for some moments. But the penalty—so severe while it lasts—has its compensations. The body of the miniature goose is full of sweetmeats, and one of these is always given as a salve to possibly wounded feelings. One other experience we may perhaps come in for, which will surprise us, accustomed as we are to the ordinary teacher with his stiffness and routine. There may during the lesson be—apparently *à propos* of nothing in particular—shouts of ‘The Drum!’ The circumstance, however, has its explanation. It is Edward Bowen’s custom to read to his Form once a term Thackeray’s ‘Chronicle of the Drum,’ and the cries to which we are listening, and to which Edward Bowen also listens with obvious delight, mean that half term has passed and that the Form are becoming impatient. If he is pleased with their work, he will gratify them, and sacrifice some of the lesson to do so. Anyone who knows the ballad—and knew him—will realise that it reflects his own two-sided nature: on the one hand, his intense interest in all military matters; on the other, his hatred and horror of the spirit of militarism. No lines can better express Edward Bowen’s own summary of the life of Napoleon I. than those which bring Thackeray’s striking ‘Chronicle’ to its close; no stanzas can put more vividly the final lesson which the master will have these lads carry away from the contemplation of that terrific career, closed in St. Helena:

He captured many thousand guns;  
He wrote ‘the great’ before his name;  
And dying, only left his sons  
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,  
He died without a rood his own;  
And borrow’d from his enemies  
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,  
And more than half the world was his,  
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,  
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

As we have been with Edward Bowen in form, we may also accompany him to what was a great function in connection with its members—‘a celebration tea.’ This takes place at ‘The Grove’—if fine, on the lawn—the day before the Eton and Harrow match. Of course it is the centenary or anniversary of something, and the surroundings will necessarily depend somewhat on the event of which the feast is nominally commemorative. What the event is which is to be duly celebrated, has been determined beforehand; and each boy must bring with him some supposed relic connected with it, and praise will be meted out in proportion to the ingenuity displayed. Let us suppose that the year is 1893; it is the centenary of the execution of Louis XVI. Here come three boys bringing axes, and each declaring that his is ‘*the axe*.’ The other boys also arrive with various trophies, and then Edward Bowen shows them a brand new axe lying on a bed of ivy. This he gravely assures them is the only genuine article, and sticks to it, till some lad observes that all these claims and counter-claims labour under one fatal difficulty—Louis was guillotined. Notice that the bushes are hung with pictures representing, or alleged to represent—which on such an afternoon as this is the same thing—the various *dramatis personæ*. Then follows the big tea, ending up with strawberries and cream, while a large bouquet is provided for each boy. In the middle up comes a telegraph messenger. Edward Bowen has sent a telegram to the Meteorological Office to inquire as to the likelihood of a fine day on the morrow, and here is the answer. ‘These things,’ wrote a pupil after Edward Bowen’s death, in alluding to his ways and methods in school, those ways and methods at which we have glanced—

These things seem trivial, but it was through them and others like them that the kindness and gaiety which won Mr. Bowen so great a power as a master were expressed. The hold which he had upon his form was such that on one occasion we actually offered to come up to an extra first school on the morning of a whole holiday if he would tell us about Wellington’s Peninsular campaign. He was among the kindest and most



A 'CELEBRATION TEA' IN THE GARDEN AT 'THE GROVE.'





sympathetic of men, and taught us by the example of his life no less than by his words. It is difficult for an old pupil fairly to estimate the work of such a man, or to write down an accurate account of the debt which so many owe to him. But it may at least be said that for us who were associated with him at Harrow, whether in work or play, there can be few dearer or more treasured memories than that of the great man whose strong hand helped and whose kindly smile encouraged 'yesterday—many years ago.'

Something has been said of Edward Bowen's religious influence in 'The Grove;' something must also be said of it in connection with the members of his Form. The Scripture lessons were on Sunday afternoons and Monday mornings—the English Bible being read on Sundays and the French New Testament on Mondays—and his teaching of Scripture made as great an impression on his Sixth as his Confirmation lessons upon his House. He was, as has been seen, a member of the critical school, and Biblical criticism was regularly taught by him. More than twenty years ago, and perhaps earlier, the form were learning the rudiments of Old Testament analysis, and separating Genesis into two documents, for themselves. An old pupil, now a very able and well-known Biblical scholar, writes to the author of this memoir :

It was Bowen who first taught me how to study an ancient document, how to read two parallel narratives and investigate whether they really agreed, or really supplemented one another, or really differed. We began, I think, with Kings and Chronicles, learning bit by bit how to read the prophets into the history. Afterwards we went through Genesis, and learnt in a simple way how to discriminate between the sources. It was all new to me, and took my breath away at first. But the lesson once learnt remained for ever, and to have begun scientific Biblical study under a teacher always fearless and always reverent has been to me an experience for which I cannot be too thankful.

But the critical work was not confined to the Old Testament alone. The spirit which animated his teaching in that department animated it throughout. The 'Pauline' epistles were not all of them, in his judgment, by St. Paul; and they were not all taught by him as coming from

the Apostle's pen. He was extremely careful not to dwell unduly upon detail; and one term he went so far in the other direction as to work through all St. Paul's epistles, taking one a Sunday, and drawing attention just to its main points, and to the outlines of the arguments. His lessons, too, on the Apocalypse were very remarkable, and made a great impression on some of those who heard them. He scarcely, perhaps, kept pace to the end—so far as this particular book was concerned—with absolutely the most recent German workmanship; but he knew enough of the ground to clear away some of the worst brambles, and he was careful to do so. 'The beast' was Nero; the book came from the troubles of those primitive times, and dealt with the miseries and struggles, the agonies and anticipations of the early Christians. Throughout his teaching—whether upon the Old or the New Testament—there ran the principle that the Bible itself was the document. It was this which was to be studied, and not opinions about it. This was to be the subject-matter; this was to be the groundwork. In a word, his teaching was the translation into lessons for a Sixth Form of such a passage as this from the late Professor Jowett's memorable article on 'The Interpretation of Scripture' contributed to 'Essays and Reviews:'

Scripture, like other books, has one meaning, which is to be gathered from itself without reference to the adaptations of Fathers or divines, and without regard to *a priori* notions about its nature and origin. It is to be interpreted like other books, with attention to the character of its authors, and the prevailing state of civilisation and knowledge, with allowance for peculiarities of style and language, and modes of thought, and figures of speech. Yet not without a sense that as we read there grows upon us the witness of God in the world, anticipating in a rude and primitive age the truth that was to be, shining more and more unto the perfect day in the life of Christ, which again is reflected from different points of view in the teaching of His Apostles.



The first years at 'The Grove'—the years separating Edward Bowen's acceptance of a large house from Dr. Butler's resignation—produced three or four more songs. Of these the first was 'Larry,' a breezy football song—'Larry' being the football for whom 'kicks are physic'—written in 1883.

Who is Larry, and what is his sin?  
 What has he done to be so discredited?  
 String, and leather, and air within,  
 Never an ounce of brains inherited;  
 Up and volley him into the sky;  
 Down he will tumble by-and-by;  
 Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
 Doesn't he like a journey high!

That is his path, where the swallows roam,  
 That is a road that needs no gravelling;  
 Life is dull, if you bide at home;  
 Larry is made of stuff for travelling!  
 Now you may lift him once again,  
 Give him a view of park and plain;  
 Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
 That is the way to induce a brain!

In the same year he wrote 'Cats and Dogs'—a catch representing the contending cries at football; and in 1884 three more songs. The first of these latter he did not republish when in 1886 he brought out his Songs in a small volume, and it is in consequence not included in the Appendices to this memoir; the second is a bright, clever ditty, descriptive of 'Grandpapa's Grandpapa,' who went to Harrow in the eighteenth century consumed by 'an unquenchable thirst' for learning.

How the buttons on his blue frock shone!  
 How he carolled and he sang, like a bird!  
 And Rodney, the sailor boy, was one,  
 And Bruce, who travelled far, was the third.

'Grandpapa's Grandpapa' was, it would seem, a frivolous young person who had to be kept in check by his more serious ten-year-old companion:

Then to Rodney grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Said, 'Rodney, sailor boy, up away!  
 And with marbles, and with tops, fa la la!  
 'Mid the merry folks from town, pass the day.'  
 But Rodney, sailor boy, 'No,' said he,  
 'Brace tackles, and avast, and alas!  
 No marbles and jollity for me;  
 I have got to beat the French and De Grasse!'

The third song had for its themes two of the most famous names in the history of Harrow—Byron and Peel. There is in the cemetery of the parish church a grave upon which Byron, when a lad at the school, used to lie and meditate and watch the beautiful expanse of country which spread itself out before his eyes. In the old school-room—the 'Fourth Form Room,' as it is commonly called—there are panels round the walls with the names of boys carved upon them, sometimes by the expert fingers of the professional workman, sometimes by the unpractised hands of the lads themselves. Among these latter is the name 'Peel.' It is on these two circumstances that the song is based. Byron is found

Dreaming poetry, all alone,  
 Up-a-top of the Peachey stone,

from which bliss he is disturbed by the entrance of the angry Headmaster, who 'sets him grammar and Virgil due.' Peel is found

Just by the name in the carven wood,  
 Reading rapidly, all at ease,  
 Pages out of Demosthenes.

The two boys were absolutely different from one another. Peel could never have written poetry: Byron could never have construed his Demosthenes; while they both differed equally widely from the ordinary athletic member of the community, who could only explain their existence by remembering that

Even a goose's brain has uses.

They were separate, too, in their subsequent careers and in their deaths, but it is well that Harrow should always be

broad and liberal enough to include within its pale characters and temperaments so diverse as theirs :

Byron lay, solemnly lay,  
 Dying for freedom, far away :  
 Peel stood up on the famous floor,  
 Ruled the people, and fed the poor ;  
 None so narrow the range of Harrow ;  
 Welcome poet and statesman too ;  
 Doer and dreamer, dreamer, dreamer,  
 Doer and dreamer, dream and do !

Next year came ' St. Joles,' whose career of scholastic usefulness, so long as it lasted unchecked, fell in the earlier part of the seventeenth century :

When time was young and the school was new  
 (King James had painted it bright and blue),  
 In sport or study, in grief or joy,  
 St. Joles was the friend of the lazy boy.  
 He helped when the lesson at noon was said,  
 He helped when the Bishop was fast in bed ;  
 For the Bishop of course was master then,  
 And bishops get up at the stroke of ten.  
 St. Joles hooray, and St. Joles hooroo,  
 Mark my word if it don't come true ;  
 In sport or study, in grief or joy,  
 St. Joles is the friend of the lazy boy.

It was, too, about this time that he wrote a dainty little song, which he published in his collected verses, but which, for some reason or other, was never set to music. It is called ' Sober Dick,' and it deals with a lad's waking dreams :

What sober Dicky sees,  
 When all aglow  
 Fire lights the winter nights,  
 Boys only know.  
 Out, gas—no soul it has—  
 Out lamp and wick ;  
 In the embers, ruddily gilt,  
 Wonderful things are often built ;  
 Sober Dicky can see them all, O sober Dick !



First there is in those embers the shape of a famous cricket ground, and 'coals applaud with a coaly cry' the player of a big innings—'Sober Dicky it surely is, O sober Dick!' Then in the firelight there glows, not Lord's, but the House of Commons. Many historic men are there, but one face under a great wig stands out from all others between the bars:

Mr. Speaker is made of coal,  
Yet you will think it wondrous droll,  
Like to sober Dicky he is, O sober Dick!

But at last the fire burns out, and with it all the faces and forms that the dreamer has seen therein:

When coals are dark and dead,  
All burnt to dust,  
Sink, light, and turn to night—  
So Fancy must!  
Warm flame, vision of Fame,  
Fades passing quick;  
Was the coal a teller of truth?  
Does imagining poison youth?  
Sober Dicky is dreaming now, O sober Dick!

In 1884 Edward Bowen read to the U.U.'s—that is, as was explained earlier in this memoir, 'the United Ushers,' a society of assistant masters—a very brilliant and amusing paper on 'Games,' which was afterwards published in the 'Journal of Education.' No master, of course, was better qualified to write upon the subject, and certainly no master could feel more strongly upon it. The paper is brimming over with fun, but it should be carefully remembered in reading it that the fun is the veil and not the substance. Beneath all the levity there runs a steady purpose—the advocacy of athleticism as the most important and valuable of all the factors making up our educational system. The essay is a resolute—each reader must determine for himself how far it

is a successful—defence of the prominence assigned to cricket and football in public school life; but it may perhaps be of yet wider service. Games are the same for the youth of every social grade; if they mean so much at Harrow, need they mean less for Whitechapel or Southwark? If they are in our public schools a great power making for moral as well as physical betterment, is not their development in connection with elementary education a matter of supreme importance, in order that here also their influence for good—their incomparable influence according to Edward Bowen—may have a full and fair opportunity of making itself felt? The essay sets out with a suggestion that one familiar dictum has a less sufficient basis upon which to rest than is commonly assumed:

I have often been told that the mind is superior to the body; I do not think this has ever been proved. It seems to me to be of the nature of those things which are called pious beliefs. As a rough test, let us think what it is that we most value our friends for: is it for their delicate choice in optatives, which my friend the composition-master assures me is the loftiest mental development which we can put before our youth; or is it their temper—in other words, their digestion—which is their body? . . . Tom Hughes says somewhere that your real friend is the man whom, if you saw alone and penniless and naked in the street among the carriages, you would take and dress and feed and be a brother to. Well, everyone knows you wouldn't if he had a decided squint. Anyhow, you wouldn't merely because you knew he was clever. How is it practically with us? I certainly don't think I have any one really *very* ugly friend (I smile to myself as I write this, to think how when I read it I shall see every one furtively glancing at his neighbour to see if *he* is looking at *him*). I repeat, I haven't any *very* ugly friend. And, on the other hand, I must say of some of my friends, with all respect, that their minds and intelligences are at any rate no better than they should be.

I begin by the proposition that the common English school games are of indescribable value. Without any exaggeration, I declare that in our whole system there is nothing which, in my opinion, approaches them in value. I merely mention that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, because

that remark will have been generally expected, and it will now not be necessary to make it again. But I have no objection to add to it, that the existence of the playing fields at Eton has been much more to the advantage of the world than the winning of the battle of Waterloo.

The essayist then goes on to urge—the same dazzle of humour being on almost every sentence—that games give an immense amount of pleasure, that the social gain involved in them is incalculable, that they develop the organising faculty, that they instil temper, dignity, courtesy.

Once more, I offer it as my deliberate opinion, that the best boys are, on the whole, the players of games. I had rather regenerate England with the football elevens than with average members of Parliament, who are, of course, our wisest men. When I reflect on the vices to which games are a permanent corrective—laziness, foppery, man-of-the-worldness—I am not surprised at being led to the verdict which I have just delivered. And, having known more than one period, at one school at any rate, when cricket was distinctly recognised as being on one side, and very serious evils on the other, I find a cricket ball or a football becoming in my eyes a sort of social fetish, of which it is difficult to realise the fact that our ancestors never dreamt the value.

The writer goes on to ask whether games do not minister to that ‘purity of heart,’ to that simple-mindedness, of which the Sermon on the Mount speaks, and to which so great a recompense is promised; and he adds:

When you have a lot of human beings, in highest social union and perfect organic action, developing the law of their race and falling in unconsciously with its best inherited traditions of brotherhood and of common action, I think you are not far from getting a glimpse of one side of the highest good. There lives more soul in honest play, believe me, than in half the hymn-books.

The essay subsequently discusses the interference of masters in the school games. Such interference is desirable up to a point. It should be exercised to ‘regulate with despotic control the conditions under which a game shall turn into a public exhibition,’ or to check extravagance—‘a master does not do his duty to his games who does not enact how much



shall be paid to cricket professionals, within what limits the tailor and hosier may have their fling, what shall be the maximum value of cups given as prizes'—to watch against abuses of the compulsory system, to make laws for purposes of health. On the other hand, 'masters should not teach boys to do what they can do for themselves; and self-organisation we all allow to be half the good of the play.' As regards joining in the games, a master should only do so on two conditions: (1) That the boys welcome him; (2) that he can keep his temper. The athletic master can easily be wrecked on such rocks as excessive partisanship, roughness, self-assertiveness, selfishness. It is useless for him to join in the games unless he can do so 'genially, modestly, good-temperedly.' As regards swearing on the cricket or football field—if 'in the middle of a game we hear some young St. Athanasius making a characteristic remark'—it is ridiculous and hypocritical to be shocked. The master should behave just as he would wish one of the upper boys to behave. He may get an opportunity of angry remonstrance then and there, or he may afterwards find a moment to take the culprit to task, 'and, if he is a big boy, to take him to a good deal of task.' The closing paragraph of his essay as it is printed—Edward Bowen appended a note that its real conclusion was suppressed 'as being frivolous'—is expressive of his intense dislike, to which some reference has already been made, of the gymnasium.

There it is; it exists. It is recommended by no scientific authorities of repute; it appeals to no traditions of past enjoyment; it awakens no social interests, and trains no administrative faculties. It is the mere Greek Iambics of physical training; has its element of truth, as all pedantry has, and has in its physical results a certain poor degree, as all pedantry has, of success. But what a substitute for football, and what a reflection for us, that men who know and have tasted the powers and the pleasures of play should yet in cold blood drive the children into this dead and barren routine! Don't suppose that great traditions can be trampled on with impunity. How do we know that the school games are so immovably fixed in school life that the meddlesome intrusion of formal gymnastics may not in some degree blight

and spoil them? . . . We must not exaggerate: it will take a good deal of authoritative gymnastics to spoil cricket; but I do feel, towards anything which goes in its influence against the games of which we are so proud, a jealousy and an aversion which almost make me blind to its merits.

John Farmer had, as already stated, left Harrow with Dr. Butler in 1885, and Edward Bowen did not write many songs afterwards, while after 1889—so far as School songs were concerned—he ceased writing altogether. In 1887 came ‘Awake,’ a merry set of verses inciting to what is frequently unpopular both at school and in after-life—getting up:

The wind blew o’er the plain, and cried,  
     Awake, boys, awake!  
 The best of the day is the morning tide,  
     Awake, boys, awake!  
 With a plunge and a rush to the air, the air,  
 And safe in the school, with a chime to spare,  
 And who, if it freeze with winter breeze,  
 Is half a coward enough to care?  
     Or grieve if he, in his ardour bold,  
     Or even his master, catches cold?  
     So awake, boys, awake!  
     The joys of the morning take!  
 They sleep in the city, and more’s the pity,  
     But you on the hills, awake!

The same year brought a cricketing song, ‘The Niner’—descriptive of the heroic efforts of a batsman—

Of Cricketers never a finer,  
 From Nottinghamshire to China—

to make nine runs off one hit, and of the tragic fate in which those efforts finally terminated. The next year there were three more songs—the first some lines on the match at Lord’s—‘A Gentleman’s a-Bowling’—and dedicated to Mr. F. S. Jackson, whose bowling had won the game; the second a boisterous football song, ‘Plump a Lump;’ and the third ‘Tom.’ This last is scarcely appreciated upon a merely slight acquaintance, but a sense of its merits grows upon its friends with closer knowledge. It should perhaps

be read with the light upon its lines of the sentiment to which Edward Bowen gave expression in the essay on 'Games'—that he would sooner undertake the task of regenerating England with the football elevens than with average members of Parliament :

Now that the matches are near,  
Struggle, and terror, and bliss,  
Which is the House of the year ?  
Who is the hero of this ?

Tom !

Tom, who with valour and skill, too,  
Spite of the wind and the hill, too,  
Takes it along sudden and strong,  
Going where Tom has a will to ;  
And so let us set up a cheer, O,  
That Jaffa and Joppa can hear, O,  
And if a hurrah can waken the Shah,  
Why, then, let us waken him, singing, Hurrah !

Some, who their Houses enthrone,  
Rest, when the victory comes ;  
Who will go on till his own  
Boasts an eleven of Toms ?

Tom !

Tom, who in cloud and in clear, too,  
Goes with the lads he is dear to ;  
Is it a dream ? There is the team ;  
Tom may be real, and here, too !  
And so let us, &c.

In 1889 came the last of the School songs—'the only song throughout which a slight vein of sadness runs'—'If Time is up.' It is certainly one of his most beautiful compositions, and is characterised by a grace and charm that none can miss.

If time is up and lesson is due, and youth has got to learn,  
I creep to School, if needs must be, and masters soft and stern ;  
And one will give me good marks, and one will give me bad,  
And one will give me nothing at all for all the pains I had ;  
But good come, bad come, for what you must you can,  
And heigh-ho, follow the game, till boy shall grow to man.



They glide, the months of worry and work, of desk and floor and  
 grass,  
 And till you trust them, fright the soul, and as you trust them,  
 pass ;  
 And one will bring me bright days, and one will bring me dull,  
 And one will bring me trouble enough, till all the days are full ;  
 But bright come, dull come, they came the same before,  
 And heigh-ho, follow the game, and show the way to more.

Edward Bowen still brought out now and again those songs for his House which helped along his annual House suppers, and in 1897 he wrote, in response to Mr. Farmer's urgent solicitation, the words of a song for old Harrovians, which, however, is not in the Harrow collection, and may not be used by boys still in the School. It is only for those whose—

Firelight dreams still summon from afar  
 Play's hot battle, ebb and flow ;  
 Hearts made one in the flush of mimic war,  
 Yesterday—many years ago !

It was right and fitting that the last verse of it should contain its benison on Harrow and upon those there—the last verse of the last song which he ever published.

All good things of the heaven and the earth,  
 Drop soft blessing on the hill !  
 Crown fair youth with her heritage of mirth,  
 Weak souls quicken into will !  
 Years, bear gaily the trophies you have won,  
 Strong life bringing, as you go ;  
 Shine, bright suns, shine happy as you shone  
 Yesterday—many years ago !

It is, of course, upon Edward Bowen's School songs that his reputation as a writer will always rest ; but there are verses as well which are more than noteworthy. The most exquisite set of all—'Shemuel'—have already been noticed. Some other lines are on 'P. L. C.,' a boy who had died suddenly a few days after leaving the School ; while 'An Episode of Balaclava' is commemorative of a forgotten event—an event not mentioned even by Kinglake—in that celebrated charge which was both led by an old Harrovian

and received its last touch of romance from an old Harrovian. There are too some very beautiful memorial verses on 'R. G.' (Robert Grimston), and others scarcely less beautiful on 'F. P.' (Frederick Ponsonby, Lord Bessborough), to both of whom Harrow cricket was so deeply indebted for many years.<sup>1</sup> Never perhaps has a more touching tribute been offered to the memory of a great cricketer than the lines on Robert Grimston :

Still the balls ring upon the sun-lit grass,  
 Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch the play;  
 And ordered game and loyal conflict pass  
 The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding more  
 What suns may gladden, and what airs may blow,  
 Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,  
 Lies resting now.

Well played. His life was honester than ours ;  
 We scheme, he worked ; we hesitate, he spoke ;  
 His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,  
 But grain of oak.

No earthly umpire speaks, his grave above ;  
 And thanks are dumb, and praise is all too late ;  
 That worth and truth, that manhood and that love  
 Are hid, and wait.

In later years the holidays brought no such exciting experiences as those of 1870 and 1871 ; but they had a quiet interest of their own, and it is unfortunate that there

<sup>1</sup> Theirs may not have been strictly called eventful lives, but they were eventful in the annals of the School to which they were so deeply attached. Their place it will be impossible to fill ; their memory is enshrined in the hearts of Harrow boys. They were men of honour ; they were men of truth ; they resented a mean action ; they abhorred a false word ; and, owing to their high character, exercised an influence among the boys, abiding in its nature and unique in its kind.—E. CHANDOS-LEIGH.

has been preserved no record by himself of such a tour as that which he took in 1891 with Mr. Charles Colbeck—one of his colleagues and most intimate friends—in Bohemia. It was a battle-field tour—Eger, Prague, Kollin, Königgratz, Riesengebirge, Austerlitz, Brünn, Vienna, Lobau, Wagram, Hohenlinden—and it was just such a tour as his heart loved. He began, however, to find about this time that it was desirable that he should spend some of the winter away from England, and though he did not go to the Riviera every year, he would do so, if possible, biennially. On other occasions he would go a tricycling—or when the modern ‘safety’ had come in, a bicycling—tour in England, and these tours were duly chronicled on the celebrated map, only in dotted and not full lines. At the termination of one such circuit he addressed these lines ‘*Jacobo Bryce, S.T.P.*,’<sup>1</sup> who had been his companion :

Suave, bicyclantis vento minuyente laborem,  
 Leniter undantem corripuisse viam ;  
 Et (nisi zinziberi succos caupona recuset)  
 Trans quot habet campos Anglia nostra vehi.  
 Seu per acervatos lapides, aut pulvere mollis  
 Fit via, punctura præpediente rotas,  
 Cogeris et, veteris fracta compagine currus,  
 Nunc eques alterna nunc pedes ire vice ;  
 Seu deus, eloquio gaudens, quo Curia gaudet,  
 Alipes inceptum rite secundat iter.  
 Sed nobis positi tandem stat terminus oti ;  
 Musa redux pueros ad pia pensa vocat.  
 Discendæ Regum series, nec amabilis ordo  
 Paparum, et Corsi prælia mille viri.  
 Lusimus ; occubuit perdrix, cessitque tonanti ;  
 Dura nimis teneros læsit Ierna pedes.  
 Bos-que Fabri tenuit domus, et Northumbrius imber,  
 Helvellynque Rubras mons ubi celat aquas.  
 Consedi demum fessus. Fit Lucus asylon  
 Sontibus. Hic tutus tu quoque, Joë, fores !  
 At tu, qui te jam desiderat, addere lecto ;  
 Detque elegis finem<sup>2</sup> charta repleta. Vale.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Hon. James Bryce, D.C.L. M P.

<sup>2</sup> Another copy has, ‘*Me vetat extendi.*’



In the last ten years (1891 to 1901) of his life he was more frequently present than ever upon the cricket or football field, though cricket he now actually played but rarely. In football, however, he took a share till within six weeks of his death, though he was, of course, no longer the antagonist he formerly had been. But on one occasion—a somewhat memorable one—he showed all his old power and vigour. It was in 1894 or 1895, when he was fifty-eight or fifty-nine years old. The Harrow masters were playing the Eton masters at Harrow, with half the School looking on. Eton were the better side, and with ten minutes left the score was one goal each. The Harrow masters were very hard pressed, and the brunt of the game fell upon the backs, among whom was Edward Bowen. He seemed to feel that by a supreme effort he might save the game; he threw himself completely into it, became as aggressive in attack as he was brilliant in defence—and did save the game. The enthusiasm among the boys can be better imagined than described.

During these years his influence and his reputation were at their height. The School was alive to his devotion, and responded to it with loyalty to him and pride in him. His greatness, too, was recognised outside; he had made for himself a splendid name in the educational world. His colleagues felt that they had in him one whose supremacy in all matters connected with public school life was beyond question, and his experience and judgment were always at their disposal. At the same time he was to some extent becoming a recluse, and was living a more and more isolated life. His fellow-workers, unless they sought him out, did not see much of him, and many of the younger masters felt at times something akin to irritation that they did not see more. 'He was very kind,' writes one of them, 'if you went to consult him; but it required an effort to go where you were never invited, and one hesitated to trespass on his time unless one had some very definite question to ask or some difficulty to lay before him.' At masters' meetings he would constantly speak, though the influence of his speeches was at times diminished through the fact that he became—as another colleague has said—'almost

Gladstonian often in the guarded circumlocution of his phrases.' His quickness to mark distinctions and to note difficulties that had been overlooked by others was very striking, and he could when he really desired to carry any particular point be wonderfully persuasive; but, on the whole, he was ceasing somewhat to be constructive and becoming critical. A master—one of the two just quoted—writes:

The more I saw of him under these circumstances, the more I became convinced that his not having become a headmaster was a great loss to English education, and to a certain extent a loss to his own character. In a position of authority, with full scope for exerting his own influence over his colleagues, with his many ideas and ideals, and his wonderful fertility of resource, kindled and steadied by the sense of heavy responsibility, with his exquisite taste in classical scholarship and his enthusiasm for history and modern subjects, I believe he would have done much to guide our public school education in the transition from a purely classical to a modern system, in which we seem to flounder forward with little definite notion of what we want, and to be in danger of sacrificing the old way without getting the gain of the new. . . .

I felt most strongly, as I watched him, and have often thought since, that this was what he was made for—to have the weight on his own shoulders rather than to judge how another carried it—and that the development of the critical faculty, which was his weakness, was due to the fact that even his devoted labours for his House and for the School were insufficient to absorb the immense fund of energy he possessed.

This may, perhaps, be condemned as an idle speculation. Bowen could not have borne to leave Harrow to become a headmaster elsewhere; and in 1885, when Dr. Butler resigned, he was not appointed. He served to the end in the lower place—

‘He did God’s will—to him all one  
If on the earth or in the sun.’

Edward Bowen, however, would spare neither time nor pains to advise and help a colleague who was in real perplexity. In November 1892 a young master came to him to seek his counsel in connection with one of the most serious troubles which ever darken school-life. The outcome of the consultation was a remarkable letter which was afterwards published anonymously in ‘The Journal of Education,’ but

of which there seems no need to conceal any longer the real authorship. It will probably be regarded as the *locus classicus* upon an extremely difficult and painful subject :

### THE LIMITS OF CONFIDENTIAL RELATIONS WITH BOYS

I was thinking, after you left me yesterday, of the general conditions on which we invite the confidence of boys. It is an old subject—at any rate appears old to me—but it is so full of variety and difficulty that it seems always to be inviting fresh reflection.

There are certain clear and visible dangers—which the wise man may avoid more or less, but which are still dangers to everyone (I include you for argument's sake, if for no other reason, as among the wise men, and am writing generally)—and also certain limitations.

The only attitude in which we can properly invite confidence on any matter very personal and private is that of a friend. That much I am clear about; but of what follows I am less clear. Does it not follow, however, that I ought never to get a boy to speak to me of his personal history for his own sake? I am going beyond this if I do so, partly for his own sake, and partly in order that I may know what will help me to deal with others. I must never try to make my own or other people's profit out of what he says to me. If it comes, well and good; but it ought not in any degree to be my object.

This does not exclude my consulting with any boy for the common welfare, and receiving any confidence given for that purpose. This is a different relation altogether; it can exist at the same time as others, but is perfectly separable.

Of course, confidence received in both senses is absolutely sacred. But this does not bar my acting on it in any way in which the boy gives me leave to act, or in which I am sure that he would be willing that I should use it. This last looks a dangerous amplification, but I am assuming that I am wise and good.

Also I ought not to take advantage of my position to urge him, beyond the limits of a moderate pressure, to give leave for such action.

Lastly, on this particular head, my relation, as friend and nothing more, involves certain limitations and reticences as to what is actually said. A person who unbosoms himself to a friend, for his own good, will naturally speak of his own faults in general terms, and not in detail, and he will only enter on the



latter in case he expects to receive specific advice and help, which, in fact, the wise friend can give, very often at any rate, without the unbosoming.

But, one may say to oneself, although the only confidential relation is the friendly one, is not this, in some cases, coloured, and does it not naturally take a slightly different line, from the relation of boy and master? Yes; but the ethics of this relation are comparatively easy. A boy cannot forget, and there is no reason why he should, that the person talking to him is a superior in several ways; and there are only two considerations which are important (besides the obvious ones) in this relation: one, that a master has a duty to the school, and must hesitate before he puts himself in any position, with regard to a boy, which will impair his power of acting as a master should necessity arise; and the other, that he is likely to spoil the good that he does, if he is commonly known as a receiver of confidences of the special kind of which we are thinking. The idea may become too common, and the conception of the importance and seriousness of such exceptional intercourse may be impaired. If I were asked whether I can remember instances where this result seemed to have followed, I should say, with regret, that I think I can. There is even the further possibility that a boy who is expecting detection may conceive the idea of forestalling it, and partly securing himself, by means of a private confidence.

So far then, and with these limitations, we shall probably agree that a master who admits, and even invites, the confidence of boys, may do a very great amount of useful work, and give help of sometimes untold value. If he is foolish or perverse in the way in which he sets about it, so he may be in other matters. We are taking his good sense for granted; and all the reserves and limitations which we are calling up are really only a measure of the degree in which every schoolmaster must have his thoughts and recollections filled with instances where fragile characters of boys have been indebted to the help of stronger and friendly advisers.

But I cannot help thinking that there are two other dangers in the way of the confidential intercourse in question, both more subtle, but not less important than the others. One of them is the danger to the boy of being enfeebled and demoralised by his own act of confession. This is clearly possible; the most experienced of us can but make a guess as to the extent of its probability. The mere putting a thing into words, the mere communication of it to another, involves just a certain familiarisation with it, and the more one can keep bad things out of mind the

better. An act of repentance ought, I should think, to be vivid and eager, not brooding. The best thing that we can do with our sins is to forget them. That one ought to reflect much on one's past offences, and ought to take careful pains to be on one's guard against them, are two common maxims of the pulpit; but they seem to me both wrong. However this may be, it can hardly be doubted that repeated disclosure of wrong-doing, habitual recurrence to the counsel of another, must—whether it has a good side or not—have the weak side of impairing the delicacy of conscience, and must prevent the formation of self-confidence and firmness. It is so very easy for a boy to fancy that, when he has done wrong and confessed it, things are pretty much as they were before. Grant that he wants help; but is that help necessarily best given by one who completely knows all his frailty?

The other danger is from the point of view of the master; but it may be much more real to some people than to others, and to some may be hardly a danger at all. I have often thought that the craving for influence, especially for spiritual influence, is one of the chief 'temptations,' 'snares,' of our profession. Moral strength is like physical strength, a thing that we may be glad to possess, but we have no right to be always wanting to use it on weaker people. At any rate, it is possible that the wish to do so may betray us into situations in which we shall be thinking much of our own mastery and action, and less of the development of power and will in the other person. That virtue should triumph ought to be every one's wish; but if a man mentally adds the intense desire that it should be under his own leadership and auspices, he is introducing a wrong note into the music. Possibly you may not feel conscious of this morbid element mixing with healthy energy, but I am sure some people must.

Please make allowances for the style of this letter. I wish I knew some way of writing in haste, and under much other pressure, without seeming dogmatic and didactic.

In July 1894, Edward Bowen gave evidence before the Royal Commission on Secondary Education, appointed by Lord Rosebery's Government, and presided over by his old friend Mr. Bryce (at the time President of the Board of Trade). Edward Bowen's examination took up the whole of

one sitting, and was principally concerned with the question of the supervision of secondary schools by some external authority, and with the urgent desire which many of his profession felt, but which he did not at all share, for the systematic training of teachers. Upon this latter subject he appeared, he said, to play the part of *advocatus diaboli*. He did, indeed, say something of his views upon the age at which boys should leave school for the University—views which have already been touched on, and upon which (as has been seen) he largely acted in connection with his own House. He took care, also, in answer to a chance question, to express his own strong appreciation of the value of athletics, and his earnest hope that they would not be forced back into a less important place than that now held by them in public school life. But it was these other two questions which formed, so to speak, the main planks in the platform of his evidence.<sup>1</sup> His objection to the supervision of secondary schools by some external authority was mainly due to his anxiety lest a control or semi-control of that sort should have a cramping influence upon the curriculum. He did not attribute any serious practical inconvenience to the existing multiplicity of the examinations for admission to the various professions; nor did he consider that a general *Abiturienten-Examen* was worth the very large financial price that would have to be paid for it. Of such examinations as there were he had no great complaint to make, though he distinctly preferred the Civil Service Commissioners' examinations to those of the Joint Board of Oxford and Cambridge. The former were, in his judgment, more carefully adapted to the various standards required, and the papers were better composed. Outside inspection or supervision of any kind carried with it, in his opinion—so far as the great public schools were concerned—an element of peril which distinctly outweighed any possible advantages. He did not discuss the requirements of efficiency in other schools, e.g. schools in receipt of a Government grant; but he considered that schools such as Eton, Harrow, Rugby,

<sup>1</sup> The greater part of his evidence will be found in the Appendices of this volume.



and Winchester, were continuously subject to an informal inspection, which was at least as effective as any formal one could be—he meant, of course, the interest and watchfulness both of the general public and of the particular *clientèle* of the school. Centralisation was destructive of elasticity, and he referred, in illustration, to the legend of the French Minister of Education, who pulled out his watch in the presence of a friend, and remarked that all the children throughout the country were at that moment engaged on one particular study. ‘I believe the Commission has before it the original author,’ he observed. ‘I invented that story some thirty years ago.’ His evidence on the training of teachers was even more emphatic and uncompromising. He was, to some slight extent, ‘heckled’ upon the matter by one or two Commissioners who were clearly disposed to differ from him; but he never changed his position. His argument was, in effect, this: It is not going much too far to say that nothing but inherent character can produce good teaching, and such character is obviously independent of anything that a training college, as such, can do for a man. It is, of course, true that the giving of instruction is part of a master’s calling; but, though always important in itself, its importance varies. Sometimes, as in day-schools, it may assume not only very large, but obviously preponderant proportions; but in secondary boarding-schools—especially in the great public schools—its value is much less. In these the imparting instruction is not nearly so important as all that part of a master’s work which lies outside and beyond it. What, therefore—so far as schools of this kind are concerned—the training of teachers can hope to do at most is to deal with the smallest part of a master’s duties—the part which may be spoken of as ‘pedagogy.’ No doubt a man has a good deal to learn in this section of his duties, but you cannot teach him much except by subjecting him to actual experience. In other words, you cannot train him to be a teacher except by making him a teacher. What little training you can otherwise impart could be given in a fortnight. There are a few hints to be offered, a few cautions to be impressed, a

few general rules to be taught, some books to be read. It is no doubt a fact that, in the case of elementary schoolmasters, training colleges do much to prepare candidates for the profession; but their work is, to a very great extent, that of universities. The students continue their own education there. The colleges impart knowledge, but the work they do in actual training for the pedagogic side of a master's career is comparatively small. Again, if the training of teachers is universally to be taken up, and if no teacher is to be employed who has not been trained, the expenditure of time and money involved in so drastic a proposal must also be taken into consideration. A man could not well go to one of these colleges for less than six months, and the maintenance of himself there would mean six months extra in preparation for his life, and six months less in his period of wage earning. The number of masters to be trained would be immense, and altogether the cost would be heavier than was fair and reasonable, and heavier than the profession—which consisted on the whole of poor men, who had to make their own way in the world—could bear. And even if the price were paid, the gain would be comparatively small, though larger in the case of some than others, in proportion as pedagogy was or was not to form the chief part in their subsequent duties. Master and pedagogue, it must be remembered, were not convertible terms. A man might be a skilful pedagogue but a very bad master; while the important thing was that he should be a good master. 'A bad man teaching history well is a far worse thing than a good man teaching history badly.' A master's work will, on the whole, be excellent or inferior as his own personal qualities are excellent or inferior.

In 1897—three years after this evidence—he wrote another and his last essay for the 'U.U.'s.'<sup>1</sup> He took as his subject one of those mistaken ideals of schoolmastering which he considered to be due in part to the influence of Arnold of Rugby. Of Arnold, Edward Bowen was never an unqualified admirer. 'In the picture of Arnold himself as

<sup>1</sup> The essay was published in the *Journal of Education* for April 1897, and will be found among the Appendices.

he is drawn for us, there are features which further experience, if we had the creation of a new Arnold in our hands, would lead us to modify.' And in this paper, it is the weak points in a bad imitator of Arnold, or rather the mistakes in an imitator of the weak points of Arnold, that are brought up to the surface and good-humouredly satirised. Its title is 'Arnoldides Chiffers; or, the Attitude of the Schoolmaster;' and Mr. Chiffers is, as his Christian name would imply, a disciple of the famous Rugbeian. He is represented as having achieved much distinction in his professional career, and on his decease his life was duly written. Here is the summary of his character as his biographer saw and admired it :

No one ever left the school without bearing the impress of his striking personality. His rule was inflexible, but just. He would sink, indeed, the master, and become a boy himself among boys ; he would seek at times the popularity that flowed from his joining personally in their games ; but he could resume on occasion a dignity which would tolerate no compromise. Caring for nothing in the world but the success of the institution which he helped to govern, he regarded its fame as the first of objects, and its very cricket matches as tests of its welfare. Work with him was work, and play was play. No lounging or smiling before the desk of such a teacher ; every pupil feared him while at class, but, the lesson over, had nothing to fear. Lavish in rewarding excellence, he never passed over a fault. Schoolboy errors, indeed, he saw with the eye of a schoolboy, unless they trenched on what to him was sacred ground—study, order, the majesty of work ; and he hated above all things, in a growing mind, slackness and inattention and frivolity. As the 'Times' writer said of Dr. Benson at Wellington, it was a treat to see the zealous satisfaction with which he chastised the boy found out in a lie. In a word, he studied day by day to bring his own moral influence to bear on the characters of those entrusted to him, he made his approval their standard, and taught them to regard one another, not from the point of view of fleeting popularity or schoolboy honour or social gifts, but from the eternal point of view of right and wrong.

Such are the features of the imaginary—or perhaps not altogether imaginary—schoolmaster upon which Edward



Bowen proceeds to comment in detail. 'Arnoldides' and his methods are subjected to a raking criticism, and through the gauze of the criticism is to be seen Edward Bowen's truer conception of a first-rate schoolmaster. Mr. Chiffers was wholly wrong in thus separating work from amusement. Grave and gay are bound together in 'a natural and fruitful marriage.' What reason, what justification, was there for this violent divorce? Of course quadratic equations cannot be brought into football—in an hour's game there is not time for them. But there can be, and is, introduced into football and all honest athletics what gives the value to all good work—'systematic effort, conscious progress, deliberate ambition to be better to-morrow than to-day, the delight in new-developed gifts.' In the same way 'humour, paradox, fancy, nonsense gild the solidity of a lesson.' If 'Arnoldides' had had a truer and worthier idea of the value of games, and had been a better teacher, he would have escaped at any rate the error of sharply dividing work from play. Then again his discipline in form erred in other respects. He was lavish in his rewards ;

but he ought to have known, as we know, that rewards are almost as demoralising as punishments, and that the less we have of them the better. Very few boys want them ; the energy that they impart to the few does no good to the many. They are unsocial, they discriminate where we want to solidify, they feed vanity where we want to inspire companionship. A very little temperate praise, just to give voice to the common admiration for excellence, is the best reward, and generally enough. Mr. Chiffers gave Jones a book bound in calf for translating a satire of Horace without a mistake. If he had only remarked that Jones was not such a very bad construer after all, it would have had as much effect, and would have been more in the humour of the game.

On the other hand, Mr. Chiffers was wrong not to allow lounging. 'One listens better if one is comfortable—except, perhaps, on warm afternoons.' Of course boys may not 'loll'—they probably would not want to ; but if they did, it must be stopped.

The limit is simply that point at which they would cease to show respect, I do not say to their beloved instructor, but to each

other, and the system, and to him as representing it. So long as they demean themselves as they would in a drawing-room, he should be content.

Mr. Chiffers, too, was a blunderer in desiring to be feared in school, but not out of school. 'The attitude of his pupils towards him ought at all times and seasons to be much the same.' It was an act of silliness, again, to try 'to be a boy among boys'—and an act of silliness to his own detriment, since in 'essaying to be what he was not, a boy among boys, he naturally omitted to become something more than his scholastic duties made him, and remained a sort of glorified tradesman.' He was in addition a prig in devoting himself wholly to the supposed duty of bringing his moral influence to bear upon his boys. How did he know that he was better than they? His own faults were not the same as those of his pupils, no doubt—he did not throw boots about the passages or draw horses in his dictionary—but was he as a whole, in general tone and character, superior to the young life with which he was surrounded? His efforts showed, too, that he knew but little of boy-nature, for which direct influence does not as a rule do very much, though indirect influence does a great deal.

The building grows, like the Temple of old, without sound of mallet and trowel. What we can do is to arrange matters so as to give Virtue her best chance. We can make the right choice sometimes a little easier, we can prevent tendencies from blossoming into acts, and render pitfalls visible. How much indirectly and unconsciously we can do, none but the recording angel knows. 'You can, and you should,' said Chiffers, 'go straight to the heart of every individual boy.' Well, a fellow-creature's mind is a serious and sacred thing. You may enter into that arcanum once a year, shoeless. And in the effort to control the spirit of a pupil, to make one's own approval his test, and mould him by the stress of our own pressure, in the ambition to do this, the craving for moral power and visible guiding, the subtle pride of effective agency, lie some of the chief temptations of a schoolmaster's work.

The essay then passes to a criticism of some of 'the Chifferesque' which is heard Sunday after Sunday in the

pulpits of public school chapels. The exhortation to think much of past sins, the assertion that it is only cowards who tell lies, the clap-trap about 'false phantoms of schoolboy honour,' the importance of testing the moral worth of a fellow-creature before giving him friendship, the invitation to the elder lads 'to think every hour of the day about influencing the others towards virtue'—these specimens of homiletic oratory Edward Bowen condemns and casts aside as either unreal or actually misleading. A boy should forget his sins; it is as a rule 'the bold bad boys' who tell the lies, though it is a rule with exceptions; schoolboy honour is not something different from the honour 'which is the same in every age and time.' The advice about friendships was in flagrant defiance of the example of One who sought the company of publicans and sinners; while as for a continuous influence towards virtue to be exercised by the older lads upon the younger, just 'fancy the attitude of mind of the captain of an eleven who should say at the beginning of an innings, "Go to, I will now use my moral influence on my team"!' The captain of an eleven can perfectly well check swearing, and tell the boy who cribs in school that he is a fool. 'But that is not using influence; it is keeping up the spirit of the thing, exalted conventionalism.' The author in a penultimate paragraph gives a few characteristic words of parting advice:

If you want to swim against the stream, you must first learn to swim with it. The civic temper is the preparation for the heroic, and to overcome is less glorious than to lead. It is the same in the inner life of our profession, and we train ourselves, if we care for our work more than our hobbies, in smoothness, conformity, tolerance. Schoolmastering and politics—these are the two trades to which this art is needful beyond most others. Opportunism is the back view of the edifice of which statesmanship is the façade; the edifice is one and the same. The Exchequer and the Admiralty are at war, but the Government must pass the Budget. A permanent secretary finds his political chief hopeless and incapable, but he neither says so nor appears to think so. You are a headmaster, and your colleagues read the sporting papers; you are an assistant, and your head drones and sleeps; or your governing body does pig-headed things, or your boys are



vulgar. But the art of life consists in making the best of the tools that you have, and playing your part with courage, as if they were all keen and strong. It is what the great Dundonald could not do, and that makes the moral of his life. You believe in Church and State, and your environment is radical; or you hold the newest heresies, and the tone of the place is all saints and mysteries. These things are all less important than what you have to do, and it is your business—to use the phrase once more—to play the game. Then, when you have once put self and vanity in the second place, you will be worth quite as much as a man, and worth much more as a schoolmaster. It will not seem unnatural if your pupils learn to do the same themselves. Character will shape together, interests will drift towards a common end. You will not have, like Mr. Chiffers, to pretend to take a boy's point of view; for, widely different as their thoughts are from yours, they will yet understand that your temper and desires are the same. If you talk with them, you may be a comrade without pretending to be a child: when they work with you, they will be your companions, wayward, frivolous, stupid, peevish, intractable perhaps, but companions, fellow-travellers, playmates.

Another contribution privately made by him in November 1899 to the discussion of educational questions will also be read with interest. It is a letter written to Sir Joshua Fitch, formerly chief inspector of training colleges, in reply to a request for his opinion upon two important points:

(1) Was the system of open competition in the selection of candidates for the public service satisfactory or not?

(2) How far, or in what way, did the system indirectly influence the schools and universities from whose ranks the public service is thus recruited?

It will be seen from the letter sent in reply that Edward Bowen thought—(a) that, making considerable deductions, the examinations (which had immensely improved in the way in which they were conducted) on the whole did their work well; (b) that their indirect influence on schools and universities—on schools at any rate—was only slight.

The letter, which is now given for the first time in its entirety, was as follows:

I sent a very hurried answer to your letter on Saturday, being specially busy ; but now I will try to say shortly how these points strike me. I know next to nothing about any competitions except those for the army and for the Indian (and English) higher public service. As to the others, however, they must be important if it were only on account of the ground they cover. Speaking, however, of what are commonly regarded as the higher competitions, I have two general remarks :

(1) The practical details of the examination are extremely important, as compared with their general tendency. I think there can be no department of human energy in which a slight change for better or worse goes so far. Each fresh apportionment of marks, each novelty in drawing up papers, has results widely reaching.

(2) The examinations have not less vastly improved. The accumulated experience of the office has told ; great care has been given, and has not been thrown away. It is more than thirty years since I used to write articles about them in the old 'Saturday Review,' and the difference now is remarkable. I call the papers now, on the whole, excellent ; they are a good deal better than what reach us from the universities.

But as to the efficiency of the examinations as a means of selection. No doubt Macaulay was too roseate. Character is less identical with capacity to make marks than either he supposed, or the ordinary journalist supposes now. There are virtues which do not pay in examinations, and there are vices consistent with success. All this perhaps more than the public supposes. And, still further, I cannot see how this can be remedied, though I have taken some pains to try and clear the difficulty. But, all the same, the main arguments of Macaulay were right, and, however great deductions have to be made, I still think that on the whole the examinations do the work they were meant to do. On the whole, using the words in a liberal sense, they get the best men ; and in the present condition of feeling and opinion (which are not likely to alter in the immediate future), I do not think any better plan is in the field.

The influence of these competitions on schools and universities is, I should say, not very great. We teachers are a race easily worried, and perhaps we make much of small annoyances. The army examinations are a nuisance ; I don't think we have any right to say more. I cannot say seriously that either our organisation or our curriculum or our methods are so gravely interfered with, or even so abundantly coloured, that we have reasonable ground of complaint. In some degree they may help

to keep us alive ; in some degree their arrangements may be, or even ought to be, suggestive ; but it does not go very far either for good or for evil. All examinations and tests do harm ; some also do good. I should not put the Civil Service Examinations as having a really serious influence either way ; and whatever there is of disturbance has been diminished in recent years. It might be diminished further, but it must always exist in some degree.

Nor do I think the influence on boys or undergraduates is very strong or very wide. To a few it gives a strong stimulus, which has its good and its bad sides ; but this is not very long in point of time ; and the number affected is not very large compared with the rest who are not affected. Some parents say, ' I will let my son try for the army because, anyhow, the prospect will make him work.' I acknowledge some truth in what he says ; but it is easy to over-estimate it, and, in fact, it is generally over-estimated. But my knowledge of schools is greater than of the universities, though, of course, I have many old pupils in the latter

It was in 1893 that he made his first great gift to the School. This was in the form of an important extension of ' the Philathletic Ground '—the large cricket ground which is separated by the road from what is known as ' the Sixth Form Ground '—where the majority of the games take place and where ' Cricket Bill ' is called. It was followed two years later by a large anonymous donation (1,000*l.*) towards the purchase of the Northwick fields. At what date he finally determined to leave the bulk of his property to the School it is impossible to say, but there is reason to believe that a bequest of land was in his thoughts in 1893. In 1900 he purchased ' The Grove,' and, though no deed of gift was signed, he practically offered it to the Governors to do what they liked with. It was his view that the Headmaster should be relieved of the heavy duties and responsibilities necessarily connected with a large boarding-house—at Harrow the Headmaster's boarding-house is about half as large again as any other—and there was, perhaps, a plan in his mind by which ' The Grove ' should cease to be a boarding-house and become the Headmaster's private residence. Such a scheme has not hitherto proved feasible,



and 'The Grove' remains what it was—as of old, 'lads some forty there be'—but there can be little doubt that in theory Edward Bowen's opinion as to the importance of this differentiation of duties in connection with the Headmaster was absolutely correct, and it is the view to which effect is given at Marlborough. Whether such a reform is to be indefinitely delayed or not at Harrow it is difficult to foretell, but it is to be hoped that an early solution of such practical difficulties as exist may yet be found, and that in this respect the wishes of Edward Bowen, and of others as well, may in some manner or other be carried into effect.

At the close of 1898, Mr. Welldon resigned the Headmastership on his acceptance of the Bishopric of Calcutta. Edward Bowen was then sixty-three years old, and his appointment was out of the question. The choice of the governing body fell upon Dr. Joseph Wood, who had made for himself a considerable reputation at Leamington and afterwards at Tonbridge. It was a selection which Edward Bowen welcomed, and during the brief space that the two were colleagues there was no sort of shadow over their relations with each other. 'I, who knew him only for the last few years of his life, had learnt to respect and love him more than I can say'—such was the simple language used from the pulpit of the School chapel by Dr. Wood after the end had come. But the colleagueship and friendship were to last little more than two years.

Sorrows deepened about Edward Bowen's path during the last decade of his life—sorrows which the affection of a younger generation could only partially relieve. His father had passed away at a ripe old age in 1890. His elder brother—Lord Bowen—died in 1894, and Lord Bowen's widow in 1897, and it need not be said that these were heavy blows which left their marks. His old mother still remained, but her eldest son's death had permanently affected her health; it was with much difficulty that she rallied at all from the shock, and she was never again any-

thing but an enfeebled woman who needed every care. She was taken in 1894 by Edward Bowen to live with him at Harrow, and was resident in his house at the time of his death. As an illustration of the way in which such a nature as Edward Bowen's clung to the memory of vanished faces, and rejoiced in the echoes of 'voices that are still,' it may be mentioned that upon his own death his younger brother's letters and papers—the letters and papers of one who had gone before him more than twenty years—were found in a box on the floor of his room near the window. Not only had they never been destroyed, but they had never been put out of sight.

The South African war, too—with which, as has been said, he had no sympathy—brought him additional griefs. Of the many Harrow officers who lost their lives in it, two or three were his old boys, for whom he mourned with the somewhat bitter feeling that the sacrifice of them had been unnecessary. The death of one of them in particular<sup>1</sup> was an especially heavy blow. Edward Bowen loved this young officer almost as his own son, and hardly knew how to bear the intelligence that he had succumbed to enteric fever. The same night that the news came—so the story goes—he went his rounds as usual, some time after lights were out, and was seen by a wakeful boy, whose door was open, to stop by the panel on which the name of the officer had been carved when a member of the House, and by the glimmer of the flickering candle in his hand slowly to trace over with his finger the letters in the wood. Edward Bowen spoke of him a little while afterwards to a lady, who in response said something of her hope that good might come out of the war. 'Ah,' was the sad reply, 'but I want my boy.'

There was also in the last two or three years the increasing sense that, so far as his work at Harrow was concerned, the sands were beyond question beginning to run out; while the doctors were warning him that there was an element of extreme precariousness in his life whether at Harrow or elsewhere. Strain and effort and

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant Ernest Reade. He had served with much distinction and courage at Ladysmith.

the refusal to spare himself had done their work, and his heart was seriously affected. But Edward Bowen was not the man to allow his natural sunniness and gaiety to be overclouded by gloom, or rather he was not the man to allow others to feel that there was such a cloud upon him. In their company the brightness and joy of the morning were always about him; he was alone when he gave way to a sense of the heaviness of the night. But he had his fears, though sudden death was not among them. 'What I dread,' he said to an intimate friend, 'is old age and solitude.' Whether he had made up his mind to resign his mastership altogether, it is difficult to determine; he certainly was contemplating—as was said at the commencement of this memoir—giving up 'The Grove,' and he had built for himself a small house in another part of the estate, a little lower down the hill. The Headmaster, however, had suggested to him that he should still keep his form, and he had resolved to do so, at any rate for a short time. But the old keenness, the old vigour, the old indefatigable energy still remained. He was always ready for walks and expeditions. He continued to play football. He continued to ride a bicycle. In one or two small ways he took more care of himself; but the same can scarcely be said of essential precautions. He deliberately preferred to run what risk there was, great though that risk was. 'He may,' as a colleague has observed, 'have been right, or he may have been wrong, but he would hardly have been himself if he had done otherwise.' None besides himself and his medical advisers seem to have known the fatal secret, and he was spared the struggle with counter-opinions and protests which must otherwise have taken place. And so the last months of that brilliant life sped on, scarcely any realising how near he might be to his goal. A master at the School has recalled a characteristic trait:

He was a lover of little customs. His usual way from school or chapel to 'The Grove' was by the Speech Room Garden, but on Sunday evening he always went up the steps and by Church Hill. He told me that he did so, but gave no reason. Probably it was a little observance, for which there was none; but I have



sometimes wondered whether he turned aside to see the view from the churchyard by the 'Peachey Stone.' I met him there once on a summer evening, and as we watched a distant storm, he spoke with quite unusual warmth of his love for the wide prospect that lay stretched before us, and also told how, years ago, he had determined to walk by compass to a hill on the distant horizon, and had done it. It was an epitome of himself—the deep feeling of the poet, the tireless energy of the man of action. And now, hard by, the flowers are blooming on his grave.

In 1900 he gave what was to be his last lecture to the School in Speech Room, on the Peninsular War. It was one of three or four which he had during the last ten years carefully worked out, others being on the Franco-Prussian War and the American Civil War. In 1900, too, he wrote what were probably his last set of verses—some vigorous and even boisterous lines on that year's match at Lord's. At the end of the Easter Term of 1901 he went to his last School concert. It was on his birthday, March 30; and an old pupil noticed afterwards that one of the songs then sung was his own, 'If Time is up.' For him time was then within ten days of being up.

He had arranged to go abroad during the Easter holidays with his old friends Mr. and Mrs. Bryce on a bicycling tour in France. It was while he was in their company that the end came. He was as bright and joyous as possible during the tour, full of fun and gaiety, and to all appearance well and vigorous. On the morning of Easter Monday, April 8, the little party passed through Moux, a village near Solieu in the Côte d'Or. Shortly afterwards they had all got off their bicycles to walk up a long hill. At the top of it Mrs. Bryce mounted, and Edward Bowen prepared to follow her example. His foot was on his bicycle step; and then in one brief moment—'as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west'—all was over. It is unnecessary to dwell on the details of what followed. Every respect, kindness, and courtesy were shown by the French officials, and through the ready help of the English Embassy at Paris the necessary formalities were made as easy as possible; and by the Thursday evening all that was mortal of the great Harrow

master had found its temporary home in the Harrow chapel. On the following Monday he was buried on the high hill-top, under the south wall of the parish church, which crowns it, close to 'The Grove,' and within sight of the football field ; some of the old heads of his House drawing him from the chapel—where the first part of the service was held, and where his old chief, Dr. Butler, read the Lesson—to his final, most beautiful resting place. It was a procession never to be forgotten by those who saw it. There has never been at Harrow any such gathering of old Harrovians and friends of the School, except on the one occasion of the Tercentenary Festival.

On the evening of the first Sunday of the summer term a special memorial sermon was preached by the Headmaster (Dr. Wood). In the course of it he said :

There are few among us, if they rightly analyse their own character, who would not find that the silent and half-unconscious influence of example had far more to do, in making them what they are, than any reasoning or argument. So strong is personal influence, which strikes home rather through the heart than the brain, and dwells unchangeable in the memory.

So it is with that unique and beautiful life the loss of which is mourned by Harrow and by all to whom Harrow is dear. For the first thing which will occur to every one of us to say of the death of Mr. Bowen is that his memory and the example of his character are the imperishable inheritance of the School he loved and served so long and so devotedly. His brilliant qualities of mind, his unselfish generosity, his kindness and tenderness of heart, his simplicity of life and character, will be treasured by generations of Harrow boys with an affection and an admiration which will end only with their own lives—and not then.

He seems to me to have combined, in a way I never knew surpassed or equalled, the qualities which arouse admiration with those which inspire confidence and affection. Everything he did was well done, and he did nearly everything. A brilliant scholar, the ablest and most inspiring of teachers, a poet of real genius, full of wit and humour, the most delightful of companions, instinct with untiring energy and life, entering even to the very last into all the many-sided activities of School, a born leader of men.

And with it all, how simple of heart, how tender to those in

sorrow, how true a friend and counsellor ! Few of us but have reason to know how loving and generous a heart was his. In any trouble or anxiety, it was to him we went for sympathy and advice. We sadly recognise the fact that there has passed away from us one who was a mighty force for good in Harrow, and whose death is an irreparable loss to one and all.

The testimony of two others—both of them old friends and colleagues—may also be quoted, and with their words of love and appreciation this memoir may fittingly conclude. The first shall be that of his close and intimate associate, Mr. Charles Colbeck, who has succeeded him as senior master on the Modern Side. He writes :

My friendship with Edward Bowen dates from the time when I came to Harrow as a master thirty years ago, in the year 1871, two years after taking my degree. I was eleven years his junior, but we were both Trinity men, and many common friends there aided a community of tastes, occupations, and interests to make the interval of years from the first seem as nothing except when youth or impetuosity needed the helping experience, I will not say of age, for he was never old, but of maturity and wisdom. Two years later he asked me to take a Modern Side form, and thenceforward for nearly thirty years, in work as well as in play, I had the privilege of very constant, and at times of very intimate, intercourse with him.

Looking back upon those years now, and considering what I can set down which may help to explain to those who did not know him why he gained to so remarkable degree the confidence, admiration, and affection of so many and various men, I find, as others have done, that it is not an easy thing to delineate his character or estimate his influence ; for he was in many ways very reticent, he lived a lonely life, he was not given to preaching upon the housetop, nor to pressing his opinions upon others unless some definite subject was under discussion for a practical end, and so busy that the moments of intercourse were largely occupied with the lighter talk of recreation or daily life.

I think what impressed and attracted me most at first was the keenness of his interests, the gaiety of his humour, the enjoyment he derived from life, and his efforts to share the enjoyment with others, and especially with boys. What differentiated him most obviously was the small personal share of the pleasant things which he so evidently enjoyed that he claimed, or rather I should



say that he would consent to accept, for himself. What differentiated him most deeply, I am inclined to think now, was his incessant unobtrusive observance of what would give pleasure to others and the skill with which he contrived to bring it about. He never praised except with sincerity and delicacy, but he never forgot that praise is very welcome and very encouraging. As an offset, unconsciously perhaps, he claimed and exercised a right of pleasantry and badinage which gave much pleasure to others, and never went further than to serve as a wholesome reminder to its temporary victim that the petty follies of mankind were only useful as a foil to wit. But I never knew him otherwise than tender to real feeling, however passionate and wrong. It goes without saying that he liked others to try to chaff him, and he had a rare gift for maintaining a paradox when rule or reason or common-sense was arrayed against him. I have often wondered whether his all-pervading unselfishness was the result of some cross in earlier life, possibly of some crisis; but I am inclined to think that it was not, and that the touching words of the Master of Trinity<sup>1</sup> are very near the truth. It was a precious gift of his nature; but I do know that the natural gift was nobly cultivated. The long illnesses ending in death of two brothers and a sister-in-law revealed a sustained power of devoted attention, with which no stress of work was ever allowed to interfere, to which it would be hard to find a parallel. Was a boy ill whom he knew, no matter whether he was his own pupil or not, he would contrive something to beguile the weariness of confinement, and give to its contrivance endless pain and thought. Did another pupil write to him, the answer was prompt and not perfunctory—witty, affectionate, invigorating. I was walking once with him in Wales, and we obtained shelter and afternoon tea in a little cottage among the hills. After tea I was smoking or amusing myself with noting the room and its contents, but he had noted the invalid looks of the husband, and was taking down name and address, and offering the aid of admittance to a hospital. His power of self-control was very great; most of his playmates must again and again have seen him hurt, even severely hurt, but it passed unheeded; his control of his temper was no less complete. He was seldom angry, never without grave cause, never carried away by it, never discourteous for a moment. This I say deliberately, for I have seen him subjected to severe provocation. It was not the acquiescence of a

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. 4.

weak nature, it must be remembered; he felt keenly enough, judged severely enough, maintained his rights strictly, punished severely, but he held himself in hand as a matter of principle. A schoolmaster upon occasions, happily rare, has to exercise extreme severity. I have known the boy in at least one such case speak of him years afterwards with a warmth of affectionate respect that showed that even in such circumstances he could inspire hope. He kept a record of all his pupils from the first, which he wrote up carefully once a year. It was partly, I think, this careful noting of progress in a boy's life that made him so discerning and safe a judge of conduct; but this quality of sound judgment had also its grounds in his clear perception of the complexity of human life, of the need for an honest science of 'casuistry,' of the aid the intellect must give the heart in determining the right course of action. He had thought things out in this sphere as in others, but he did not dogmatise. If you asked his advice, he gave his reasons. I have alluded to his reticence and reserve, and it was marked; but if advice was seriously sought, it was never refused, and if you asked his opinion on some speculative point of morals or religion, he held that it was right for him to give it to you, with the one sole but imperative condition that you asked as a seeker after truth and not from curiosity. His was an eager mind to which inactivity was unknown, and to many he may have seemed restless and even impatient, not in temper, but intellectually.

But in reality, though active, his mind did not work fast; he read slowly and always impressed on boys the need of so doing. He composed slowly. On the other hand, he talked faster and certainly wrote faster (and worse) than most men. And he certainly loved a race—a contest—whether the exercise were one of body or of mind. The exertion pleased him in itself, and he encouraged it in others, and would have maintained its claims. In fact, as appears from more than one of his songs, he regarded games as things good in themselves, wholly innocent, and to be sought, not as recreations, but for their own sake. The spirit of man was at its best when playing a game strenuously, loyally, with full and conscious enjoyment. What spoilt the game, as it spoiled life, was laziness, selfishness, ill temper, excess, extravagance, or vanity. Be simple, be sincere, be fair, rule your spirit, be courteous, be generous, be modest, and then for you the ills of life will be but the accidents which they really are. It was the Stoic's defiance of fortune allied with the Epicurean's pursuit of innocent pleasure, but there was also the Christian spirit of pity

and brotherhood and self-denial, if by self-denial a good object could be attained. Of self-denial for its own sake he would have none. He hated injustice, and showed lasting anger, so far as I know, towards it alone. If I attempted to classify his interests, I should be inclined to say that he cared for things somewhat in the following order: boys, literature, games, history, walks, politics. Boys must be understood to include men and women, for assuredly no small part of his life was bound up in his friendships, deep, lasting, valued, and fostered as they were; but I think his friendship with his boys held the first place in his heart, and I rejoice to think it was so, for he gave his life to his boys, and their love for him made us, who regretted often the scanty remnants of his time that could be given elsewhere, feel that perhaps it was best so for him as well as for them. In literature he was well read, and loved the best prose and poetry equally. His own prose style was admirable, clear, polished, terse, and forcible. His songs speak for themselves. Of games he would probably have given the palm to football—he certainly most excelled in it; but he was a better bat than he would admit. I have seen him save a hard game repeatedly, and until he was fifty he was a first-rate field, especially as long-leg, and kept wicket well to the last. To be in with him and run short runs in a country match when the bails were off, the bowler disabled by a wild return, and an objurgating wicket-keeper bombarded by third man and mid-on alternately, was a pleasure wholly without alloy. He played fives well, and was fond of it; but the game being played by four only in a small court may be treated conversationally, and the spirit of fun generally prompted him to keep up a running fire of jokes which interfered with accuracy of play. Golf and lawn-tennis were too modern for him; his tastes were fixed, his time too fully occupied. He was an excellent judge of cricket, and liked nothing better than watching a good match at Lord's. A little paper of his on the placing of the field, written for the benefit of a Harrow captain soon after the Australians had taught us to innovate and improve, is excellent in matter and in style, and is a good instance of the moral importance which he saw in games. The institution of Football 'Torpids,' of the 'Infants' Match at Cricket, similarly show the pains he took to make the older train the younger, and his insistence on the solidarity of the School in play as well as in work.

I do not know when or how his love of history began. He won the 'William the Third' Essay at Cambridge, but I do not think he made a special study of the subject, and the Cambridge



of his day certainly gave it but little encouragement and no teaching. But he was deeply convinced of its importance, and promoted the teaching of it in many ways. It was a subject which lent itself to his methods of teaching—full of small points, beyond the reach of none, good for the teacher, affording him the opportunity to fill himself full and teach himself empty, very human, very practical, very varied, good in itself as training, good in that it could be treated pictorially, dramatically, romantically, and that to some extent—for the capable and interested, to a great extent—it could be treated not as something to be taken on trust, but as something to be inquired into, corrected by original research, criticised, estimated. He had a first-rate knowledge of Napoleon's campaigns, a wide knowledge of all battles and battle-fields, and a competent knowledge of history in general. Give the outline from the first at an early age, he would say, go over it again and again, go deeper, go wider, go to the fountain head if you can. He knew no distinction between ancient and modern, and treated a campaign of Cæsar and the last frontier war in the same fashion. He would procure or make maps, get up all the facts and give a clear lecture on either, sparing his pupils all the pains he could, but exacting from them full work at the same time. I do not think any one so successfully possessed both the inspiring and the driving power, which separately make so imperfect a teacher, and the combination of which is so rare. Here again he had thought the matter out, and was full of contrivances for shortening the time given in school to testing and marking the work done out of it, so leaving the maximum of time for the stimulating oral instruction of which the only fault was perhaps an extreme rapidity of utterance. 'I don't know how it is, sir,' a boy has often said to me, 'but if Mr. Bowen takes a lesson he makes you work twice as hard as other masters, but you like it twice as much and you learn far more.' He had a great power of making older boys judge themselves, and offer an adequate punishment of an intellectual kind for their shortcomings. Throughout in all matters there was an appeal to the boy himself, to his best part, to his conscience. To train the conscience so that its discernment of right and wrong was clear, and the following of it was habitual, was his method. If there was no conscience, then still there was something to be found to appeal to. I have known him keep a very bad and weak boy straight for a while by an appeal to his honour as a gentleman, when it seemed that nothing could influence him. He coerced and punished in the ordinary way, if necessary, without the least reluctance or weakness.

The way of transgressors was always made hard, but he never gave a boy up as hopeless or turned from him unpitily. If the master's vigilance, he held, made it impossible, or all but impossible, for offences not to be discovered, not only was much positive evil saved, but a standard was maintained which in itself gave dignity to discipline and helped the slow process by which the external law became the internal principle. There is no such virtue as obedience, I have heard him say often, and he disliked sermons on this topic, meaning that obedience was necessary as a means to an end, but not an end in itself. Again, he always made clear the distinction between the punishment which could be jested about and the graver punishment which could not. His ingenious playfulness delighted in all manner of petty devices for curing petty faults and leaving no bitterness behind. He was never afraid of showing his enjoyment of simple and trifling pleasures, and I have often noted how he influenced boys in his House or Form in this direction—a wholesome influence—for boys, as well as men, are apt to neglect as dull all but the more important or exciting forms of activity, to waste too much time and money on them, and to find life insipid without them. This feature of his character was the more remarkable because he was no recluse, but a man of the world with no illusions and a sound judgment on all important questions of politics or conduct, one whose opinion was often asked on subjects that were not educational, and most keenly interested in all the problems of life. Nor was he unambitious. He would have liked a political life, and during some fifteen years made several attempts to enter Parliament. He failed, and after just missing being selected to contest the Harrow Division of Middlesex in 1885, he did not try again. Partly, he felt he was too old to learn the business of a politician, and too clear-sighted to think that there was little or nothing to learn; partly the House, which had at first been a task from which he shrank, grew to be a work to which he was content to devote his whole energies until his death. I doubt if he would have made an impression in Parliament as a speaker—his voice was not strong, and his delivery in a set speech was on the whole not effective—but he would have been a first-rate committee man or administrator, and had he entered it as a young man, might have gone far. He was a thorough Liberal to the last, though he left his party on the Irish question, never having believed in the economics of the land policy of Mr. Gladstone, and being wholly averse to Home Rule. His was the Liberalism of the school of John Mill and John Bright, and he made

perhaps too little allowance for the possibility that communities under the influence of strong feeling may deliberately determine to organise themselves under laws that disregard the rules of political economy. In this respect alone his judgment was sometimes at fault. He thought that men would reason more, and follow reason more, in their conduct than they do. Of his generosity there is no need to speak; but it is worth while to note that, though boundlessly generous, he was never wasteful and seldom imposed upon. He gave because the need was great, or the cause a good one, or the pleasure he conferred great; but he did not encourage extravagance, nor give to avoid importunity. In one respect alone was he extravagant. He would bestow time and pains on the requests and wants of others with a lavishness so disproportionate to their claims or importance, that I think not even his own ingenuity could have justified what he wasted.

The second and closing testimony shall be that of Mr. R. Bosworth Smith—like Mr. Charles Colbeck, the very affectionate and loyal friend of many years, and a colleague bound to him by links of sympathy which the lapse of time only rendered stronger and more irrefragable—who wrote thus to ‘The Harrovian :’

My work as a Harrow master began, as it is now all but ending, with Edward Bowen. I lived in his House during the first year of my mastership, saw what he was like ‘in his work and his play,’ learned, I hope, many lessons of incalculable value from him; and now, looking back on thirty-seven years of common—if of all too unequal—work, and of unbroken confidence and friendship, it seems to me that his life has been as complete as his character was unique, and that his death, even now while we are mourning most deeply his irreparable loss, seems only to have put the finishing touch, to have been the crown, as it were, to the whole. It is exactly the death which he himself would have wished, which all his friends would have wished for him. He has ‘passed,’ he has been ‘translated,’ and who will say that he had not well earned it? ‘He was not; for God took him.’

Seldom, surely, has anyone combined such exceeding subtlety of intellect with such transparent simplicity, such childlikeness of character. His character had many sides to it indeed, as a diamond has many facets; but each side was as clear as crystal. Seldom has anyone, with such brilliant and varied gifts—gifts calculated to make him shine in any sphere—devoted himself so



unreservedly, so whole-heartedly to the work which he had marked out for himself at Harrow. He seemed to me to have within him an unlimited supply of life, and, what is rarer, an equally unlimited capacity for interesting himself in it, and for enjoying it. What indeed was there that was at all enjoyable or valuable—except, perhaps, repose—that he did not enjoy? The humdrum and routine, which must form so large a part of a teacher's life, were never humdrum and routine to him, for he put the whole of his abounding energies into his work, and round its driest details there played and flickered, as with a lambent flame, his joyous spirit, finding expression, now, perhaps, in a striking parallel, now in a startling paradox, now in a touch of humour, and, once and again, in a note of pathos, that pathos which forms the under-song of all earnest life, and which made, to those who had eyes to see or minds to comprehend, every lesson of his to be a revelation, every task a pastime.

A stranger who saw him watching every ball that was bowled on the cricket field, through a livelong summer's afternoon, as keenly as though the fate of an empire depended upon it, or heard him discussing the chances and 'auguring the fate' of a candidate for the Eleven; or, again, one who watched him 'dropping down the hill' day after day, in defiance, as we now know, of all doctors' warnings, to join, as he continued to do up to within the last week or two of his sixty-five years of life, in his House football, or saw him, as I often did myself, with something of a sad foreboding, labouring up the hill again, after the game was over, might well have been excused for thinking that he was a man wholly and entirely given to athletics.

If, again, the same stranger had been admitted—as distinguished or inquiring Americans or Germans sometimes were—to hear a lesson in his Form-room, and had learned what a lesson in his hands was capable of being; or if he had looked into his study at any moment between his solitary and hasty meal, at 6 or 7 P.M., and midnight or much later, and watched him preparing the lessons for next day, of which others might well have thought him already a past master, determined to know everything that could be known about them, and to put new life and light into what was to him already a twice-told tale; or, again, if he had heard him read an essay on some educational or intellectual problem, or some aspect of school life, he could hardly have thought otherwise than that he was wholly absorbed in things of the mind or in moral conduct. So absorbed, indeed, was he during term time in his attention to the alternating work and amusements of the

School, that, pre-eminently sociable though he was, he denied himself all the attractions of society, hardly ever even visiting London, or dropping in to have a talk with a friend. He seemed to have eyes or attention for nothing but his appointed work.

But those who thought so knew only half the man ; perhaps, less than half of him. If he could find time for nothing else, he always found time to give any amount of attention and sympathy to those who came to him for them, or who, it occurred to him, might be likely to benefit by them. To be in trouble or sorrow or difficulty, was a sure passport to his heart. His judgment was almost always sound ; his kindness and his helpfulness unlimited. How often has it been his to lessen the sorrows and to increase the joys of those who consulted him ! How often has he been able—one of the divinest of all Divine gifts—to discern the ‘ soul of goodness in things evil ’ ! How many pupils, how many friends, has he been able to lift to their higher and better selves, criticising, reproving, comforting, suggesting, stimulating, inspiring !

Behind the word-fencing, the straw-splitting, the play of fancy, the blithesome jests, the delicate and delicious irony, the brilliant paradoxes, the apparent levity, which gave him and others so much intellectual pleasure, and which, as they lay upon the surface, a mere outsider might imagine to be the real man, there ran the deep under-current of the most earnest and serious, the most true and tender of natures.

What devotion to duty there was in him, what sincerity, what purity, what open-handedness, what magnanimity ! To know Edward Bowen was a liberal education in itself ; while to be admitted to his inner circle, to know him intimately, as some of his colleagues and pupils did—most of all, perhaps, those who were invited to join him in his annual walk through parts of England, or in his travels over the battle-fields of the Continent—was to love him with a depth of love, and to admire him with an intensity of admiration, to which it would be hard to find many parallels. Those who walked with him, saw him, perhaps, at his very brightest. There was not a turn of the road, not a study of the Ordnance map, not a meal, not the signboard of a country inn, not a discomfort, that did not seem to give him material for ever fresh pleasure.

To pass into his Form or his Division—how often have I noticed it in pupils of my own !—was to pass under the wand of the enchanter. The sleepy bestirred themselves, the dullard threw off something at least of his dullness, the boy who had been pronounced hopeless by less long-suffering or more hasty judges, found that there was hope in him and for him yet ; the intelligent

and energetic learned, perhaps for the first time, the full value of energy and of knowledge for their own sake. And what a marvel of good temper he was! Did anyone ever see him angry when teaching, anyone ever see him even ruffled? Difficulties of discipline he had none; he could afford to allow his pupils to be merry, even, on occasion, to be boisterous, provided only that they were alert. He rode with a light rein indeed, but they knew that the rein was always there, and he never needed to tighten it. Just as, by his genius for military history, by his marvellous memory for military details, and by his pictorial power, he managed to make the history of the Napoleonic campaigns the vehicle for teaching an outline of much of modern history; just as again, in his so-called 'astronomy' lectures, given to all the pupils in his House who chose, he managed to cover, from time to time, most of the outlines of human knowledge; so by precept and by practice, in hours of rest as well as in hours of work, in times of joy as well as of sorrow, he managed to make his famous formula of 'Always play the game' cover nearly the whole ground of boy-life and conduct. The very glance of his ever-questioning eager eye, the quick turns of his remarkable and expressive face, the movements of his body, the pace at which he walked, all indicated the vast reserve of force and energy that lay within. The flash of his eye, his flashes of silence, too, when an important matter was in dispute, often spoke more eloquently than other people's speech.

*Felix opportunitate mortis*, surely, if any man ever was so. He was 'translated' in a moment, swift, sudden, entrancing; in the presence of two intimate and devoted friends, in the full possession of all his varied faculties, before his eye had grown dim or his natural force abated, without one physical pain, without one pang of parting.

When a friend wrote to him a few years ago to sympathise with him on the loss of his, perhaps, more widely known, but hardly more brilliant brother, Lord Bowen, his simple answer to her was, 'I am content to wait.' Yes: like his own 'Shemuel the Bethlehemite,' whose memory he has consecrated in one of the most touching and deeply religious of his poems, 'he sat alone, and waited' till, 'touched by beckoning hands that led,' he died, as he had lived, 'content.'

He has left to Harrow many precious legacies; but the most precious of them all is the memory of himself.



## APPENDICES



## ESSAYS

### I

#### THE INFLUENCE OF SCENERY ON NATIONAL CHARACTER <sup>1</sup>

My love has talked with rocks and trees;  
He finds on misty mountain-ground  
His own vast shadow glory-crowned;  
He sees himself in all he sees.

*In Memoriam*, xcvi.

MAN'S nature is almost as obscure as his history, and in neither can we classify the influences at work. But progress in the knowledge of both is equally possible; and, if rightly regarded, success in the unfolding of history is no small encouragement to advance in the other direction. Two distinct analogies exist between the two studies. In the first place, both belong to that happy region of unpracticality which is brought as an accusation against the less common of the two inquiries, and which would seem to be a great element of all that is good for the mind. It may be said of both alike, that whatever benefit they confer, success is less important than its pursuit, and that all the advantages in any way derivable from a whole life spent in either study is only after all indirect. The other analogy observable is less easy to state, but not, I hope, less useful to contemplate. It is this—that the possibility of arriving at truth is of the same order in both; and when in considering man's moral and intellectual nature we are discouraged by the reflection that no result arrived at by *à priori* reasoning can be depended upon, and yet that no result arrived at otherwise than by such reasoning seems worthy of the greatness of the subject, and that when we lay down anything as discovered, the infinite nature of this, as of every abstract question, seems to demand that it should not be thus only, rather than in the opposite way—we may derive no small assurance from remembering that the same may be said of historical research, while that in it, nevertheless, there are undoubted facts, particular and one-sided, which are distinctly presented to our understanding and must certainly be received and believed.

<sup>1</sup> A College Prize Essay, 1857.



Considering then, firstly, that results arrived at in the investigation of human character are possible, and, secondly, that they are useful, I purpose, in the present essay, to examine in what way and how far the character, and especially national character, is affected by the peculiarities of natural scenery. And I may make the remark that the chief requisite for this examination is honesty, and that no one, without making the experiment, can possibly know how difficult it is to avoid confusing the effect produced by the scenery of a country with that produced by its physical peculiarities, which is of a distinct, though often hardly distinguishable, order. But candidly avowing the difficulty, I promise that no confusion shall be intentionally made, and that the difficulty shall not be increased by dishonesty of treatment.

In a national history much must always be allowed to chance. There is danger in trying to explain everything, to impute motives too closely, to define principles and assign causes too accurately. And so also in treating of the nature of men, it is not possible to draw a map of the country; we can only do as they do at sea, let down the lead here and there, establish certain tests of reference, and by them approximate to a right result. If, then, we consider what the influence of scenery has been in the direction of religion and religious imagery; if we observe what root it has taken in the language and literature of the people, and how readily it enters into their associations of ideas, and notice its extent as far as we can from simple experience, and the effect we ourselves usually feel—this will nearly exhaust our means of attaining to the truth of the question.

But before proceeding to illustrate particular influence by those examples and comparisons which most prominently present themselves, let us say a few words on character generally. The best character is an union of habits all good. Imperfection lies in an union of several depravities. Now, if this is allowed, and if it is allowed that we are all imperfect, we shall be in a position to prove that certain very common views of the perfect character are erroneous. For it is the duty of everyone to render his character good, by training each habit as nearly as possible to perfection; and if one is neglected for the purpose of improving another, or one be allowed to overwhelm another, a breach of duty is committed. But people commonly think otherwise, for they allow, and praise, and recommend what is called a ruling passion—which phrase implies not so much one habit called forth into especial exercise by the force of outward circumstances (a thing very different), but the actual predominance of that habit in the mind. Thus also, acting upon impulse is praised, especially if the choice be a right one; and from the fact that whatever is original generally pleases, we may safely infer that impulsiveness is, with human nature, not the exception, but the rule.

To the reasoning which shows this to be wrong, it is no answer to point to the actual fact that men always will, or (as it is said) must, have for the most part ruling passions; for that argument could only proceed on the assumption that it is usual with men to have their characters rightly regulated. The mind is complex, and the character grows around

it, and is shaped by those things which affect it, and it is necessary for all feelings to play upon it in due proportion. Vigour of character is supported by alternation of passions, and toned by their regulation. What, then, is to be said of Clarkson and Howard? This: that partly one side of their character may have shown more in relief, because we can never know a man's whole nature, and only see how it acts upon historical circumstances with which we are familiar; and partly that for the sake of the great good they did, they sustained an injury of the moral nature, which may have been greater or smaller, but which in some cases we can certainly trace; and sometimes it is interesting so to do. Assuming, then, that a ruling passion is inconsistent with the human perfection of character, we say that the true and best study of nature will tend to remove ruling passions, will destroy impulsiveness, and substitute earnestness, but that, man being imperfect and liable to alternations of feeling, it is accordingly as he allows the various kinds of natural scenery to encourage the feelings with which they are in every one connected, that this character will experience a corresponding change.

In most nations the deepest feelings are connected with religion, though less, perhaps, in the Teutonic than in some other races; and thus it is particularly interesting to observe what part scenery holds in filling up the details of the pictures which different creeds present. It is generally better to take broad and well-known instances than to deal too much in particulars. Now, in most religious schemes a place of future punishment holds a prominent position. Two notions in regard to it have especially prevailed; and it is remarkable that these depend, not on race, but on geography. The southern nations are scorched by the heat of the sun, love the shade, praise all that is cool as pleasant; day after day they see the clear sky, deep with blue, and reflecting the glare and heat of the almost vertical sun; see the dust raised and the flowers drooping for want of shelter from its beams; and accordingly they can find no better expression for their ideas of extreme punishment than flames of fire. Nor was any argument so powerful with the missionaries who first preached Christianity in Mexico, as that which they derived from being able to express this element of Christian doctrine in imagery which, borrowed from the South, is ill adapted to our temperate climate. On the contrary, the Northern Scandinavian of old, as he looked out on his cheerless landscape, longed for the warmth of the sun, clung to the fire, cursed the frost and snow, and his Hell was icy and cold, and eternally dark and wintry. Another difference, too, may be traced mainly to this influence of scenery. The Italian with his wide views and clear horizon, or the Arab, whose prospect is an unbroken expanse as far as the eye can see, loves the hollow valley and limited landscape; and so Hell with him is as wide as Heaven. The mythologist of the North, on the other hand, encompassed in mountain and mist, finds every landscape cramped; and accordingly he imprisons his demons. We remark, too, that in the future awards preference is given to the manly character—a distinctive feature in the northern regions;

the warrior, who perishes with arms in hand, will eat and drink—northern again—for ever in Valhalla; he who dies a natural death will, if not *very* wicked, share the somewhat sparer diet of Hela.

Again, there is another feature that will enter largely into every mythology. Every nation worships the powers of nature until it feels itself able to cope with them; then it raises them along with itself. Here again we shall find two different types of natural powers revered. Whether the Greek enjoyed his scenery in the same sense in which we do, we will not now stop to dispute; but whatever else he may have felt on the subject of nature, he certainly sympathised with and loved the rich vegetation of the land, the bursting forth of spring, the luxurious development of vegetable life; and Bacchus is, beyond question, the popular god, and his vine the type of the feeling. The Greek never loved the sun for warming himself, but felt gratitude for his warming the trees and flowers. Then, again, we must remember what his feeling was toward the mountains and rivers, which he peopled with gods and nymphs; it was one of complacent pride, with some slight fear to impart a piquancy to the sentiment. And if utilitarianism had been all, and he only liked Nature for the good she did him, we should find a very different choice; for navigation up the Peneus is impossible; Achelous is constantly injuring his own stream; and Parnassus and Taygetus are singularly ill adapted for the feeding of flocks. But if the clear cool stream and the gloomy mountain top had no fascination whatever for his eyes, and if the expression of this in his religious legends had no power over his heart, it is difficult to account for the extraordinary and unparalleled popularity of those poets who most express the feeling—Homer, Euripides, Aristophanes. And what was the war cry of Salamis? In defence of what was the muster and the charge? First their homes, then the shrines of their gods, then the sepulchres of their fathers.<sup>1</sup> Not liberty, but the land. Perhaps the tone of all Greek philosophy, too, which endeavoured to *represent*, rather than (like ours) to *find* the truth, points the same way. The situation of Athens and Delphi, the popular and often-recurring sentiment of indigeneness, the quiet submission to nature and to natural obstacles and barriers, are further testimonies. And if the distinction is to be made at all, we may say that the Greek loved nature more for its own sake, and more directly, than most nations of whose feelings we are able to form a judgment.

But to return to the subject of religion. A tropical climate, with rapid alternations of heat and cold, light and darkness, sunshine and storm, is peculiarly adapted to suggest positive and negative poles of goodness and power, opposite spirits of good and evil, in the universe. The Indian mythological system may, in great part perhaps, be

<sup>1</sup> ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,  
ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ  
παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρώων ἔδη,  
θήκας τε προγόνων.



traced to this cause; and without wishing to be hasty in general statements, I think it will be found that an equable monotony, or at all events a *gradual* variety of climate, is unfavourable to the idea of two opposite deities. The Brahmin, Hottentot, the tribes toward the extremity of South America, exposed to the sudden storm, the rapidly recurring heat, the overpowering drought, the unexpected chill, develop this system of theology most strongly. After them the ancient German, the Chinese, the Persian, the North American Indian: while the Peruvian, the Esquimaux, the Scandinavian,<sup>1</sup> whose climate is more subject to law and order, worship more exclusively a mild and beneficent Power of Good. In many other details, which we can trace—in the gloomy ocean surrounding gods and men, the ash tree sprinkled by the snow, the old giants of frost and snow, who were before the world itself, the snake encompassing the earth, and the adders with which the wicked will be punished—in that awful winter when the end approaches and the twilight of the gods draws on, the Scandinavian mythology, which not improbably symbolises the history of the race, bears a clear impression of the influence of the scenery of the North.

Another method of comparison between different nations, with regard to the influence we are considering, is afforded by their literature, and the effect which it has upon the people: though still of their character we can only form rude notions assisted by their history and statistics. Literature, however, will only guide us in very few instances; and we are generally obliged to form an estimate on independent grounds. I propose, therefore, not indeed to review in order the different nations of which we know anything in ancient and modern times—for this would be long and very often afford no result—but to consider in general terms some few countries, in addition to those above touched upon, which offer themselves prominently as tests, and to examine the character of the people in the light thrown upon it by what we know of the scenery and of their susceptibility to its distinctive features. Another comparison might be made by a classification of the modes in which the influence may work, as, for instance, into direct and reactionary: as we may say that from looking upon a rock-bound coast, a gloomy barren climate and the dark northern ocean surging upon the wintry shore, the inhabitant of Norway derives a character of homeliness and hospitality which the farmers of Holland derive from totally opposite causes. We should, however, find it hard to increase the categories in number—impossible to extend them to all the cases before us; and we should probably lose sight of what is more important, the influence itself, and the extent and causes of its action.

<sup>1</sup> Loki and the Æsir were not antagonistic principles of equal power, but simply obnoxious gods; and though the consummation depends upon them, they do not play a very prominent part in the mythology. With regard to the Peruvian system it is not generally remembered that in the *Zendavesta* the opposing powers are both subordinate to, and emanate from, the higher and previous 'Zemani,' illimited and uncreated Time; who created Ormuzd, the type of light and goodness, and, by a quibble of the Persian sages, was said to permit the antagonistic Ahriman.

On the question of Greek sensitiveness to scenery, I have already touched, and am not willing to enter further, as the subject is one which has of late been much thrown open to discussion, only remarking, that we shall find it hardly safe to create a distinct line of demarcation between a love of the crops, and a love of the land which produces them; the admiration of blue sky, and the happiness arising from the fact that it will not rain; the delight in the Mediterranean, and in its power to transport slaves and corn—for these two sets of feelings will always be in some degree connected, and *one* may very well preponderate in a country where people, not accustomed to literature and printing, hardly know how to express their feelings. I pass on to consider what are the chief points of difference in Italian and Greek scenery. First, there is less sea in the former; and, as a general rule (to which almost the only exception is the coast of Campania), the sea coast forms in Italy the least striking landscape. The course of the rivers, especially the Anio, the Tiber, and the Nar, the slopes of the hills covered with maple, chestnut, and flax, delicate undulations, gentle brooks, rich orchards—these are the chief beauties of the Italian peninsula. The description of agricultural life, in the second *Georgic*, is just the same that a Greek might have used, but it bears clearly in some slight touches the stamp of Latin, not Greek, nature; and the same may be said of the picture of the old cottager *Corycius* in the 4th book. Now, if we take on one side the scenes of Greek relaxation and enjoyment, which afford us as good a test as any, of their feelings—their *Dionysia* at spring time in honour of the vine, village festivals and dancing, with processions, Olympic games, Eleusinian mysteries, theatre facing the Bay of Salamis, *Corybantian* revels on *Cithæron*—and contrast them with *Horace's* quiet, but substantial, dinners at *Tibur* or the *Sabine* farm, with the cool *Digentia* rolling down the long valley close at hand, or the bright *Bandusia* trickling down the hill among the rocks, the sociable feast under the poplars and pines, served up by the farm slaves (who themselves might sometimes share in the repast), in sight of the flocks too on *Lucretilis*, and away from the noisy and smoky town, but with perhaps a glimpse of it on its seven mighty hills, just to recall the sovereignty and the iron will—have we not here an excellent picture at once of the scenery of Greece and Italy, and of the prominent difference of Greek and Italian characters?

Passing over the Germans, where solemn forests and mighty rivers seem to have left as great an impression upon their character in the time of *Tacitus* as in our own; and the Britons of old, insular and conservative in habits as in situation; we come to the only nation of which we have, if possible, clearer knowledge with regard to habits and character, than of the Greeks and Romans. And this being, perhaps, the best example of the effect of scenery in moulding a nation's habits of thought, we may even go so far as to say, that no other cause seems to have had nearly so great an influence as this over the Jewish mind. The history of the Jews, and the whole thoughts and feelings of the nation, have ever been in a special manner bound up with the scenery of Palestine. To us the sub-

ject is an interesting one. Historical interest is universally connected with local associations—not unfrequently dependent upon them. The lands, where the history of the world has been in an especial manner transacted by chosen races in succession, will ever be full of a singular charm in the eyes of those who inherit the birthright of the nations from them. From the time when the patriarch first looked in hope and wonder on the rich heathen land, to him now a land of promise, not only did every mountain and valley and stream imprint themselves on the national recollection, and mix themselves with every aspiration for a glorious future in store, but they even seem, in the eyes of those who read history, as though they were indeed consecrated to them for ever. Even in later ages, all that can rouse human passions—revenge, glory, religion—has been throughout Europe connected, nor yet is the feeling entirely extinct, with the land which the Jew has lost.

But the nature of the Hebrew mind is one which, more than any other, appears to dwell with peculiar delight upon national scenery, and find a close relation between the event and the scene. Whether on the weary desert to the promised conquest, or rioting in the fruitfulness of their treasures, and the hope of years fulfilled; whether fighting inch by inch for its progression and recovery, with the heroism which lifts the Maccabees to the level of the glorious of the earth, or, as now, outcast and wandering and hoping again; through every stage of the history, it has been the *land* that has been uppermost in their thoughts—the ‘land flowing with milk and honey,’ the land as the garden of God—Sion, Sharon, Siloa, Lebanon. Did they preserve their ancient allegiance? Then no feast more hearty than the first-fruits, no sentiment more binding than gratitude for the good land. Did they fall into the net of idolatry that surrounded them? Then under every high grove was an altar built. Did they recover, and fight, and conquer? They felt everything in nature on their side and against their foes; the winds and storms helped the people of their choice; ‘the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.’ No lyric of praise but is full of the beauties of the land. No prophecy but is stored with lessons and warnings derived from them. And no study, we may add, is now so popular, and no investigation so prolific, as that which connects the thoughts and words, the history and imagery, of Scripture with the very rocks and valleys and springs themselves in Palestine.

An interesting investigation is opened to us by this tendency, so peculiarly developed in the Hebrew mind. We are led to consider whether, and how far, civilisation is antagonistic to the influence of natural scenes, and what effect Christianity has, either in itself or regarded as the law of morality. We have seen that the Jew is subject most strongly to the influence, so strongly indeed that his case might almost be considered alone. But we may, in treating of the Jewish mind, confuse several influences. In the first place, the Theocracy placed the loyal Jew and the whole nation on a completely different footing from the rest of the ancient world. The chief effect was to give a high



objective tendency to the national thoughts. Other nations, more civilised, introduced refinements into religion, found few elevated associations in material facts and things, taught spirituality; and rarely shall we find a religion in any way elaborate that is not more spiritual than the Jewish. But the genuine internal theocratic sentiment placed even *things* on a higher base than the loftiest ground to which the heathen *idea* could exalt itself. The direct guidance of the Divine Spirit ennobled the practical government, the practical life, the ceremony, the rubric, the land itself. This elevation of the objective in the mind of the Jew leaves the clearest impress upon the literature of the people. Artistic ability directed towards what is external in their writings seems to have been, not so much out of their power, as to have been felt out of place, useless, unnecessary; and it is the inner subject-matter upon which the attention is concentrated. When other historians would have taken pains to make a readable narrative, we find compilations, extracts, land-rolls, catalogues. The matter, the truth, is the highest concern. The writer is not so much the master of his production as its servant.<sup>1</sup>

This tendency, while it shows in a stronger light how powerful the influence of the scenery thus elevated and rendered worthy of a place in the sacred books must have been, enables us to judge more accurately of the effect of civilisation. Civilisation presents two chief aspects with regard to its influence on the nation—subjectivity and morality. The Jews were, as I have just endeavoured to show, almost entirely unsubjective—from the high reasons which the Theocracy gave them, and especially so when the theocratic idea was most vivid; it is therefore through the morality which civilisation is usually supposed to bring that its influence must work. From a comparison of other nations, however, it seems very much more reasonable to assign, as the prime agent, not civilisation at all of itself, but Christianity. Nor indeed ought we to be surprised to see what professes to be an universal religion bringing those, over whom it exercises an influence, into closer connection with nature. Nor will it be thought unnatural that this should find a peculiarly strong expression in Judaism, the only religion of the ancient world which was based upon the recognition of the existence and life of God in relation to the existence and life of the creature, and thus itself also contained this same feature of universality. On the whole, we are justified in saying—as in fact the common experience of all will confirm, and as the etymology of the word might almost seem to suggest—that civilisation, in the common

<sup>1</sup> This is nowhere more marked than in the Judaic cosmogony, quite peculiar as it is in the main idea of a creation and the absolute derivation of nature from God, and opposed to the heathen mythologies of which Pantheism was the highest attempt. 'The history of the creation,' it has been remarked, 'has just this peculiar distinction, that it handles its theme neither in an abstract form nor from a subjective point of view, but in the method of concrete historical treatment, thus rendering the abstract and the subjective *possible*, as to their fundamental idea as well as its historical representation, while it disclaims identity with them.' (Haver-nick *On the Pentateuch*, § 15.)

and limited sense of the word, is of little help (if it be not rather detrimental) to the understanding and appreciation of nature.<sup>1</sup>

Let us now turn from the ancient to the modern world. Of nations, comparatively modern, an excellent field for the contrast of scenery, and consequent contrast of character—with which, however, physical influences have much to do—is found in the southern continent of the New World.

The forests toward the north of this region terminate, somewhat abruptly, about the line of the Orinoco River, and are succeeded by a totally different species of country. Southward are the central savannahs of the Apure and Amazon, the boundless, trackless plains, with not an elevation of any kind as far as the eye can reach, stretching out in one unbroken landscape for thousands of miles; few rivers, no trees; but one vast interminable table-land from the Amazon to Buenos Ayres, from Pernambuco to the Andes. Here there wander the Guachos—wandered rather, for civilisation is fast encroaching—the nomad shepherds of South America; savage tribes, indolent in habit, though energetic in desires, ferocious, wild, and independent. Even their language is energetic, rough, and impassioned. Beyond them, in the far South, are the hardy, fierce, and intractable people who inhabit the cold, sterile, pine-clad plains of Patagonia. On the north and east of the Orinoco, on the other hand, there dwell, in fixed and settled homes, nations, mild, industrious, easily governed, and easily moulded by European customs, and devoted to the pursuits of agriculture: the tones of their language are mild and melodious, and its nature copious and artificial. Now what are the pictures of nature amongst which these latter tribes are reared? Do these daily look forth on dismal plains, a blank horizon, and wild trackless pampas? We have only to read some traveller's description of the country in order to picture to ourselves what the character of the people must be. The rivers, clear and rapid, clothed to the very brink with luxurious robes of flowers and leaves; islands, hidden from head to foot in creepers of exquisite brilliancy and diversity; cataracts, in the foam of which a thousand varying rainbows ever play; never a cloud to dim the burning sky, never a breeze to fan the motionless leaf; and then the forest, with trees two hundred feet, or more, in height; a growth of underwood so thick that the paths of the wild beasts seem like arches cut in a solid masonry of leaves; creepers rising above it nearly to the height of the tallest trees; a rich alluvial mould; the cries of beasts, and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ovid's sentiment:

'Prisca juvent alios; ego nunc me denique natum  
Gratulor; hæc ætas moribus apta meis:

Non quia—

Sed quia cultus adest; nec nostros mansit in annos  
Rusticitas priscis illa superstes avis.'

Where, though *rusticitas* may simply mean the opposite to *urbanitas*, the word is nevertheless significant.

the song of the birds, never for a moment ceasing—one wild exuberance of life and vegetation. This is the home of the nations of the North-East. Can we wonder that when we come to the very tropics themselves, to the very richest of the rich landscape, to New Grenada, and the Mexican Gulf, there are indolence and luxury, and—in consequence—oppression and cruelty and crime?

A similar difference might be traced—though in point of geography it is not quite so clearly marked—in the northern continent, taking for our example, on the one side, the country from the Mississippi westward toward the Rocky Mountains; and on the other, its eastern bank and the rich tracts, noisy with life, and luxuriant with vegetable growth, which extend to the lower Alleghany range. In fact, throughout the United States of America, the well-known distinctions of character proceed exactly in accordance with the nature of the country. In the East and North the healthy English scenery of Vermont and New Hampshire, with sandy promontories and granite rocks, the fir, the beech, the laurel, and the clearings of the forest pointing to the hand of industry; and the population sober, cheerful, money-making, inventive, and democratic. Thence to the land of the palm, the plane, and the poplar, the warmer district about the Alleghany Hills, Virginia, and the Carolinas, an intermediate race in point of disposition; and after we have passed the blue hills of Tennessee, still keeping southwards, east of the Mississippi, and entered the region of prolific life, the clear rivers and lovely valleys of Georgia and Alabama, clothed with magnolia, rhododendron, and azalia—here we find equal Anglo-Saxon enterprise, it is true, but personal indolence, extreme pride, fierceness, and luxury, are the chief features of the disposition.

With regard to the feature of *close proximity* on these alternations of character dependent on the phases of nature, another no less remarkable field of observation would be afforded by Asia, were it not that other causes combine to render the Asiatic character more uniform. There, nevertheless, tribe after tribe appears to change with the soil and climate—where the elevated steppes of Tartary and the arid deserts of Arabia touch, as it were, the fertile plains of Mesopotamia and Armenia; the orderly Chinese are harassed by the restless mountaineers of Thibet; and the rocky home of the ruthless Afghan borders on the rice fields of the patient Hindoo.

In Europe the Swiss character is one which has always been appealed to as presenting, more than any other, a reflex of the features of the country. That independence, energy, domesticity, and cheerfulness are the natural productions of the mountains, lakes, and glaciers, has been usually taken for granted; and Switzerland is the prominent type of the influence. But it has been lately said, that as a matter of fact the mass of the Swiss really care little for their scenery; partly, perhaps, that they are too accustomed to its beauties, partly that they have no appreciation of what is usually considered the picturesque. Certainly the influence might very well be unconsciously



exercised, and their recognition of it is not indispensable in order to enable us to form a judgment upon it. But unless a large number of instances and a comprehensive view of their history were adduced in support of the view, we are hardly driven to the hypothesis. It is true—as all proverbs in some measure are—that familiarity induces indifference; but it is equally true that indifference in such a case is not the natural feeling, but is imposed upon a subsoil of real feeling by the force of circumstance—in this case the circumstance of remaining long in one spot. If we wish for a proof of the effect which such scenery can produce on great intellects, and what attraction it has for them, we have the cluster of illustrious names which are connected with the shores of the Lake of Geneva—Calvin and Knox, Voltaire and Gibbon, Rousseau, Staël, Byron, Kemble.<sup>1</sup> But change of scenery (as of occupation) is good, and even essential, for the mind; and this, being simply a law of nature, has no particular reference to an individual form of country. Motion through pleasant scenes certainly produces different sensations from a quiet enjoyment of them, both being good; whether the effect of the former be a complacent admiration limited to the individual himself, or that exquisite feeling of universal benevolence, which can only be imparted by love, opium, or a walk before breakfast.

That the effect of their scenery, however, upon the Swiss is a conscious one, we have the testimony of every traveller who has written upon the country, and every historian who has searched their annals; nor is their history deficient in such proofs from the time when the men of Schwytz first resisted the imperial power, for their ‘pastures, hills, and plains,’ to the late wars when the ‘Ranz des Vaches’ was utterly prohibited the army, because the simple pastoral air induced such home-sickness that the soldiers deserted from their ranks.

It is usually supposed—at all events usually stated—that in Holland there is no scenery. Nevertheless, whenever the Dutchman looks abroad upon the country, there must be something to meet the eye. Let us consider what this will usually be. A multitude of corn fields and grazing meadows in about equal proportion in the first place; cattle in proportion to the meadows; ancient windmills; long straight canals, bordered by orderly rows of trees, a towing-path, with mud banks, and in the distance, barges, *gules*, with yellow sails, and collier hoys, *proper*; and this being all, his eye will naturally fall back upon the warm farmhouse, built as

<sup>1</sup> The claim of the mountains to religious, literary, and artistic pre-eminence is discussed—and, with regard to the two last points, satisfactorily—in the last chapter of Ruskin's fourth volume. With regard to religion, his remarks on the individual sentiment are hardly borne out by the facts with regard to the national creed, so that we have less a test of the influence historically, than an example of its modifying power, which is dependent on the nature of the belief already existing. In the one case the *matter* is supplied, and in the other the *form*. And his view of the *harshness* of Northern art is far from being of universal application. Thus contrast the Hindoo and the Russian. I have above endeavoured to trace the difference another way.

securely, comfortably, and unostentatiously, as farmhouses in Holland and England only are. The only variety will lie in memory; and this will probably be the recollection of last week's visit to the town, with its timber yards and great wooden wharfs. Or if he live near the sea, he will look—with half fear, half pride, perhaps—at the wonderful works of man which shut out the terrible ocean; embankments, where one day's intermission of care, one foot of encroachment unheeded, may swamp a province, and broad lakes where the waves have long since claimed their territory again. And with this to look at every day, what can the Dutch character be, but patience, order, industry, vigilance, frugality, itself?

Mores, quos ante gerebant,  
'Nunc quoque habent, parcumque genus, patiensque laborum,  
Quæsitique tenax, et quæ quæsitâ reservent.'

We shall not find the fire and energy of the French or English character; no lofty spirit, no high aspirations; but honesty, freedom, religion, system, humanity, love of home. And so, too, the heroism of Holland is the heroism of constancy; and the sieges of Haarlem and Leyden and the repulse of Louis XIV. are the most brilliant passages in the narrative of the many vicissitudes of the nation. And when, after long and patient suffering under the domination of the French Republic, and injuries that would have exasperated any other people into madness, the Government was restored, how noble, and at the same time how worthy of the inhabitants of Holland, is the spectacle which meets us. No wholesale massacre, no vindictive punishments inflicted, no tear shed, save of joy; simply the Government restored, the old system once more set on foot.

Of the influence of our own scenery on ourselves, it is difficult to speak. Certainly the influence is increasing. Since the day when the sentiment—

The proper study of mankind is man—

was first clearly enunciated by Pope, it has daily been less and less believed that it is the *only* proper study. The poetry of Wordsworth and Cowper had, no doubt, much to say to this change of feeling; and the modern poets still do much to sustain it, and, even now, Pope is less read than Sir Walter Scott, Byron than Tennyson. Perhaps, as we noticed above, a better acquaintance with Christianity, and a higher tone of morality, contribute to increase the influence of natural scenes; and in proportion as a nation becomes more and more imbued with Christian principles, it would seem to follow as a fit consequence that nature should possess in its eyes more and more interest. The material will never be despised by one who finds in the existing world a close connection with the spiritual; or are we not even right in saying, that the very lesson of Christmas itself may teach the world that the material is not necessarily evil? At all events, whether or not we sympathise with nature, do we not in almost every word of greater than ordinary feeling call upon nature to sympathise with us? Is not the 'pathetic fallacy' bound up in our

minds indissolubly? And must not, again, almost every action of more than ordinary interest have a scene of its own? Have Salamis and Waterloo no charm in our eyes? Have Bethany and Nazareth no vivid interest? And the case is the same if we come to our own experience. We think with strong and intense feeling of the chamber where some friend died; the house where this or that fate was pronounced; the tree, or bridge, or door, where one companion left us for ever, or where we met some other for the first time. The scene is as well remembered as the fact; so that even in imagination this is so; and the most skilfully drawn picture often pleases less, because the accompanying features fail to correspond with the ideas we had formed before. And often, too, it is the scene that forms half the interest of an episode, as Tennyson has many times shown. We care little for a dying swan; but when that swan is dying lonely, gloomily, at evenfall, and breathing out its last song in misery only to the dark pools of the Mæander, then we do care much, and wonder whether Ovid can have seen it himself.

It is partly this association with events, partly a pure son-like feeling of affection, that contributes mainly to the sentiment which, on a small scale, we call love of home, on a larger, love of country. This abstract affection is perhaps one of the highest points of mental refinement. Love of a thing is a human instinct; love of an idea is a human instinct too, but an elevated one; and its possibility a consoling reflection, for it assures us of its own reality. 'Tell me, O dear youth, do men love those things which are, or those things which are not?' And therefore the passion is also a good one, and it is our duty to help others to attain to it, being well assured that the individual mind prospers from enlargement of its scope, and all from fellow-feeling and community of direction, and that national life can never flourish without a large measure of national self-consciousness.

Nor must we forget some more solemn influences of scenery. The gorgeous colours and indescribable distance of a summer sunset, the best and most elevating picture of the infinity which, in great scenery, is not merely a form of speech or custom-sanctioned method of abbreviating the expression of a system of feelings hard to describe, but a real and almost tangible truth; the deep conscience-suggesting silence of the fields and woods, and this more impressive perhaps than the thunder—there was silence in heaven when the final seal was opened; the wholesome unostentatious repose, which can hardly exist elsewhere; the confirmation we somehow derive from the contemplation of nature of that most precious possession of modern philosophy, that of which Protestantism is but the expression in theological language, the absoluteness of individual existence; these are some of the things which help the mind. And the mind needs the help, and is moreover adequate to receive it. For high and good as nature is, our souls can nearly reach it even now; and in this it is true, as it is in climbing the hillside—it is good to consider that most, which we have just not attained to. And if we penetrate one step deeper still into the inner life of nature, another and more mysterious sympathy meets us there; for we learn, and need not be slow to believe,



that Nature herself, somehow, waits upon man, and that upon some glorious future development of his destinies is dependent the 'earnest expectation of the creature.'

In truth, he who loves nature must indeed have an element of good in him; and none but holy influences may ever arise from the intercourse. There walked once, the story says, by the side of a river, a man armed for the murder of another, and by chance half an hour must elapse before the opportunity came. For half an hour, at noon, on a summer's day and amid the song of the birds, the murderer lay in the meadow among the flowers. Half an hour of love, and sunlight, and quiet beauty pitted against malice and cruelty. In the end, he who lay there went home again, subdued only by the holiness of nature—almost maddened by the struggle, but nevertheless subdued. This then is the best study of nature—without disrespect to botany—to lie among flowers. And how innocent and wholly good is the enjoyment; and how different the eternal outlines from the passing fashions of other things, and how full of warnings to be earnest, and to trust in simple earnestness! And here is the crown of the good we have from the fields; that nowhere else but under the blue sky abroad have we ever singleness of purpose, neither in art, nor study, nor the human heart. And what a fall it is from the reality to the fancy! How much the view, which our eyes see, is better to the moral sense, than that which the brain creates! It is landscape painting alone which can avoid the difficulty, which is the great problem of the artistic philosophy of the day—how that which is evil can ever fitly enter into a work of Art.<sup>1</sup> And now, accordingly, in our landscapes we are beginning to feel ourselves more and more driven towards truth; we reject conventional ideas, and copy the trees and clouds as they are; not, as the popular author<sup>2</sup> says, introducing as much beauty as is consistent with truth, but as much fact as our limited understandings render us capable of harmonising with our limited views of beauty.

But we have not yet exhausted our tests of the hold which scenery has upon various national minds. We have, in the first place, another influence at work upon nations, with which we can safely compare it. This may be illustrated by a now well-known analogy. We are appalled by the consideration of our smallness and the smallness of our world, when we hear of the vastness of the universe; but we are, in some measure, restored by reflecting that the scale of man's insignificance is the same in reference to time as to space. So also the effect upon a people, which the recollection of their past history has, will help us to appreciate better, though hardly to express in words, the effect of the other cause which we have been considering. Like it, the history of the past—of glories, and reverses, and vicissitudes, and abuses, and reforms, of countrymen good and great, of national institutions founded, and, with

<sup>1</sup> Rio, *Poetry of Christian Art*.

<sup>2</sup> Ruskin.

them, the seeds of decay—these are all before the mind, represented always if not always vivid, at hand if not apparent.

And the two influences are of very much the same kind. There is the same solemn earnest presence, not intrusive, but still real and indisputable. And it is not the less so because it is not always, or often, appealed to. The Swiss boatman does not think much about the beauty of his mountains, nor does the English yeoman often fall back on Waterloo; but it is good for each that each is there; and when appealed to, it seldom fails of effect.

We may see in yet another way, if we choose to examine, how this influence acts. Physically, action and reaction are equal and opposite; morally, they are similar and reproductive. Let us examine, then, in one or two instances, whether the *creation* of scenery, where that is possible, answers to the character in different nations or no. And here I purposely abstain from taking into account the creation of scenery upon canvas in various schools of art, having come to the conclusion that, however interesting might be the comparison of celebrated masters of painting belonging to different countries with regard to the background of their pieces, and however we might seem at first sight to approximate to a general law, yet that this is so dependent upon the particular taste of the artist, upon his age, and the composition of the piece, that we should be hardly justified in proceeding to general results from the instances, especially with such small materials as it is possible to obtain for the inquiry. I may just remark that the increase of landscape painters and of the estimation in which they are held in England, compared with their decrease in France, may possibly be a slight indication of the tendencies of the age in both countries. An apology is almost necessary for descending from the high ground of art to a subject so simple as that of national gardening; but this, in reality, is an excellent standard by which to estimate the effect which the scenery of the country has produced, not only upon the individual, but the nation.

First, we have the Italian style. Modern Italy is a country in which the influence of strictly natural scenery is not much felt, but the picturesque finds itself associated with art and humanity. The Italian, of the North especially, gazes habitually on towers and palaces, statues and cathedrals; and even nature itself is more largely moulded by the hand of man than in any other land. This artificial character is manifested in the Italian style of gardening (or Italo-French, our neighbours having borrowed it) to a degree at which every true Englishman must shudder. We have one or more terraces, usually supported by elaborate parapet-walls; on the copings of these will be found displayed vases of beauty and research; in fit and proper places are *jets d'eau* and ponds of symmetrical shape, and here and there a creeper endeavours to climb up a stone erection built for the purpose—barbarous thought!—not the creeper for the wall, but the wall for the creeper. Every bed is of the most elegant arrangement, and, if possible, rectangular; around them are box edgings, high

indeed, but painfully neat. A tree or two, but not over many, will here and there be judiciously disposed with a view to effect, and outside, perhaps, parterres evidencing an intricate knowledge of geometry. Such monuments of cultivated taste are the public gardens of Brussels, for example; whether in them, or in the Great Sahara, it would be pleasanter to pass one's days, is a matter of doubt.

Next, the Dutch style, which we might guess from the character. Not quite so much elegance, no terraces, no architecture, but, if possible, more geometry, with a little of what we might almost imagine humour, but which is in reality decorum; a clear eye to comfort, and a kind of clumsy homeliness. Formality and rectangularity are at their height in this garden; square and oblong flower beds, each devoted to one flower alone, abut on arcades of severely clipped yew or holly; hexagonal fish ponds are commanded by prismatic summer-houses. Even the poplars, row by row, are trained into pyramids, save only where, in excess of zeal, or it may be near some favourite point of view, one triply painted trunk is made to support a square-cut mass of foliage. And then there is the terrible uniformity—the same by which whitewashed walls are said to drive prisoners mad. We long to have an unexpected change; we would give anything to be astonished, surprised—but no! There is the dismal and crushing certainty that, knowing the shape of one row or bed, we must infallibly know also what is the shape of the contiguous one. But yet the quaint antiquity of the whole, and the humorous clipped yew trees, almost reconcile us to the prospect. Such is the Dutch style of gardening.

In England we prefer, roughly speaking, to imitate nature. We allow a little variety. We take a little instruction from our own hills and fields. The English eye is not very sensitive as regards colour; nor, for our own landscapes, has it need to be; nor do we usually devote much attention to colour in our gardens, neglecting the flowers for the sake of the shrubs and the general effect, which we wish to be the same as that of the beautiful parts of English country scenery. Accordingly we expend little labour on straightening the gravel walks; we give it instead to the rock-work and the creepers. We have many trees to give an aspect of solidity, arbours for comfort, great gates and walls for protection. In short, if in our own gardens English character is not to be seen, it is hopeless to look for it anywhere.

I feel loth to quit the subject of this essay without one or two remarks of present application, which the inquiry seems to suggest. We are becoming more and more practical every day, and usually we glory in so becoming. Civilisation is looked upon not as a means but an end; the study of nature, not an end but a means. And in the pursuit of truth the same spirit is shown; and to discover is placed on a far higher level than to represent. Here therefore the calm face of Nature, which speaks to us by the mere looking on her, might do much towards restoring the balance of the mind. The man who spends all his life and energies in



work, and works well and successfully too, may yet die without having learnt enough.

That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it, and does it ;  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it.

And it does not necessarily follow that the effect of science and of its pursuit is bad ; on the contrary, the knowledge of nature and form of things is a great help towards receiving the lessons they teach ; and here, as universally, the cultivation of taste gives the power. But we must not forget that the cultivation is for the sake of the power ; that the lesson taught is, after all, the great thing. And so, too, in our action on others. He has done most who establishes a truth ; but he has done much who impresses a principle.

And this leads us towards another subject which appears to be forced upon us by the consideration of the effect of scenery on a nation's character—the education of the people by means of the senses. We acknowledge its utility with regard to ourselves, but till lately have somewhat neglected it, in the case of the lower orders of the people. We may feel some jealousy of Crystal Palaces and weekly holidays ; but we should not feel too much. There are many things we can never teach by books ; the benefit of goodness is one of them ; the cultivation of thought is another ; and here nature will help us. And perhaps through the senses it will be easier and more acceptable to impart the teaching we desire ; and not merely instruct but educate the people. In short, we may reach the character by the eye and ear ; we may learn ourselves, and make our people learn, as the child learns—first by his picture book, then by the garden and meadows, then by the great world around him.

## II

## THE FORCE OF HABIT

CONSIDERED AS AN ARGUMENT TO PROVE THE MORAL  
GOVERNMENT OF MAN BY GOD<sup>1</sup>

*Ita dico, Lucili, sacer intra nos spiritus sedet, malorum bonorumque nostrorum observator et custos. Hic prout a nobis tractatus est, ita nos ipse tractat.*

SENECA, *Ep.* xli.

## I. HABIT, THE FACULTY OR PROPERTY

AN inquiry into the nature of the laws which connect the faculties of man with his duties, and indicate a special adaptation of the one to the other, is exposed to two considerable difficulties. One, that it is almost impossible distinctly to classify the influences at work upon the human will, to define accurately what part of the constitution may be considered as bearing directly upon the moral nature, and what part only mediately; and hence to distinguish between subject and object in any relation that may be considered. The other difficulty is this: that we are liable to serious obstacles, if not manifold errors, in the attempt to recognise which portion of the phraseology employed by the sacred writers to illustrate these relations is to be accepted as dogmatic, and which to be understood as merely a system of convenient and intelligible symbols. That there is in the Epistles, for example, a basis of positive teaching with regard to the mental economy of man, and the relations of each part of it to the Divine influences, cannot be doubted; but the more we examine this, the more we shrink from asserting at what point such teaching ceases, and the current of apostolic doctrine unites with the kindred stream of independent research.

We have, then, two cautions to be observed in entering upon the subject. We must not venture to consider as solved the problems upon which philosophy is still at work; and we must not claim too hastily corroborations of metaphysical results from the words used by the sacred writers. But it is well to remember that we have also encouragements. The history of man is no less obscure than his nature; but progress can be made in the knowledge of both; and, if rightly regarded, success in the unfolding of history is no small encouragement to advance in the other direction also. For in both studies the possibility of arriving at truth is of the same order; and when, in considering man's moral and intellectual nature, we are discouraged by the reflection that no result arrived at by

<sup>1</sup> The Burney Prize Essay, 1858.

*a priori* reasoning can be surely depended upon, and yet that no result arrived at otherwise than by such reasoning seems worthy of the greatness of the subject; and that when we lay down anything as discovered, the infinite nature of this, as of every abstract question, seems to demand that it should not be thus only, rather in the opposite way;—we may derive no small assurance from remembering that the same may be said of historical research; and that in it, nevertheless, there are undoubted facts, particular and one-sided, which are distinctly presented to our understanding, and must certainly be received and believed.

Considering, then, that in such investigations results are both possible and useful, I propose in the first place to inquire into the nature of habit as a property or faculty of human nature. This will involve an inquiry as to whether it is partial or general, and whether variable or uniform in kind; whether accordingly it is to be considered as a mere quality, or has rather the appearance of a law specially imposed for a designed end. Without fully entering into the important question of design, we shall infer its application in the present instance from the evidence that we find. The next attempt will be, to expand this law so discovered in the human constitution into a general law of nature; of which if it appears that the law of habit is a department, it will follow that the results arrived at with regard to the part will have a further reference to the whole; and it will then only be necessary to apply our results to the conceptions we succeed in forming of the moral government of God upon earth, in order to perceive the bearings of the faculty of habit as regards the legislative and judicial functions of that government. The conclusion will be dependent for its logical force upon the first portion of our investigation, and for its breadth and largeness of application on the expansion which we may succeed in giving it in the second.

Habit is the effect of a species of memory upon the will and feelings. It may be conscious or unconscious; it may be positive or negative; may tend to stimulate or to deaden. But it is questionable whether there is an element of the human constitution in which its influence is not felt. The action of yesterday on to-day, not only in tangible results, but in the modifications which each mental or physical phase reflects upon ourselves, seems to run through the whole course of our nature.

Now, if we were to consider this influence simply as universal in our nature, without further inquiring into the various kinds of action which it involves; if we were to be content with the avowal that such an operation is constantly manifested, and neglected to examine its different aspects; we should have indeed a ground of much interesting reflection, and an occasion for a sermon large and suggestive, but we should fail to observe the dignity and beauty of the law which the faculty involves. We should not see that through its whole action can be traced a twofold character, which, regarded as interesting for its own sake, or as illustrative also of the method of the Divine government of the world, seems abundantly worthy of a more careful study.

We will in the first place, then, direct our attention to the physical



frame of man, and trace in it the operation of habit; and will afterwards turn to his moral nature, and observe whether similar results are there found. Now the body may be considered, generally, as capable of action and passion. With regard to some things it is affected from within, with regard to others from without. One set of agencies are dependent upon the will, the other upon sensation. What, then, is the effect of habit upon the former of these two classes? Obviously that of strengthening the powers of action. We need not travel far for illustration. The child that is trained to outdoor exercise will have a more active frame than that which is kept at home. The man who plies the ferry-boat soon learns to ply it without wearying. The mother who carries the infant can carry it more easily than its father. Thus on physical actions which involve the will, the action of habit is positive. We must remember, however, that there are those which do not immediately involve the will. Some, of course, are purely unconscious from the beginning, and of these we need not speak, since they are evidently remote from the province of habit, and in fact form an integral portion of our bodily constitution; such, for instance, are the beating of the heart and the action of the lungs. But there are others—not, indeed, according to the chief authorities, divided from these by a very broad line<sup>1</sup>—which, though unconscious, yet depend originally upon consciousness; actions in which the force of habit is most evidently seen and most often observed. It is clear that the effect in the case of these is similar to that in the case of conscious actions—tending, namely, to confirm the operative power, or, as we shall call it, positive.

The physical *feelings*, on the other hand, seem to indicate a directly contrary effect of habit. Here we have not, of course, the subdivision of conscious or unconscious; since consciousness is the essence of feeling; and it is in fact upon this consciousness, as we saw in a different way just now, that the force of habit acts. Is it, then, a positive or negative effect? Does it stimulate or blunt the feelings? The common language of men certainly points in this latter direction: we speak of a sufferer inured to pain, a palate dead to sweets. And all our experience confirms this language. It may indeed be argued that the hand of a blind person, accustomed to rely for almost all perceptions on the touch, acquires a far more sensitive discrimination of shape than before, and an ear versed in music will detect varieties in tone which to another will appear not to exist; but it is essential to observe that in neither of these cases, nor in any involving active discrimination, have we to deal with the pure sense of feeling; in the second of the two instances, indeed, the will is largely involved; and into both the judgment enters, and removes them from the domain of mere sensation. This faculty of judgment we shall have to consider hereafter; but here we must distinctly remember that in such cases as the above the phenomenon is not so much the repeated action of the same things upon the nerves, as of the same nerves on the reflecting powers. If two persons, for example, were to listen for a continued time

<sup>1</sup> I allude to the only explanation, I believe, of the phenomenon of *sighing*, &c.

to the most exquisite music, each would probably have been pleased at first; but if one applied his powers to the understanding and appreciation of it, made it a study, exercised his energies upon it, while the other was content each day to hear it, and no more, habit would with the first have developed the keenness of hearing and judgment of sounds, while the ear of the other would be less awake than before to the beauty of the notes he heard.

These results, which we have obtained in the consideration of the human physical frame, are exposed to an objection of the following kind. It is useless, we may be told, to subdivide, if a subject is complete without it; if a comprehensive view is truthful, it is the best. And all the phenomena of habit may be resolved into the fact that it renders more easy any operation or affection; that it accustoms the frame to the action, and brings the effect each time more home to the individual. Why, then, it may be asked, should we look upon effects as contrary which are really one and the same? In order to show that such a view would lose in truth what it gained in comprehensiveness, we may be excused a short digression upon the facts which have of late years been brought to light by those who have especially studied the nervous system of the body. To Sir Charles Bell we are indebted for one of the most brilliant discoveries ever made upon the subject—that, namely, of the different parts of the system upon which motion and sensation depend. He was led to his investigations partly from considering the distribution of certain nerves, partly from cases in which the power of moving a member of the body is lost, sensation being retained; or the reverse. The results at which he arrived, and which subsequent inquiries have confirmed and illustrated, are of the following nature. The powers of both kinds which a limb possesses have been long known to depend upon the connection of the spinal nerves which enter it. Hence, by dividing these, motion and sensation are destroyed. But it is found on tracing these to their origin that each of them is composed of two parts, one of which proceeds from the anterior column of the spinal cord, the other from the posterior column. If the former of these be cut, the power of motion in the part supplied by the nerve is extinguished; as is also sensation, by dividing the posterior root. In a newly killed animal, when the posterior or sensitive roots of the nerves are irritated, no effect is produced; but when the anterior or motive roots are similarly touched, the limbs which are connected with these nerves are thrown into violent convulsions. Again, the motive nerves are extremely various in their characters, the amount of consciousness or will required for the action of the parts varying according to the tract of the spinal cord from which they spring; the sensitive, on the other hand, are in all probability single and uniform. Now, when we find these various characters of nerve corresponding with the most perfect nicety to the various functions of the human body; and when we see that they are throughout divided into these two distinct classes, is it possible to shut our eyes to the facts of physical sciences, and refuse to acknowledge a twofold application of the

faculty of habit applied to the double functions of which our frame is capable? Is it possible to call the operations of the law uniform, when we have seen that they are contrary in direction, and have for their objects two clearly separate kingdoms of the nervous system?

Let us now turn to the metaphysical action of habit; and since we may here, as well as above, easily subdivide mental and moral phenomena into two classes, those of active and passive organisation, we will begin by considering the first of these, and inquire whether similar results to the foregoing are obtained. We have, then, before us mental operations and moral energies. As before, it will not be necessary to enlarge upon a demonstration that the active faculties are strengthened by use in those subjects upon which study is employed; or that the moral instincts, the more they are called into exercise, will the more be invigorated and confirmed. No sermon, no seminary, but is witness to the truth of these facts. But as, in the case of the body, there was conscious and unconscious action, so also in the higher nature of man. He has his moral habits; he has his received beliefs. Neither of these can be considered as *directly* dependent upon the will. When, in his famous Edinburgh lecture, delivered many years ago, Lord Brougham, speaking on the subject of religious toleration, went so far as to assert the total unconsciousness, or rather metaphysical isolation, of belief, he either forgot or disallowed the fact that, as unconscious physical actions are engendered by conscious ones, so the will does act indirectly, though strongly, upon opinion. When his adversaries, in their eagerness to attach responsibility to faith, actually subjoined the latter to the province of conscious will, they did violence to the most obvious facts of mental anatomy; neglecting the analogy of physical organisation, which entirely separates some part of action, at all events, from the power of reasoning energy. This whole analogy is most interesting to observe. Whether indeed we may carry it out to the utmost, whether we are to admit of any originally unconscious motions of the mind, and, in the kindred province of morality, allow the existence of any distinct moral instincts independently of the mere instinct of morality as a law, is not within the province of such an essay as this to determine; but this we may say, that the analogy extends very far indeed; and that, whether we recognise its ultimate application or not, we have, exclusive of its support, abundant evidence of a similar strengthening effect of habit with regard to the active parts of man's moral and intellectual structure.

For an example to illustrate the gradual effect of habit on the active mental powers, let us take the case of the formation in men of general views of life and of the constitution of the world. At first, when the receptive faculties—mere observation, that is—are still vigorous, and the active faculties, though strong, are not yet attuned, as afterwards happens, by the exercise of all in their turn, there ensues a quick and impatient induction as regards the logical methods, a rapid and premature appreciation of universal laws, a one-sided comprehensiveness, if those views may be so called which are characterised by generalisations some-



times plausible but always hasty, and deductions from these often repugnant to facts, and often inconsistent. And hence in the philosophy of younger men, views of order are conspicuous ; wide surveys of facts little perhaps understood, but eagerly grasped at for the sake of the total arrangement ; and a dissatisfaction with everything which does not square with the system and fill a definite place in the outwardly harmonious whole. But the effects of life are to reverse this process. As time advances the powers of observation become, with reference to each object of a class, less clear ; inductions are seldom made, too seldom in fact for a constant appreciation of external events ; but the whole active faculties being together strengthened and enlarged by use, there accrues a solidity to the few general views now formed, and a practical strength and stability to the deductions, the logical analysis, the more narrow laws, as it would seem, which are characteristic of the practised philosophy of older men.

The passive faculties of the mind may perhaps be summed up in the word 'affections.' The mental affections—fear, hope, sorrow, and the like—correspond to the sensations of the body. Such an affection as hatred will of course be included in the list, if we are only on our guard against an ambiguity which may arise from confounding the mere mental sensation with the moral energy. In all these it is almost proverbial that use deadens the feeling. Fear subsides ; hope sickens ; delight palls ; all the passive faculties, in a word, are blunted, for each particular object, by time and exercise. *Sic visum superis* : we find the law. That the effect is for the benefit of the race, none will question : that it proceeds as plainly from a distinct emphatic ordinance as any other part of the constitution of our nature, few will be so bold as to deny.<sup>1</sup>

And indeed that this distinction of the result of action points to a moral end, was not obscurely hinted when the foundations of Christianity were laid. When people after people attributed degradation to some outward touch, when the whole world had decided with one voice that certain ceremonies from without possessed a purifying and moral power, and had very nearly forgotten that it was not these in reality that were under the dominion of the moral will, that true uncleanness and guilt were the offspring of the daily life, and had their roots within—how pregnant and how forcible is the great dictum which St. Mark records ! 'Hearken unto Me every one of you, and understand : there is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him.' Then indeed if any man had ears to hear, he must have heard. 'That which cometh out of the man'—the long list of evil thoughts and deeds—'all these come from within, and defile the man.' No truer morality, no truer philosophy could a nation of Formalists be taught. They knew well, they felt deeply, that the will was inherently superior to the sense ; they now learnt that it was also more potent, and more abiding in its action. And those who

<sup>1</sup> This subject is drawn out by Butler in the *Analogy* I. ch. v. in a somewhat different argument, though tending to a similar purpose.

had been accustomed to consider moral actions as sometimes, in an indirect way, reacting upon the doer, might hence have learnt that this, which they called the reaction, was in truth the great, chief, and direct action; that the outward manifestation of the deed was, of the two, the minor and the more remote.

The results to which our inquiry thus far has led us may be briefly stated thus. The force of habit extends over all parts of the human organisation, but affects them in different ways. It is not a mere property of the constitution, with a single action, and bearing no special marks of adaptation to distinguish it from other faculties or properties; but by a clearly defined law its influences are separable into two classes according to the sphere of its operation; the effect being to stimulate the active powers of the mind and body, and weaken and deaden those which are only passive and extrinsically affected. We have not only a general property; we have a specific law pointing to adaptation and design.

## II. HABIT, THE UNIVERSAL LAW

Entering upon the second part of this subject with much hesitation, but much conviction also of the truth it involves, it is important that we form at the outset a clear idea of the inquiry to be instituted. We know that the force of habit is great, and universal among men. We see also from more particular examination that it occurs under such phases as to lead us to conclude that it is governed by special, individual, and particular laws. We have now to ascertain whether some corresponding property extends also beyond the human race, and is visible in the wide domain of irrational nature. And here it will be obviously unnecessary to search for a similar twofold division of its effects. Our knowledge of the world around us is too small as yet to admit of much success in an examination of the kind. And yet it will sometimes be found that, when such tests seem applicable, they do seem also to point in the direction indicated above. Here and there we shall be able to notice such an instance; meanwhile the existence of a universal property analogous to human habit is the object of our more immediate search.

The identity of the laws of space and of time is constantly receiving some new and wonderful proofs. The researches of foreign metaphysicians, and, of late years, the study of science, have combined to bring to light the extent of this important principle. In measurement, in universal capability of logical employment, in almost every conceivable way, time and space are akin. Now, if there is one law with regard to space which is more than any other famous for its intrinsic beauty, the celebrated process of its discovery, and its consequent entire reception, it is that of 'universal attraction.' May we look for the property we are seeking in an analogous law universal throughout nature, that of *temporal coherence*?

Every particle of matter affects, firstly and chiefly, its immediate neighbours, then, less strongly, those more remote. To some extent,

each particle of matter attracts the whole universe. Similarly, may we not say that every incident happening in a moment of time (for incident in time corresponds to matter in space) affects its immediate consequent, and again, less powerfully, the entire process of the world's action? Thus far this principle nearly resembles the canon, now trite, that, as the 'Saint's Tragedy' expresses it, 'each word we speak has infinite effects.' But it extends farther also. The effect in space is that of attraction. That in time is also most easily represented under the figure of cohesion; each incident tending as it were to bring near to itself, to assimilate<sup>1</sup> to itself, the consequent incident, even if it appear under the shape of simple apparent existence. Plato would have called the principle self-imitation; we may more familiarly style it the law of self-preservation. If indeed we might step farther still upon the debated ground of causality, a conjecture might perhaps be hazarded that we have here a hint of some common ground for a reconciliation of the controversy. For we hear on one side that a cause is a real motive power, an agency effective through itself; and on the other that a 'cause' means only a precedent in time, and that, while we build in our minds the idea of a physical energy at work, the effect is nothing really beyond a constant sequence. But once allow that a principle exists such as that developed above, and there is opened a possibility of connecting these theories. If time is gifted with the virtue of attraction, an incident happening in time is hardly dissociable from the actual idea of a cause; and a transition such as that which we associate with a result is not so much a change interrupting an established order, as an actual property of the incident which we regard as having produced it. The two are connected not by a process, a transition, an intervening action as it were, but by the inherent nature of the two events as existing in time.

Now, all that can be said in description of the effect of habit is, that by it one action produces an effect upon the next subsequent action of the same kind, and on those that follow it. This, then, with the necessary modification of the term 'effect,' is precisely what takes place in the sustentation of nature. Suppose an inanimate object to exist with certain properties. The continuance of one of them through a moment of time

<sup>1</sup> It is hard to help using the somewhat inappropriate word 'assimilate.' I mean that virtue by which an object being in any condition might be said to *draw towards itself* the condition of the same object at the next moment of time. With regard to attraction, the magnet affords an instance of a faculty almost exactly resembling human habit. The more the property of attraction is exercised, the stronger it grows; and if iron be placed close to a loadstone, the longer it remains in contact with it, the more of the property will it contract. And it may be remarked, that this forcible instance of the existence of the property in things indicates also most clearly that the extension of any power or faculty in the agency of habit is to be looked for in the active and motive, as distinguished from the passive and, so to speak, sensual qualities; and the same is the case in animal magnetism, as it is called, the power of exercising which grows with practice, and is similarly attached to the active will. The whole subject of mesmerism bears out the parallel to a striking extent.



produces it at the next moment by a sequence or result which is the most simple form of self-preservation: the simple tendency of the property is to perpetuate itself.<sup>1</sup> Advancing a step higher in the scale of nature, the tree shows a more marked, more full, evidence of this consequence; the more the sap circulates, the stronger will be the tree, and the more room will it afford for further development. And, higher still, in the animals whose life so closely resembles ours, we find habits which would seem to differ from ours only in proportion to the difference of intelligence and reason.

The first of these types is easily recognised as the first law of motion. It is the law of permanence independent of life. As such it may even perhaps receive a wider application. We speak of Truth as a harmony; we also speak of it as an essential unity; expressions which may to some extent be combined by considering it as equivalent to some sort of *consistency*. A statement in fact is veracious if it fills the exact place between its logical antecedents and consequents; the concurrence of fact with fact throughout the infinity of being constitutes Truth. And indeed, if with all 'worship of Adrastea' we may venture a somewhat bold speculation, some resemblance between statements of truth and the existence of objects seems to appear in the method of the generation of each. For if we conceive of a syllogism, the ultimate form of proof, as consisting of the general law of the class, the susceptible instance, and the consequence logically produced from the two; we have a parallel, in the metaphysical generation of an object, in the quality to be impressed, the susceptible substance, and the result, the object as it is. Here the fact, that the consequence may follow from other premisses as well as the pair chosen, is answered by the similar fact that any quality may be considered as the determining quality for classification, both syllogistic reasoning and physical classification being only mental processes, and therefore arbitrary; the object, that is, may be considered as produced by the quality in the same sense to the full as the consequence is produced by the premisses, since both general law and abstract quality are really conceived last in the order of nature.

Vegetable life brings us to a higher degree of self-inherent, and consequently reflex, action. This appears, from all that we can see, to be its primary, death and corruption only its secondary, law. The same, too, is the case with regard to animal life considered only as energetic organisation, and the truth of which, physiologists assure us, commends itself by its adaptation to our ideas of the real meaning of life, and its adaptability also to what we have ventured to call the faculty of self-preservation—the truth, namely, that death and corruption are no necessary portions or consequents of growth and vitality, but that they

<sup>1</sup> . . . ut jam liceat unâ comprehensione omnia complecti; non dubitemque dicere, omnem naturam esse conservatricem sui, idque habere propositum quasi finem, et extremum, ut se custodiat quam in optimo sui generis statu.

Cic. *De Fin.* v. ix. 26.

are in fact in the highest sense unnatural. In fact, if the constitution of a healthy man be regarded for one instant by itself, as complete and self-acting, there is no inherent reason which would prevent it, we are told, from so continuing for ever. As matter, indeed, it does not finish; for matter (like its kindred 'incident' in the form of historical fact) ever preserves its being: as living matter, it only perishes by the engrafted law of death.

One more step upwards, and we reach the human faculty of habit; similarly, though imperfectly, developed in the brute creation. A higher principle of vital force is now at work: it no longer operates only in individual cells, but is collected in nervous centres of action. And here we find it, as we should expect, in that part of the brute nature which we may consider the highest, as bordering most closely on our own. 'Every rank of creation,' says Coleridge in the 'Aids to Reflection,' 'as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal at the height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallises. . . . And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinated thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea and the moral affections and charities, of man. . . . All lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better.' And so in the case before us, this faculty of man which solely exhibits his own action upon himself, the faculty which shapes his conscience, and is interwoven with the deepest roots of his responsibility, has its counterpart in that which is also the highest nature of the brute, his instinct, his affections, his sympathies, all that indicates action, motives, and will.

We have hitherto used the term self-preservation in a somewhat different sense from that in which it is generally understood. But it is not necessary to exclude from the larger meaning the desire of self-preservation in the more common acceptance of the term. It is certain that no explanation has ever been given of the instinct sufficient to satisfy the phenomena; for while the desire of life seems to imply that life is a good of some kind, if, on the other hand, it is an absolute good, we are at a loss to account for the circumstance that many lives are miserable, and if only a relative good, we are introduced to that to which it has a relation, viz. the immortality of the soul, a confidence of which would hardly have the general effect of increasing the desire of life. The instinct, then, cannot be traced to a strictly logical motive, and may have its root in the same principle as that stated above, the first law of motion as applied to metaphysical action.

These theories, which we have now, so far, brought to an end, may perhaps be thought fanciful. But if the word analogy has any meaning at all, they are not necessarily untrue. Not only the holy books, but the pages of nature as well, were written for our learning. Why, indeed,

should we suppose that the world is governed by different laws from those which govern its inhabitants? If in these efforts to obtain half-glimpses of some grand law of conservation we have been able to arrive with any degree of satisfactory success at a system which connects human action and its government with the workings of all nature in its various stages of life and growth, then we shall not have solved the mystery of responsibility, we shall not have discovered the whole nature of conscience, but we shall have given grounds for additional study of the relations of daily acts to the total progress and final destiny of man.

### III. HABIT, THE INSTRUMENT OF MORAL EDUCATION

We have now considered the extent and direction of the force of habit, and have endeavoured to establish its relation to some greater, and possibly universal, law of nature. It remains to consider the result of its working upon the moral constitution of man, and its consequent connection with the laws which are to us the exponents of the Divine moral government.

When Luther, at the most critical moment of the Church's history, professed a new standard of faith and practice, the occasion which immediately impelled him was the sale of indulgences by Tetzels, and the grand doctrine which he established was that which denies salvation to mere acts at all. All hinged upon this: this depreciation of 'works' as a purchase-money of salvation was the cardinal point of the Reformation. A quantitative application of deeds of wrong and right for striking the balance of Divine acceptance was abhorrent to any who chose, and who dared, to think. Some theory was needed which should exempt the Creator's dealings from the realm of mere arithmetical scrutiny, and establish a responsibility in the person himself much deeper and more perfect and more sacred than a summation of his merits could represent.

Arnold of Brescia had conceived it. Tauler had whispered it in the ear. Erasmus had spoken it in the closet. Upon the housetops, indeed, Augustine had proclaimed it; but centuries had dimmed the voice. Luther found it written in his heart, and gave it to the world. Not in an enumeration of acts of charity; not in combinations of scourges and sackcloth; not in parchments signed, sealed, and sold for money; no, not in any act or visible thing that the sun shines upon, or time takes note of—

in the heart that is hallowed  
Lieth forgiveness enshrined.

'Not, "What hast thou done?"' says Trench, 'but "What art thou?"' will be the question to every man in that day. Sin is not exterior to the soul. We form ourselves; we shape ourselves to truth and righteousness and faith; by our actions, indeed, we shall be judged; but it is not our actions that shall be judged, but ourselves.'

For such a principle has been implanted in our minds and bodies, that no action is fruitless to the actor. Such a virtue lies in every exercise of the will, that no employment of it but recoils on the employer. By



habit, extending to each individual deed, the course of our lives is bound together by one great moral chain. Its links are great and small; but there is one for every action. The man who acts thriftily becomes thrifty, and saves his heritage. The man who plays the prodigal is soon a prodigal at heart, and cannot but lose when he might have gained. In no other way than this each act of right or wrong bears testimony to the moral will, develops the moral character, advances steadily and progressively the moral consummation. Truly in our own selves, no less than without, we are compassed about with an innumerable company of witnesses. Of the number are the nameless charities, the silent heroisms, the impractical, undemonstrative motions of goodness and love; of the number, too, is the *εὐπερίστατος ἀμαρτία*, the sin that cleaves like a garment. As surely as the growth of each leaf changes the form of the tree, so surely does each of these, with a distinct reality and life of its own, tend, one by one, to form and mould the man.

And thus development is not an exerescence upon, but the very substance of, the moral law. Thus arises that truth, the statement of which is so trite, that the life of no man is stationary. The outgoings of the conscience cannot for one day be restrained; in one or other of its two branches the stream of will must flow. And thus our moral nature is ever approaching more and more nearly its consummation. It deadens, slackens, perishes, or rises, strengthens, triumphs. Like the issue of the two dispensations upon earth, its two phases have an end ever in view: the one melted by degrees and died; the other grows till it fills the earth with branches. And as the people might not gaze on the prophet's face lest they should see its brightness perishing,<sup>1</sup> so neither will the angels of God bear to look upon the fullness of the perfected glory. But we approach it by steps not random, but certain; not vague and meaningless, but stamped with a sureness of direction. Every sin that a man commits, he sins against his own soul and body; what future humiliation the soul and body may endure will be no arbitrary decree of external vengeance, but a consequence akin to the crime. Earth travails in this with man; earth, like him, is pregnant with its fate; the end is nowhere dissociated, as far as creation extends, from the certain means and processes.<sup>2</sup>

We shall arrive, then, at a better idea of the meaning of moral government if we attach to the words, not the bare signification of a government

<sup>1</sup> 2 Cor. iii. 13.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to be the general sense of the obscure cosmogonical passage in 2 Pet. iii. I translate literally: 'For this they willingly are ignorant of' (hence the truth must have been matter of trustworthy tradition), 'that the heavens and earth of old were composed of water and by water, by the ordinance of God. By means of it (the same water), the then world perished, deluged with water.' The phrase 'the then world' is a strong expression when taken literally, and not in the weaker sense in which we might now probably apply the term. Here, so far, it appears that the writer considered water as *the* element of the old world, pointing at once to its constitution and destiny; and it perished from internal causes, died from that very thing of which its nature in the main consisted. To continue: 'But the heavens and earth which now are, by his ordinance are treasured up, preserved *in fire* unto a

by rewards and punishments, but rather that of an adaptation of means to ends with direct reference to man's moral nature. And we shall better be able to conceive of such a government extending to the smallest acts of life, if we view them as bearing on the inward man, and not in the light of their results. Hence it is that Christianity is a religion of motives. The truth is, not that events mould us, but we mould ourselves; that, if with reverence it may be spoken, the Creator supplies the instruments, and we have the work to do. Whether our work be a cheerless, solitary task, a forlorn and unaided toil, or whether in no single action are we destitute of a guidance above ourselves, Plato did not doubt, and we shall not; but that it is in this way that we shape our being, and in everything work towards an end, Scripture and reason prove. We may 'drop and die like dead leaves in the shade,' but neither do they die to themselves, nor do we: in the life we have lived we have wrought out some destiny for ourselves, the issues of which are immortal.

And in this broad method of looking at right and wrong as modelling the whole of our lives, and not merely certain actions which come under a special law—in this view of sin as existing in, and not outside, the soul—we shall not be surprised to find some human distinctions obliterated which interrupt and obscure the great canons of moral guidance. We shall not wonder if we are led to the conclusion that these laws of universal right, the simple conditions of morality, refuse to acknowledge the minor niceties of arrangement, and that, in this moral government, it is as repugnant to true philosophy to talk of mortal and venial sins as in the other field of natural laws to speak of 'special providences' and 'visitations of God.'

In the consideration of the human conscience one phase in particular presents itself of great interest with reference to the subject of a Divine moral government; that of its adaptability, in common with the other parts of our nature, to any special work or end. Any business which we undertake, and to which we are constantly attached, will mould us to itself in direct proportion to our assiduity in its pursuit. Even our pleasures have the same effect. It is from the invariable character of this action that Addison, in the 'Spectator,' draws one or two excellent practical reflections. He tells us, with all the beauty of his unostentatious style, how irksomeness of labour soon wears off, nor is any occupation, undertaken through choice or necessity, to be despaired of as capable of becoming ultimately a source of pleasure. He enforces the duty of choosing the best and purest modes of life, and shows, as an encouragement so to do, that inclination will follow the choice, and custom render the labour pleasant. And with the suavity and gracefulness of language

day of judgment.' The same idea is repeated in the next few verses. Here, then, the element in (rather than of) which the world at present consists is fire, and fire is to be its doom. After that the transition is to a third period, a new heaven and earth, the peculiar character of which is neither fire nor water, but something which is not to be touched or felt or handled. St. Peter says that 'in it dwelleth righteousness.'

with which the writers of his day seem always to have been inspired by the utterance of the word 'religion,' he draws the simple moral of faithful perseverance in duty.

There are few men who have utterly failed so to read it, written, more or less distinctly, on their hearts. Whether in the obvious lesson of patient endurance recommended even to unwilling learners by this accommodation of the will to custom; or by the agency of those manifold operations of habit, whose task, like that of Vulcan's children of old, was to make roads for the feet and render the earth inhabitable;<sup>1</sup> or, to those who looked to the higher properties of our nature, the moulding of the individual conscience itself according to its task, the duty of 'continuance in well-doing' cannot but have been patent to those who wished to see it. Can we notice how a strict observance of the rights due to all begets a sense of justice keen and discriminating; how a character of magnanimity is engendered by a series of high and noble emotions; how a course of life tending to unselfish considerations never fails to produce a corresponding reaction on the conscience which has devoted itself to these by voluntary choice; and yet consider it all as instructive to ourselves alone? Labour, suffering, lifelong devotion without an obvious and tangible end in view, is no doubt an idea the property chiefly of the Christian; but it is not solely and exclusively his. Even the old mythology has its claims to such a conception, which we should be unwise to disallow. Look, for instance, at the stories of some of the heroes. We seldom appreciate them to the full. We admire them just because they were strong and brave. On this we are content to rest. The Greeks themselves were not; not, at least, on this alone. They saw, too, that in all those toils, those fights, those victories over the robbers of the Isthmus, those decapitations of Medusa the Gorgon, there was a philanthropy which ranked higher than the bravery; there were labours for the good of others, and not for the good of self; there were lives of patient suffering and virtue which asked, and obtained, no reward in this life.

Hæc arte Pollux et vagus Hercules  
Enisus arces attigit igneas;

and, though 'sons of Zeus' be an idea now no longer of limited application, those heavenly citadels may have been reached by many since in no very different way.

Morality is, in Scripture language, a law written in our hearts. Habit, then, is the instrument by which the sentence is executed. The building is reared on the ground of the law; habits are the workmen; and—the building stands. It has many parts; nor are duties, nor habits, alike. Every faculty of sense and motion has its own allotted share. With those, then, by whom any one part of moral duty is exalted to a dominion over the rest, we cannot sympathise. Fanaticism is a neglect of the many for the one. We know that it has its parallel in the physical being;

<sup>1</sup> *Æsch. Eum.* 18, 14.



that the blind person has the sense of touch developed to an inordinate degree; and if we were to consider the state of the blind as perfection, we might easily allow that, without detriment to the living whole, one moral sense may be deadened while another is unduly excited. When Plato defined justice in a state as that by which each person keeps his station, his hearers wondered, but his republic held together. And when he found in the moral polity of the individual a constitutionalism, as it were, which answered to the kindred virtue of the state, he was satisfied that here, or nowhere, was justice to be found in man. By a somewhat different path we arrive at a similar result, and find in an equipoise of duties a surety for rightness of action and the healthful progress of the soul. Here, as before, the balance must be confined to the motives; morality is related to the person and not to the action or its effects.

We are prevented, for example, by such a rule as this, from commending the hermit and the monk; men who fall down and adore a morality of contemplation, though they offer it but the sacrifice of a shadow; men who starve, in their lives, the very conscience which they would fain worship in the spirit. For this higher life of man is supported, in some sense, by the senses, as the lower life by food and air: or perhaps rather the being of man before he comes into the light would be a fitter type of the struggling life which the conscience lives on earth. The use of the objects of sense is to feed the moral growth: when the end comes we may perhaps be independent of them altogether. As the channels of nutrition of the body are open before birth, so the mind, anticipating its future real genesis, equally derives from without all the elements of the wondrous organism by which it will hereafter work. Its parts are fashioned day by day, while as yet there are none of them.

To proceed; not every act connected with morality is a conscious one. A deed may have a tremendous moral significance—nay, may confessedly deserve the greatest possible punishment or reward, and yet may seem to proceed from instinct rather than from deliberate choice. Such a fact as this it were hard to understand without considering habit as the architect of the edifice to which we likened the moral nature. This memory, this reflex action, brings a similar instinct out of morality to that which the mere memory of the intellect educes from experience and embalms as knowledge. '*Nihil esse in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu*' is not to be denied without a virtual change of the language; nor can anything form a part of moral instinct that has not first passed through the plastic hands of reasonable will. And if instinctive impulse be, as some would tell us, the true key to riddles of conscience, it is only as a conviction of fact may be trusted in so far as it may be thought to rely on a previous induction of evidence.

And it cannot be too strictly remarked that this human moral instinct bears to the brute instinct a relation only similar to the general relation of man and brute. In us it is the result of an habitual direction of will: in them it is, as it were, the total of that will, which could hardly indeed be exercised without it. In us it is a consequent, in them an antecedent,

to definite actions. But having said thus much of distinction, if we allow that there is a relation at all between the two, we are thrown at once upon a strange field of conjecture; a field which embraces in its bounds the secrets of personal being, and whose confines almost touch the still darker storehouse of mysteries of which the word creation is the door. We have already spoken of a Divine moral government of man as working by the great law, one phase of which we are accustomed to name habit; we have looked upon the various lights in which it may be viewed from the 'stand-point' of this heaven-implanted principle. Let us venture to cast one glance, if we can, beyond. We traced some law of Habit in the lower worlds of nature; may we not even find some appropriateness in its working which may be not unworthy of a name similar to, if not actually, that of a moral government of *things*?

Is it a mere phrase, or is it more nearly a truth, that 'His mercy is over all His works'? Was it but a dream, or was it something kindred to an inspired thought, which prompted the splendid saying, that from God Himself comes all that is good in man or beast or thing? And if, in that part of the nature of every creature which our reason tells us is its highest and noblest possession, we find the same law which in us supports the fabric of virtue and holiness—if we trace its power and significance rising according as the creature itself, and therefore each of its highest attributes, increases—if we find everything that we see striving as it were and aiming after the state above itself, and in this very attempt producing and reproducing this law, this habit, this ethical self-preservation, or whatever name we may choose to call it by, are we to shrink from recognising in it an ordinance beyond that of the mere sustenance of life, and pointing more or less distinctly to that which we prize as divinely moral in ourselves?

For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound with gold chains about the feet of God.

What, then, serves the instinct of brutes? Is its end merely to continue their lives, and perpetuate their kind? Do they merely exist and vegetate? or are these, even, works touched and hallowed by that wondrous mercy? Wherever the instinct gushes out as from a deeper source than sense, wherever the spirit shows itself apart from and higher than the flesh, there even in the beasts themselves a law works in their members to bring forth fruit, if not of nobler life, as the fable told, at all events of happiness, and more likeness to the better nature above them. Wherever there is the law of which habit is the human exponent, there also appears the guiding law for which 'moral' is hardly too great a term. And where a habit of gratitude and attachment develop, as in the house-dog for example, into an affection so nearly disinterested that we can no more assign a conscious final motive for its acts of love than for our own, if there is not here the dawning of a moral worth, then moral worth is a thing for which we have no test or standard whatever.

We will not pursue the subject. We will not question whether even

our moral law be but a type of some higher law that we know not. It is sufficient that it corresponds to our highest attributes; for no higher could assuredly be given us than that of moulding ourselves by our acts. There are those to whom the good gift of habit is no more than an aid to distort the true end of the soul. 'The things that should have been for their wealth are unto them an occasion of falling.' But that the gift is for our use and profit; that by it we 'rise' not only on our 'dead selves,' but upon our living selves as it were, to 'higher things;' that it carries engraven upon it the express sentence of the Divine will for our moral progress and perfection—this it is enough for us to know.

We have now endeavoured to indicate the nature of Habit as a human property, to examine it as a phase of a larger and general law, and to consider its consummate adaptation to our moral nature. Nor is it three views of a subject that are so much intended by these considerations, as three steps of an argument. For, granting that the effect of habit is strong and leads to moral ends, we see in it tenfold beauty and symmetry when we can observe the tokens of design, and look up to it with tenfold admiration and awe when it shines upon us as partial only in so far as we are incapable of understanding the whole. He who made us has made us, like all His works, with properties for working out the ends of our highest nature. Habit He has given as a principle to all creation; in us He has invested it with life and dignified it with specialty of application.

The end of such an investigation as the present can never be unmeaning to ourselves. We can never attempt to obtain a clearer sight of an ordinance of Divine goodness, without finding and consecrating to ourselves if it be but the dust of the chamber of heavenly wisdom. Such considerations as these may tell us much, even though the speculation should be crude and the analysis imperfect. They tell us that if we are living under a paramount dispensation of right and wrong, so surely an atmosphere of moral significance breathes in the smallest acts of our will; that habit, if it be no more, is the link which connects the meanest of ordinary deeds with the great laws which are a Theocracy over the hearts of all men. We exempt no person and no act from their influence; we believe that they rule the earth; that as 'the world is so framed by the word of God, that the things which meet our eyes consist not of mere objects of sense,' so they have rather their subsistence on the mind of a God whose prime law in our hearts is the sense of moral duty, the essence of that education and that Divine economy by which the whole course of His 'Church,' however wide be the issues of that word, is not only 'governed,' but 'sanctified.'



## III

MODERN WAR<sup>1</sup>

WE propose in the few following pages to examine some of the sentiments which have of late been popular with respect to the social benefits which war is supposed to confer : and the hope now often expressed of the effect which the tone of our popular action might receive from a conflict such as that in which we have been lately engaged. It is not easy, nor is it always practicable, to scrutinise narrowly the results of any one set of circumstances on the character of a people : it is hopeless to do so when the total effect is considerably overrated : but when it is intimated in quarters which command respect and secure attention, that a modern European war will awaken a nation from a lethargy of dishonest hypocrisy, and produce a healing impulse almost in private character ; and this so much even that the consummation, in spite of its attendant horrors, is one devoutly to be wished ; it is time honestly to inquire what foundation these expectations have : what will remain over and above in the way of social improvement, when such a war has ended : what we have left to us of durable reinvigoration when our friends are wounded in Russia, and our purses exhausted by the income tax.

It was once the dream of the poet, and the prophet's most confident hope, that the days of war should cease. The prevailing passion for paradox would naturally lead us to expect that our bards of to-day will pray for the death of peace. There are many circumstances which remove from ourselves the horrors of war. The scene has not been laid in our land for many generations ; we have forgotten the look of the ruined village and the desolated champaign ; we can only guess at the real hue of mangled limbs and bleeding wounds. Nor is this all ; the sober current of national life flows evenly in a clear-hewn channel ; the wheels of the car of state follow quietly in the beaten groove. We have leisure to mark the social blots, we descry easily the shallow thought and heartless life, we long for a grand passion, a stirring impulse which shall rouse us to know ourselves and one another better, and live more as men and fellow-citizens should. And such, we sometimes conceive, might be found in the excitement of war. And yet somehow our armies have fought and perished, and our coffers have been emptied, and all our state energies aroused for combat ; and we find still that chicory is mixed with coffee, and bank directors rob their creditors, and but for the private sorrows, and a few great lessons we have learnt, it is as though the war had never been.

<sup>1</sup> Contributed to *Academica*, May 1858.

We are justified, then, in inquiring, whether these anticipations deserved to be realised; whether there was truly any foundation for the idea that society would be bettered and the tone of public feeling raised by the proclamation of a European war. If we find that these hopes were destitute of a good ground and substance, and that we must look for the greatest development of the better national feelings not in conflicts with other nations only, but also and rather in those purposes and energies which are consistent with the enjoyment of the profoundest peace and most friendly foreign relations—then we shall have reason to believe that civilisation is a real working agency for good after all: and that the portion of the national frame which may be used to the greatest advantage is not, as poets fable, the muscles, but the mind.

Such a poem as 'Maud' can plead no exemption from the laws of positive argument, so far as the poem itself is didactic in tenor. Nor is the madness of the hero a shield against the assaults which may fairly be made against it; since it only serves, as far as we can see, to soften and tone down the harsh propositions which would otherwise perhaps hardly have obtained the assent which has largely been granted to them. Now in this poem it is indicated that we are being consumed by the canker of peace. We have made it, we read, far from a blessing; society is rotten, trade dishonest, we are virtually at war with one another. Burglary and drunkenness are in particular some of the fruits of peace, and fatten on the pastoral hillock. Now if splendid language and a rhythm new and entrancing were sufficient to insure what after all is simply true political economy, we of course should not venture to criticise those eloquent verses of the Laureate. But is the stigma on peace one rightly and fairly deserved? are these specified evils to be traced to these specified causes? We think not. Society is rotten? We doubt very much whether the Tory lord gave up his dinners when he heard of the entrance into the Black Sea. The news of Balaclava did not shorten our milliners' bills, or annihilate for ever morning calls. Trade dishonest? Yet Paul and Strahan may have speculated in the war loan, and Robson and Redpath did somehow swindle through it all. Fraud did not cease when we sent our armies out; and the analysis of the 'Lancet' did more to purify our food than the message from her Majesty to the Commons. Is the love of gold the parent of all cheating and malice? Yet surely this is a mere phase of the general plague of competition; and a myriad of Laureates would fail to convince us that a restriction on the necessities of life has a tendency to remove this curse. Let us boldly state what we believe; the richer a nation is, so far the more prosperous it is, and the more happy its inhabitants; and if we have no reason to suppose that peace is a fruitful mother of crime, in the name of all social science, let us be peaceful, and prosperous, and rich. Our brute instincts teach us that to fight is part of our nature; and a necessary part, too, as history shows; but if we read and believed some few of our popular works just now, we should run the risk of laying them down persuaded that the object of reason and Christianity was not to regulate our brute instincts, but to stimulate

them. Deny it if you will, each member who sat on committee the other morning upon Church rates was a better object of veneration than any of the vieilles moustaches or the older beaux sabreurs.

Are we then to deny that a just war, justly waged, has its uses? Let us separate the justice and the use, and acknowledge the benefit only in the large agencies for good which the sense of a right action will always have. The late war was commenced, carried on, and completed for a single, clear, and righteous object—the maintenance of the police of Europe, the sustaining in all its integrity of a system which we share for the common profit, the resistance to aggression, not because it directly injured us, but because we were conscious that the offence was an indirect injury to all, and that it attacked an individual part of the common body of European interest which it was our duty to defend. The very fact of suffering for this object was a glory and benefit to all; but when once we pass this point, when once we lay the glory in the pride of repelling the usurper, when we once in the very slightest degree wage war for the sake of success, when Alma and Inkermann fill us with any sensations beyond pleasure at the certainty of our own strength, this feeling of a common interest either vanishes or becomes a curse, because it is selfish; and the common energy shows itself no longer a harmonising principle, but an endeavour for common aggrandisement. Now has there been, on the other hand, in a kindred though different department of the public service, something lately of a higher glory gained? Have we had before us something which may perhaps hereafter be a still greater cause of rejoicing than all the triumphs of the war? Is there something which gives greater hopes of national prosperity and advancement than the unanimous vote of money to the Queen or the stubborn resistance of that November morning? Have we not that speech, spoken by an English representative at the Congress of Paris, the substance of which the cramped minute boldly but eloquently shadows forth?—

‘The Earl of Clarendon, having demanded permission to lay before the Congress a proposition which he thinks should be favourably received, states that the calamities of war are still too present to every mind not to make it desirable to seek out every expedient calculated to prevent their return. That a stipulation had been inserted in Art. vii. of the Treaty of Peace, recommending that in case of difference between the Porte and one or more of the other signing Powers, recourse should be had to the mediation of a friendly state before resorting to force. The First Plenipotentiary of Great Britain conceives that this happy innovation might receive a more general application, and thus become a barrier against conflicts which frequently only break forth because it is not always possible to enter into explanation and come to an understanding. He proposes, therefore, to agree to a resolution,’ &c.

Well spoken, representative of England! Is not this a positive gain? May we not presume that we have here the germ of a system which after years and years may lead us, in spite of all the ‘Mauds’ that can be written, to cast our hopes, not on the coming of a Russian fleet against Portsmouth,



but on the steady and unselfish working of honest diplomacy, and very possibly a multitude of those processes of civilisation which more than one parliamentary orator would call hypocrisies and shams ?

And yet there are those who grow weary of mere prosperity, who see the evil much more vividly than the good, who have no sympathy with that patient and profound analysis which has elicited the great principles of social and political well-being. Forgetting that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred in the world's history it has involved a folly and a crime ; forgetting that even with every favourable construction it contains a strange and mystifying anomaly when waged by a Christian nation ; omitting the consideration of the physical suffering, and disregarding that of the moral contradiction, they call for some whirlwind of war to sweep away the noxious vapours which they see lazily gathering round the apathy of our prosperous peace.

It would be well sometimes to consider, when invoking the whirlwind, what the object and end of the whirlwind is. War for the sake of aggrandisement is now abandoned, in name at least, if not in practice. War for the sake of polemic proselytism, whether civil or religious, has been during the last half-century condemned. We do not now cast jealous eyes on Normandy, or send men-of-war on a mission for the advancement of constitutional principles. Europe seems now to have reached the higher ground of morality which lays bare the maxim that war is just only for self-defence. Whether self-defence relate merely to the repelling of foreign invasion, or have another larger meaning whereby tenfold strength is given to the cause of order—the meaning which includes the maintenance of the integrity of each nation by the arms of all in common—can hardly be questioned by a people which has lately fought and suffered for the cause of the family of nations. But if there is one thing more certain than another in the whole subject of international ethics, if there is one point upon which no dispute can be maintained and no doubt arise, it is that war is an evil which is better, if possible, avoided. Which cardinal fact we are likely, it would seem, either to forget or deny.

The fact is, that all profit, all social advantage, which could have arisen from the late war, was neutralised by its distance. We never saw the enemy's fleet come yonder round by the hill. We never felt the rush of the shot from the three-decker out of the foam. When Philip swore to crush the small proud island, and the great Armada was first descried by the fishing-boat from Plymouth Sound, yeomen assembled, and merchant captains banded, the apprentices of London shouldered the blunderbuss, and the Queen came down and reviewed them. Enemies of twenty years shook hands, factions which hated to the death were one again ; one heart, one soul breathed through the island, lord and lout, Papist and Reformer. When the last ultimatum was rejected in '54, and her Britannic Majesty's representative at St. Petersburg declared that the violent construction which Count Nesselrode put on the treaty of Adrianople obliged him to request his passports—a slight increase of activity was observed in the neighbourhood of the national dockyards, a

rather unusual excitement in the barrack towns; the country at large read with interest and curiosity the reports of the special correspondent; and paid with a grumble of discontent the extra seven-pence in the pound.

So be it. But let us keep the chronology true. If the effect of war is changed, let us confess it. One great influence which used to work upon our people, the uniting and banding effect of a common danger, the brave unanimity inspired by a common mighty enterprise, is nearly gone; and who would wish it back? Let us, if the course of the world so bid, if the lauded work of Christianity compel, if the glorious destinies of commerce constrain, let us resign this good, which was then so dearly bought. Has it given way to a better and more elevated influence? Has it left its substitute?

Its substitute is graver, stronger, and better. It is the altered purpose of the man, which may be nobler, if fate so will, than the easy enthusiasm of the child. It is the sense which the prosperous nation, under the new régime, will have, of strength used all for good; of energies which cannot be abused so long as they are used in peaceful self-improvement. That ship is not the more compact which is always beaten by the waves; Hercules had his sinews as firmly braced when he worked at Elis as at Nemea. And perhaps our land may have done enough of late years in the way of slaying lions; and it might not be amiss for it to turn for a short time to the task of its Augean stables. But whether this be its work or no, it will have to learn by some work or other that the calm exercise of the national will even by the modern system, the working for what is right and good by blue-books and reports, debates and diplomacy, taxes and statistical returns, may lift it to as high a pinnacle of social brotherhood and evangelic single-heartedness, as if the cannon were thundering in the Channel, and all Manchester turned out as one man to slay the French. It is not that the nation has changed; it is not that its work has degenerated; it is but that civilisation has brought its fruits; and among them we reckon a gravity of political action, which may indeed appear to obliterate the freshness of popular energy, but leaves in its stead the possibility of equal vigour combined with a recognition of the laws which have altered, we believe for good, the relations which we bear, man to man, and nation to nation. We are going on in a path which is not averse to energy, and not repugnant to honesty; we have openings wider and wider every day for the lover of his country to do it what good he may. If we wish, then, to go on and advance till we approach more nearly, and as nearly as may here be, to the form of a perfect nation, if we desire that

— noble thought be freer under the sun,  
And the heart of the nation beat with one desire,

let us ennoble that desire, and strive to enrich that thought not in a mere outward enthusiasm caught from some instinct of the sinews, but by those means which are prepared by the onward progress of humanity for the use and benefit of nations which recognise their highest happiness in the quiet routine of civilisation.

## IV

ON TEACHING BY MEANS OF GRAMMAR<sup>1</sup>

It may be useful to all persons who are disposed to take a conservative view of any disputed question, to point out that one of two charges may on all occasions be brought against an argument for reform. All topics, except metaphysical ones, have a theoretical and a practical side; and a writer cannot easily discuss both at one and the same time. Nothing, then, can be simpler than to urge in favour of an existing system, that the theoretical objections to it are not practical, and that the practical objections are not profound. But it is sometimes forgotten that a system may be bad both in theory and in practice at once; or, which is another way of stating the case, the manner in which it is worked may be wrong, and the reasons for establishing it at all may be wrong also. Those who desire in great measure to remodel English education have, for the most part, views not only as to the substance but as to the manner of teaching; and these views are fairly separable. The present essay will relate almost entirely to method. It will assume that other things have at least as much right as the classical languages to form the basis of modern training, and that it is desirable nevertheless that at some age and to some persons classics should still be taught. The question which it will discuss is whether the mode of teaching classics by a laborious preliminary instruction in grammar is the best mode possible.

Pedantry is not only the commonest vice, and the worst vice, of schoolmasters, but it is one towards which everyone who has engaged in the work of teaching must have repeatedly been conscious of a tendency. The work of every profession, no doubt, takes an undue importance in the eyes of men who devote themselves to it laboriously; but that of a teacher is peculiarly favourable to the development of crotchets. Let a clever man study assiduously the properties of a Greek particle or the ramifications of a theorem in mathematics, and he will be sure to find out some things which have not been found out before, to trace connections which no one has yet thought of tracing, to illuminate his subject by the relation which he will find it bear to other branches of knowledge. There may be much good in what he does; but he will be more than human if he can help regarding his work as exceptionally interesting and

<sup>1</sup> Contributed in 1867 to *Essays on a Liberal Education*, edited by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, now (1902) Dean of Canterbury.



valuable. He will find it fill much of his mind, and thrust itself in front of other branches of study which in reality have equal value; he will give to it a natural emphasis in his own thoughts, and an artificial prominence in the culture which he urges upon others. A kind of paternal solicitude will at any rate add weight to his favourite topic, and personal vanity will not impossibly help it. Now, in most other professions a man deals with his equals, sees things in constantly varying lights, rubs off his intellectual as well as his social angles. But a teacher is without this advantage. He is not under immediate control; public opinion acts upon him only indirectly and at a long interval of time; he is not at the mercy of those with whom he is brought into contact, and his results are seldom so patent that the connection of cause and effect can be traced with much precision. There arises as the consequence of this a fixed impression that his own work is the best possible, simply because it has been the most fruitful to himself: an impression not so much irrational as unreasoning. The belief is not necessarily untrue, but the chances are greatly against it. At any rate it can hardly fail to be narrow and illiberal. Ask a disciple of Porson whether it is really the case that the chief object of examining the language of the classical writers is that one may know what the writers have got to say, and he will admit the proposition with so many limitations and modifications as to make it obvious that he hardly admits it at all.

It is quite certain, indeed, that the object which is now intended in the teaching of Latin and Greek must be different from what it was in the days of Queen Elizabeth. At that time schools and universities made boys learn those languages in order that they might have some acquaintance with the authors who wrote in them. No sane man can assert that the same object is pursued at present, unless he is prepared to allow that it is sought at the avowed cost of sacrificing the many to the few. It is the evident failure to carry out the original intention of classical studies, which has made it necessary to bring more prominently forward the supposed advantages of grammar. If boys, it is felt, cannot in general be brought to get any good from the thoughts of Plato and Homer by their study of the tongue in which they wrote, at all events they will have the advantage of studying the words and constructions which they used. Without altogether denying the truth of this assertion, it is well to remember the position which it takes in the argument. No pleas are more open to suspicion than those which are urged in support of a falling cause. When we have to invent some new doctrine to prop up an institution which originally existed in virtue of a doctrine wholly different, we feel that we are treading at once on treacherous ground. The view that is promulgated may have its merits, but they are not generally found to be the precise merits which suffice to bear up the fabric. When paganism was seen to be untrue, it was said that at all events it was useful. When rotten boroughs were found to interfere with the representation of the country, it was pleaded that at any rate they produced Lord Macaulay. As regards the teaching of grammar, it sometimes seems as if it would

be a good thing to attempt to express distinctly, after the manner of Mr. Charles Buxton in his 'Ideas of the Day,' the grounds upon which it is based in the minds of those who assert its importance. They seem to fall under three heads: there is the idea that grammar is useful for the sake of teaching the language; the idea that its difficulties are useful as a moral training; and the idea that it is a desirable object of study for its own sake. We may consider these as being the only ideas generally entertained; for the view, which was expressed last year in a pamphlet by an eminent composer of a school grammar, to the effect that grammar and religion are so closely connected that uniformity in the one is the first step to uniformity in the other, has not been accepted so widely that we need stop to discuss it here. The ideas just mentioned we may proceed to consider in detail.

I. The first of them we will meet with a direct negative. By grammar is, of course, meant a formal analysis of usage, in respect of inflexion and syntax. Can it be said that this system of teaching by means of grammar is the most successful now? It will be remembered that the only question for the moment is how a language may be most quickly learnt. The problem is solved every day by grown-up men and women. There is not an Englishman in the country who, if he wanted to learn French, would begin by committing to memory a whole volume of rules and formulæ. By doing so, he would certainly succeed in the end; but he would know that it would be a waste of time and labour. What does the captain of a boat club at the universities do, if he wants to teach a man to row? Does he keep him practising, on dry land, the motions which he will have to perform, and fixing in his memory the laws which are to guide him when he enters upon work at last? Nothing of the kind. If you wish to make a man row, you will give him an oar and show him how; you will make him feel what it is like; you will make him sit behind a good pattern of the art; you will give him the advice, just as you see that he needs it. There is nothing in the whole world which is not learnt best by trying. '*Per parlare bene,*' says the old Italian proverb, '*bisogna parlare male.*' No doubt there is necessary for all practice some rudimentary conception of what the work is likely to be. A man must know which end of the oar he is to hold in his hand, and which to dip in the water. A child cannot do much in the classics till a few simple declensions have been taught him. But the sooner he can begin to 'pick up' the language, the better. Let him get familiar with the commonest words, and know what they mean in English. Let him translate and re-translate the easiest possible sentences with no grammatical analysis in his head; let certain words in Latin correspond to certain others in English. He will see, as a matter of course, that a nominative comes syntactically before a verb; and he will see it far more clearly and truly than if he knew the fact from having learnt it in the form of a rule. If we have once made sure that a boy considers the expression 'Us are going out' as absurd and grotesque, he not only knows, with regard to the subject of a simple sentence, enough to enable him to

learn Latin and Greek without any further teaching on this head; but it may be a question whether he does not know all that there is to be said on the subject. The study of language is, at the present day, the only kind of study which deliberately professes to advance in a direction exactly the reverse of every other branch of human progress. In every other fruitful inquiry, we ascend from phenomena to principles. In classical study alone, we profess to learn principles first, and then advance to facts.

It will be remembered that we are not undervaluing the benefit that the mind may receive from understanding grammatical principles. The question is temporarily narrowed; we are asking only how a language may be most quickly learnt; and we are insisting in reply that it is by cultivating, as soon as possible, a familiarity with its words and sentences, rather than with the principles upon which these are framed and joined. It is a truly painful sight to see a boy sit down to master a set of clumsy rules, of which he will never use the half, and never understand the quarter. He is, as almost all boys are, willing to be taught. He is, as very many are, prepared to submit to a reasonable amount of drudgery. He is, we will say, of average ability and endurance. Of such a boy, we will confidently assert that, for the purpose of learning the language to the extent to which he will probably be able to carry it at school and college, the greater part of what he has to learn in most grammars is wholly useless. His time, his temper, his docility, his confidence in his teachers, his desire to improve—all these are sacrificed in order that some analyst, for whose peculiar powers of mind the compilation of his grammar may have been a charming exercise, may not have written in vain. Pedantry gains, and English education suffers.

How, then, ought a set of boys to be trained, supposing that our immediate object is to make them understand a Latin writer? Plunge them, we answer, at once into the delectus. Let them begin the translation of easy sentences even before they know the declensions by heart. Never give a rule of any kind, unless it is one which is clearly and obviously founded upon a collection of instances. Get the meaning accurately, and the grammar may follow as its handmaid. Never let time be wasted at a difficulty: if, when fairly coped with, it is insuperable, give quick and willing help. Be ready to tell liberally; aim at quantity as well as quality; treat inflexions invariably in connection with their meanings. Make your accidence and syntax a result instead of a basis. So far from believing that *nil desperandum*, be ready to despair very often—give up, that is, an attempt to force intelligence beyond its natural limits. The construction of relatives, for example, is a difficult subject to very young boys. If so, let it wait till they have read more, and added some hundred or so of examples to their store. In short, working always by means of reference to English, advancing regularly from known to unknown, never once allowing a statement to be taken on trust, or an abstract principle to precede its concrete illustration, train boys to know many things which they cannot hope to



understand, but never to hope to understand a thing which they have not learnt to know.

In a Greek text-book, which is learnt by most English schoolboys, there occurs, as the introduction to an elaborate system of tense-forming, the following statement: 'Præsens medium et passivum formatur a præsentē activo mutando  $\omega$  in  $\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$ , ut  $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\pi\tau\omega$ ,  $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\pi\tau\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$ .' This rule is supposed to be learnt by young boys in order that they may the better understand the Greek language. Now, in the first place, the statement is, as so many other rules of the same kind, absolutely false. The present passive was never yet formed from a verb in  $\omega$ . The comparatively simple form in  $\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$  was in existence long before the contracted termination of the active. But, a grammarian may say, the pupil who has the active before him will now be able to form the passive for himself. Did any pupil ever do so since the world began? Why, he has just been learning the inflexion of  $\tau\acute{\upsilon}\pi\tau\omicron\mu\alpha\iota$  in his very last lesson. As a matter of fact, schoolboys know very well that, when they want to think of a rule for the formation of a tense, they have to think first what the word is, and then what is the best way to get it. Their instinct reverses the illogical order which the grammar has tried to force upon them. Monstrous as these arbitrary rules are, they are but a sample of the substance of which grammars are generally full; and they are expressed in a language which the boys, however much they may translate it, can never at this period understand and make their own. It has sometimes occurred to us to fancy—but that the thing can hardly be fancied—a teacher of some other department of study attempting to succeed by the same means as those which we have described. We will suppose that a professor of chemistry is beginning work with his class. Proceeding upon the classical principles, he will first commit the whole of his knowledge to a volume, which he will draw up in a dry and technical style, and, if possible, in a dead language. Of this he will ask his class to learn a certain portion every day, and to believe the time may come when they may want it. He will perform a few experiments, every detail of which he will refer to their position in the book. He will urge as carefully as he can that the phosphorus takes fire, not because chemical force is set at liberty, but because the book says that it shall. He will introduce into his book-lessons the rarest metals and the most elaborate combinations, not because the pupils will commonly use them in the laboratory, but because his system is not complete without them. And when he finds that his disciples hate their work, and, in practice, hardly know an acid from a base, he will believe that the fault lies not in his mode of teaching, but in the unfortunate incompleteness of his book.

Waste of time and waste of energy generally go together. The perpetual routine of text-books wearies, distresses, dissipates. That one method of study is more pleasant than another is no small argument in its favour, if this pleasure mainly consists in a rapid process of the intellect. Lexicons, by what we have said, are to beginners almost as noxious as grammars. Everyone who knows Greek in the end must

remember well how dreary have been the hours which he has spent upon the simply mechanical exercise of turning over leaves, with his eye fixed upon the heading of the page. It is monotonous, it is unintellectual, it is distasteful in the highest degree; and there is not a public schoolmaster in the kingdom who has the courage and the benevolence to dispense with it. Lexicons must no doubt exist, for they are needed in many ways; but there is no worse way of discovering the English equivalent of a simple word than looking it out in a dictionary. It is better to have a glossary; it is better to ask a teacher; it is better even to have a literal translation: better, simply because these methods do not waste the time of the learner and do not spoil his temper. In his first book of Homer an average boy will look out somewhere between two and three thousand words in his lexicon, and spend, on a moderate computation, from forty to fifty hours in the search. Grievous, however, as his waste of time in this direction is, it is work of the fingers alone; the lessons of grammar that he learns will torture his brains as much, and will not even give him the satisfaction of feeling in the end that he has gained his grain of knowledge. He will have done something, it is true; he will not have been idle; he will have done as hard work as people do who turn a treadmill. The use of grammar has been defended on the score that it, after all, does give something for dull boys to do. The argument is perfectly clear. It is upheld as being, after all, an excellent substitute for education.

Hitherto we have considered grammar as a help to the knowledge of Greek and Latin; and from the idea of grammar we exclude a few simple paradigms and all kind of oral explanation. We assert that systematic grammar, complete, technical, printed in a book, for the purpose of learning the dead languages, is more an encumbrance than a help: the value of grammar itself we have not for a moment denied.

III. But it is as an end, not as a means, that it is valuable. When once a language has been mastered, there are few uses to which the knowledge can be more appropriately turned than that of obtaining some insight into its organism. One student may care chiefly to investigate the history of its inflexions and the architecture of its words; another may find more interest in analysing their mutual connection. Both paths of study are worth pursuing for their own sake, and some steps may be made towards both, even while the language itself is being learnt. Only let it be accepted as a cardinal law of education, that before it can do any profitable work the mind must have material to work upon. The study of Logic presents a close parallel to the study of grammar. It would be possible to conceive a boy taught to argue from first principles. If, by enormous labour, he could instil into his mind the various rules of Aldrich, and regard them as a code of laws which he was bound to obey whenever a sequence of propositions presented itself to his mind, it is conceivable that he might produce the requisite conclusion from the premisses before him, though he had never conducted an argument before in his life. Supposing that a system of this kind existed at our English schools, it is more than likely that a great deal would be urged in its

favour. It is necessary, it would be said, to imbue the mind with true and proper rules, in order that it may be prepared to use them when the time comes. To argue, we should be told, is nothing, unless one argues from a comprehension of the rules of argument. The defenders of this system would be no more driven from their position by the fact that many people are logical without having been to Oxford, than the grammar writers of the present day are confounded by the circumstance that Euripides wrote excellent Greek without having ever heard of an optative mood.

Putting aside that part of grammar which depends on memory, the rest is simply a logical training. It would be hard to find a better practising ground than grammar for the logical studies of manhood, or even of adolescence, simply because it is so copious and ready to hand. Once given that the subject can be fairly grasped, and it is one which repays a liberal expenditure of time. But it is curious that it should be regarded at schools as the only vehicle through which logical ideas should be instilled. Not till after many years of Latin and Greek does a boy really come face to face with the thoughts which the grammars put before him; while considerations about all men being animals, but all animals not being men, are so simple that boys of fifteen might well sit down to attack them. 'The dative,' say the grammars, 'is the case of the remoter object.' Nothing could be simpler to the understanding of any of us who write, or who read, this volume. We have a clear, an educated comprehension of the remoter object; the notion is something more to us than a mere form of words. But an average boy does not, will not, cannot actually get at it. He can be taught to know a remoter object when he sees it in print; he will say to himself that it is a kind of thing which won't do for an accusative, and yet comes in and seems to make sense. He knows it, as it were, on the outside; he knows it as he knows a word that is put in italics. Give him time, make him familiar with dative constructions, let his mind get strength and flexibility, and these grammatical conceptions will come to have a meaning to him; but tell him at the outset of his studies (as the grammars do) that the Latin dative means the case of the remoter object, and you will merely add another grain to that heap of evidence which is slowly accumulating in his mind that learning is a thing unsuited for a young person of sense and spirit. Yet easy logical exercises would be a pleasant task for the same intellect which rejected the definition of the dative. The grammar book—the scientific part of it—is simply too hard. High grammar is fit to range with high astronomy or metaphysics. One actual teacher of boys, at all events, will hereby venture to question whether the meaning of an aorist is really ever grasped by anyone below the age of twenty. He has found boys interested and intelligent when the nature of a syllogism, or the fallacy of a proverb, are explained to them; he doubts whether he has ever thoroughly conveyed to the mind of any one pupil the difference between *οὐ* and *μή*.

Let it be observed how naturally our view agrees with the practical demands of education. It is confessed that most boys gain very little



from the knowledge of Greek and Latin that they pick up at school; and even if (which is devoutly to be wished) those only pursued the study of language who were likely to make some progress in it, still, at the best, it would be but a few who would be in at the death when it came to the dissection of the particles. In a word, very many learners can never master grammar to any real purpose. The order of instruction which we claim as natural would then be also the most convenient. The mass will be able, when they cease their education, to know something of what the Greek and Latin writers said: the select few will have found their way on to the secondary goal, which but few of the writers themselves ever reached, that of understanding the exact physiology of their language. True, the study which we speak of as second in point of time will practically follow along with the mere parlance in the case of a clever boy. One group of phenomena in language well perceived, the synthesis and comparison and arrangement of these and other groups will not be an affair of difficulty. It is not to be supposed that the acquaintance with the speech itself must be perfect before the other study commences. This is not the way in which any branch of knowledge subordinates itself to another; but the first may be, and ought to be, the measure of the second. Let things be known in the rough, before they are polished into shape. A grain of showing is worth a bushel of telling, whether the topic be a handicraft or a virtue, the performance of a trick of cards, or the construction of an infinitive mood.

We are by no means inclined, indeed, to make immoderate concessions, or regard the final attainment of grammatical principles as among the loftiest achievements of the mind. What, after all, is this 'scholarship,' upon the possession of which so many of us, with more or less reason, are in the habit of priding ourselves? A man is a fine scholar, a beautiful scholar, a finished scholar. What does this mean? It is simply that he remembers accurately the words and phrases that each particular Greek or Latin author was most in the habit of using—or, it may happen, of abusing. He knows exactly how often this trick of language occurs in Pindar, and within what limits that turn of a sentence is capable of being employed by Ovid. How far in intellectual growth has such an accomplishment brought him? Why, it is a knowledge which we should almost blush to possess in regard of Addison and Macaulay. Exactly so far as it makes us understand Greek thought better, it is worth having; but how miserably incommensurate are the means with the end. In Greek tragedy, a woman, when she speaks of herself in the plural, uses the masculine gender; and when she speaks of herself in the masculine, uses the plural. Here is a piece of knowledge, perfectly true, laboriously proved, necessary for writing Greek iambs; and most of us who profess to know the classical languages would be ashamed of being without it. Well, how far does it go? Probably—though not certainly, for there is the widely reaching element of chance, seldom sufficiently recognised in philology—probably this practice corresponds, if we could only see it, to some sentiment lurking in the Athenian mind. The person who knows

thoroughly half a hundred of such canons, will have a better equipment for ransacking and mastering Greek ideas than another who does not. That is to say, a minute acquaintance with words and phrases does in the end, and through much patience, help the clever man to place himself more fully at the point of view of an Athenian.

Let this be granted; and now let us glance at the result. Is it generally the case, that the 'beautiful scholar' is the man who brings out most treasures from the chambers the dim light of which is clearer to him than to others? Is it not more often found that his long toil has made him confound the means with the end, and value his scholarship in regard of itself alone? The main object of seeing distinctly what Plato and Cicero thought, is that one may be able to look on all questions not only on the side which they now present, but on that also which they turned to observers long ago; to gain, as it were, a kind of intellectual parallax in contemplating the problems of life. Can it be fairly claimed, that high scholarship, the higher it reaches, attains more completely this object? The reverse notoriously is the case. We know well enough what becomes of the man who gives up his time to particles. He is not the man to whom, in nine cases out of ten, his generation turns for help. There grows upon a society of 'beautiful scholars' a distaste for things in which taste and refinement have little room for display, and in which breadth is more important than accuracy; and the result is a lack of sympathy with human struggles and cares. Let some social or political movement arise, in which a man of real intellectual power, real eloquence, and evident sincerity aspires, in spite of ignorance of the classics, to take a leading part. He will find favour with but a minority of the writers of dictionaries and grammars. One will see narrowness of mind, another will insist on discovering vulgarity of tone. With some he will be too base in thought, with others coarse in manner. But all will be down upon his language. A man of classical education, we shall hear, would never have spoken of the 'works' of Thucydides; a man of real culture could never value the penny press as a means of popular instruction. He mispronounced an English word last session; he did not understand when an allusion was made to Patroclus; to save his life he could not cap a line in the second book of the *Æneid*:

Et les moindres défauts de ce grossier génie  
Sont ou le pléonasme, ou la cacophonie.

How much better to be able to set a common-room right upon some mystic conceit of *Æschylus*, or correct a class of boys (out of their Primer on the gender of *clunis* and *splen*).

It is not, however, the object of this essay to disparage the knowledge of Latin and Greek. They may be purchased, and often are, at too high a price; but those who have gained them most easily will be least likely to hold them too dear. Montaigne was not a man disposed to shut his eyes to the world around him, because he had learnt to speak Latin before he was able to write French. The advocates of a natural

and easy method of classical teaching are sometimes challenged to give instances of the success of their system. It is certainly not easy to do so, for of late years the grammar writers have had it all their own way, and the one German apostle of a natural mode of teaching finished his career in prison; but the results of the teaching of Jacotot in France and Belgium are such as have never been surpassed, and it will be time enough to pronounce a system impossible when in learning any modern language we cease to practise it ourselves. At any rate, there is good enough authority for learning Latin in this way. Milton distinctly urges it, and Locke in substance; but it is older than either. 'Our most noble Queen Elizabeth,' says Roger Ascham, 'never yet took Greek nor Latin grammar in her hand after the first declining of a noun and a verb.' In a year or two, by copious translation and re-translation, she learnt both languages well. It was with Lilly's Grammar that the more pedantic system came in; and that Grammar, as its preface shows, was never originally intended to be learnt consecutively or by rote.

It has been said, with some degree of truth, that learning by heart is the great intellectual vice of boys. Perhaps it would be fairer to say that the tendency is so strong that it is almost certain to be misapplied. With boys of good or average memory—and none others ought to learn classics—the tendency will be directed rightly if they are made to learn examples of construction by heart, and carefully prevented from embodying the doctrines taught them in any set form of words. In the Primer which has lately been put into the hands of the boys at most of the public schools, the first two pages of syntax consist of words of an *average* length of about three syllables each. Now there is no doubt that a boy of good memory will learn these, in time, to whatever degree of perfection his masters care to enforce; and if they were written backwards he would learn them almost as easily. But the idea that a young boy will ever think in polysyllables is almost humorous. The better he knows the words, indeed, the less will be, in many cases, his attempt to attach a meaning to them. The parrot does not only not think, but it even prevents itself from thinking. The pupil who is reading his Euclid will know it less well, for purposes of culture, if he attempts to commit it to memory. What is the reason that we have given up the notion of enforcing the duties of morality upon the rising generation by means of memorial precepts in English or Latin prose? It is not that the ideas of duty which they would convey are less likely than in former times to meet with illustrations in common life. It is simply because the duty is in most cases not a matter of formula; and even when it is so, the words of a formula have a tendency to remain in the corner of the memory where they have been placed. The same is true of Latin composition. A very few memorial rules are useful in cases where usage alone is a guide to what is correct; but even these have no educational value whatever, and any other than these absolutely interfere with the right understanding of a principle.

There has been some discussion during the past year with regard to



the introduction into the chief public schools of Dr. Kennedy's 'Public School Primer.' Into the merits of the book itself it is not necessary now to enter, because, in the first place, it is irrevocably accepted at the nine public schools; and, in the second place, the general opinion of persons interested in education has already condemned the work. But, independently of its merits or demerits, the introduction of an universal text-book is distinctly a retrograde step in education. It was clearly felt to be so not long ago in Germany; and the idea, which had been mooted a few years back, was dropped by general consent. It is with us much as if the study of Aristotle were imposed once more by the authority of the Church, or an adherence to the unities by that of the managers of the London theatres. It implies the belief, which will at once be recognised as a heresy, that there are such things as eternal and immutable rules of language; that a Latin grammar is to be considered, not as an interpreter of Latin, but, as it were, its authorised legislator. What is meant by a declension? Is it a division which the language consciously employed? Is it one which is certain, and beyond the domain of controversy? Has it any claim to be regarded as the embodiment of a law in the sense in which the word is used in science? Not at all. Distributing words into declensions is simply the best means that we can contrive for organising them in a way which shall appear to the memory as symmetrical. The analysis of words was pushed very far among the Romans, and yet Quintilian wrote a chapter on grammar without ever mentioning the classes of declensions at all. What is to be inferred is, not that declensions are not useful, but that the division is an arbitrary one; and that any plan of education can have but little confidence in its teaching which will bind itself for the next twenty or thirty years to believe in five declensions rather than in eight or ten. No reason can be given for the compulsory uniformity of English schools in their method of teaching the analysis of the Latin language, which would not equally tend to show that the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are bound to adopt the same text-book of algebra for continuous use. This might easily be done, and an inferior book be stereotyped for a long time to come. As it is, fresh books supersede one another as the methods of algebraical working improve, and the reign of a single author at Cambridge lasts sometimes two years, sometimes twenty. In the teaching of languages, as a matter of fact, one good teacher will have one way of instructing, and another another. Common sense points out that if a boy only learns a thing well, it matters little in what way he has reached his knowledge. As for bad teachers, they will simply save their credit and their labour by teaching the Primer straight through by heart.

One is driven, sometimes, in thinking of these and similar mistakes, to the verge of asserting that books are the great obstacle to education. Whether this be too audacious a paradox or not, our teaching wants sadly to be humanised. There will be some gain, no doubt, when it is once

clearly understood that there is no absolute connection between riches and the dead languages, and that a boy need not in every case be set down to a course of study for which he may be wholly unfit, just because his parents or guardians happen to be able to pay for it. But is it too much to hope that the classical teaching itself may some day cease to be the dull routine which it now so often is? It may have been remarked that in considering the reasons for which grammar may be taught, we have omitted the second of our three ideas—the one which considers that the difficulties in a course of study ought to be left there as introducing a moral education in the struggle which is necessary for overcoming them. A person who will assert this is beyond the pale of argument. It is not worth while to discuss whether a method ought to be easy or hard. But we should even go on to say that it is the duty of a teacher not to rest as long as any difficulty exists which by any change of method can be removed. Involuntary learning is of as little use to the mind as involuntary exercise to the body.

Now it is certain that a large proportion of boys dislike the work which they have to do. Some like it; some are indifferent; a great many simply hate it. We maintain that an educator of boys has no business to be satisfied as long as this is the case. A very few may dislike all intellectual labour, just as a very few men dislike it; but these cases are as rare with boys as with men. The great mass of human beings, whether young or old, have appetites for mental food of some kind, and the reason that so many turn away from it is, that what is given them is not what they can digest. There is a sort of incongruity, which falls little short of injustice, in punishing a boy for being idle, when we know that the work which the system of his school exacts is as cramping and distorting to his mind as an ill-fitting boot to the foot. No one would claim indeed that every pupil shall have his tastes suited with minute accuracy; and the energy of a boy, if he is in good health, and otherwise happy, will carry him through minor difficulties. But no young boy since the world began has liked a Latin syntax, or a 'formation of tenses,' or felt anything in them for his mind to fasten upon and care for. Consider the case of a stupid boy, or an unclassical boy, at school, and the load of repulsive labour which we lay upon him. For many hours every day we expect him to devote himself, without hope of distinction or reward, to a subject which he dislikes and fears. He has no interest in it; he has no expectation of being the better for it; he never does well; he rarely escapes doing ill. He is sometimes treated with strictness for faults to which the successful among his neighbours have no temptation; and, when he is not visited with punishment, he at least is often regarded with contempt. He may be full of lively sympathies, eager after things that interest him, willing even to sacrifice something for the sake of becoming wiser; but all that he gets in the way of intellectual education is a closer familiarity with a jargon the existence of which in the world seems to him to controvert the Argument from Design, and the chance

scraps of historical and literary knowledge which fall from the lips of his routine-bound master. If only it could be regarded as an established truth that the office of a teacher is, more than anything else, to educate his pupils ; to cause their minds to grow and work, rather than simply to induce them to receive ; to look to labour rather than to weigh specific results ; to make sure at the end of a school-half that each one of those entrusted to him has had something to interest him, quicken him, cause him to believe in knowledge, rather than simply to repeat certain pages of a book without a mistake—then we might begin to fancy the golden time was near at hand when boys will come up to their lessons, as they surely ought, with as little hesitation and repugnance as that with which a man sits down to his work.

This is indeed something worth being enthusiastic for. To convince boys that intellectual growth is noble, and intellectual labour happy, that they are travelling on no purposeless errand, mounting higher every step of the way, and may as truly enjoy the toil that lifts them above their former selves, as they enjoy a race or a climb ; to help the culture of their minds by every faculty of moral force, of physical vigour, of memory, of fancy, of humour, of pathos, of banter, that we have ourselves, and lead them to trust in knowledge, to hope for it, to cherish it ; this, succeed as it may here and fail there, quickened as it may be by health and sympathy, or deadened by fatigue or disappointment, is a work which has in it most of the elements which life needs to give it zest. It is not to be done by putting books before boys, and hearing them so much at a time ; or by offering prizes and punishments ; or by assuring them that every English gentleman knows Horace. It is by making it certain to the understanding of every one that we think the knowledge worth having ourselves, and mean in every possible way, by versatile oral teaching, by patient guidance, by tone and manner and look, by anger and pity, by determination even to amuse, by frank allowance for dullness and even for indolence, to help them to attain a little of what gives us such pleasure. A man, or an older pupil, can find this help in books ; a young boy needs it from the words and gestures of a teacher. There is no fear of loss of dignity. The work of teaching will be respected when the things that are taught begin to deserve respect.

Above all, the work must be easy. Few boys are ever losers from finding their task too simple, for they can always aspire to learning what is harder ; many have had their school career ruined from being set to attack what was too hard. It may be said, perhaps, that what was easy enough for past generations ought to be easy enough for the present. Those who urge this view may simply be asked whether they are satisfied with the working of the classical education that exists. We are not bound to depend upon Dr. Liddell's testimony that public schoolmen are generally ignorant of Greek and Latin, for there are obvious reasons which would prevent the Dean of Christ Church from forming a satisfactory opinion on the subject ; but, taking those who go to the University with those who do not, can the education that is given be said to be the



best which modern ingenuity can contrive? Allowing that the very best scholars can assimilate anything whatever, and that with the very worst it is next to useless to try at all, is it true to say that the average boys have a fair chance of making the most of their powers? If not, there are two resources before the teacher. He can, as is elsewhere pointed out, vary and enlarge the basis of education; he can also, as we have ventured in this essay to urge, teach classics so as to include more that is of rational interest and less that is of pedantic routine.

## V

THE PROPOSED CONTROL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
BY THE UNIVERSITIES

[April 1872]

THE movement for subjecting the English Public Schools to the control of the Universities has been undertaken in such good faith, and is being pushed forward with such good intentions, that it must seem almost ungracious to meet it with hostile criticism. But I doubt seriously whether its promoters have ever clearly placed before themselves the exact objects at which they aim, or the distinct consequences which may ensue. This doubt is founded, partly on the history of the movement itself, and partly on the fact that those who are mainly concerned in it differ among themselves as to the desired objects to a degree which, in any political or religious agitation, would long ago have rendered co-operation impossible. I am still further induced to take this ground from the circumstance that it has not hitherto been my fortune to meet with any single person who professes on his own account, or with regard to the interests of the institution with which he is connected, to entertain a desire for such a control on its own intrinsic merits.

The title of these pages is confessedly adopted *ad invidiam*; and it will be part of my purpose to show that it is applicable. But it will be necessary, in the first place, to mention how the movement arose, and to describe its present position.

For the last two or three years the headmasters of some of the public schools (I shall use the word with no narrow limitation, and define it as including all schools which may wish to adopt the title) have held some informal congresses at various places in the south of England, with the object of discussing matters of educational interest; and, at one of the most numerous of these meetings, held the year before last at Sherborne, a committee was appointed to negotiate certain practical arrangements with the Latin professors at Oxford and Cambridge, with the Universities themselves, with various colleges, with the Government, and with other examining bodies. It is worth while to notice that the Universities were to be asked merely to provide a more satisfactory mode of matriculation, and the colleges to arrange their scholarship examinations more conveniently; while the Government were to be requested to institute a kind of degree examination for all boys at the period of their leaving school. Such was the scheme of the Sherborne meeting, as conveyed to their committee. The committee, however, changed the programme. On

their own authority (and it is no business of mine, or of the public, to find fault with them) they determined to place (as I should call it) the schools under the patronage and control of the Universities; to invite them to inspect the schools and report on their efficiency, and, in addition to this, to hold examinations of all boys at two stages of their school career, with a view to awarding certificates of satisfactory attainments. They also suggested that the Universities should accept these certificates as entitling the bearer to exemption from certain subsequent examinations; a suggestion at which the Universities have not thus far shown themselves eager to grasp. Such was the plan as it left the hands of the committee, and as it remained when they presented their report. The conference of headmasters, when next they met at Highgate, adopted and approved, though not without some hesitation, the efforts of the committee. These efforts had not as yet led to any definite result; and it is not uncharitable to surmise that the approval would perhaps have been less complete if the efforts had been more practically successful.

I have been the more careful in sketching the history of these proposals, because it seems to me important to point out that they have originated in a manner which it is not unfair to describe as 'casual.' The assembly of headmasters, although of a friendly and unrepresentative character, is still an important body; and the proposals in question have received from them a more or less formal sanction, though they have never gone so far, it will be noticed, as to express a distinct wish for the 'inspection' of their schools. But the desire that the Universities shall examine and inspect the working of the schools, and report upon their efficiency, did not as a matter of fact emanate from this body, nor has a wish to that effect been expressed, as far as I am aware, by any public body whatever, by any official personages, by any representatives of the entire public, or, indeed, by any persons of consideration whatever.

This being the case, how are we to account for the cordial reception which the proposals have met with at Oxford and Cambridge? Syndicates have been formed at both Universities, which have taken the greatest pains to arrange a course of action, and which, but for the fact that the two Universities, or those who represent them, seemed to have formed widely different conceptions of what was wanted, would have long ago found themselves in a position to propound a definite scheme. One of the irremediable differences, as I am given to understand, is no less than the admission or exclusion of the entire original plan, the only one which the meeting of headmasters has distinctly sanctioned, that of the leaving examinations for certificates of proficiency. Differences apart, the Universities have taken up the idea of inspection and examination, and are at this moment hard at work upon it. This eagerness is not to be accounted for by the ambition to engross educational authority, and even if it were, I am not sure that it would be deserving of blame. It rather seems to proceed from a pure desire to be useful, and, in pursuance of that desire, to attempt any task which any one may suggest as possible. It is a trite observation, that when a person is suddenly awakened to a



sense of his responsibilities, one of the earliest proofs which he gives of his nascent earnestness is the passion for awakening the same sense in others. There is no touch truer to nature in 'Tom Brown' than when the friend on whom the hero had been hotly urging a particular course of moral reform cannot refrain, though much impressed, from commenting on the suddenness of the zeal. 'Very cool of Tom,' thought East, 'seeing as how he only came out of Egypt himself last evening at bedtime.' The Universities came out of Egypt, I imagine, somewhere about the time of the passing of the first University Reform Bill. Since then too much cannot be said for the energy with which they have been at work to reform abuses, and to place themselves at the head of education. Enlargement of studies, development of the professoriate, abolition of limitations, institution of local examinations—all mean increased work and usefulness. Only, if they proposed to organise the instruction of the navy or to control the working of a power-loom I should say that they were overstepping their natural functions. And they appear to me to transgress them equally if they claim to test and govern, otherwise than indirectly, the English public schools.

The proposals which are being put forward may, however indefinite their shape, be considered as falling under two heads.

1. It is proposed to appoint commissioners who shall be in readiness, in parties of two or more, to visit and inspect the schools, either examining portions of them by written or *viva voce* questioning, or else superintending such examination, to an extent sufficient to enable them to declare whether the work of the school is so conducted as to deserve the confidence of the public.

2. It is proposed, once or oftener in the year, to hold an examination, either of boys leaving school, or of all boys of a certain age or ages, either in subjects taught at school or in those which the boys, or the Universities, select, with the view of granting certificates, either with or without marks of distinction, to the successful candidates.

It will thus be seen that, though to a slight extent they may appear to cover the same ground, the proposals of inspection and of leaving examinations are clearly distinguishable; and it is to be regretted that neither in the original suggestions nor, until lately, in the action of the University syndicates, do they appear to have been carefully distinguished. They seem to me to contain the elements of what is undesirable in very different degrees. The scheme of inspection is, I shall urge, vicious both in conception and practice; that of leaving examinations is at worst harmless in idea, but is so beset with difficulties that no success can be hoped for at the present time from its action.

In representing the weakness of the inspection scheme, I am met with the difficulty that the arguments in its favour have to be supplied almost from conjecture. When a Government inspector visits a coal-mine or a factory, or reports on a primary school, one knows pretty well what the object of the visit is, and can judge of its necessity. Certain definite rules of law have to be complied with, and it needs ocular inspection to

pronounce that this has been done. Certain specified results have to be attained, and national payments depend on their entire or partial attainment. Compare this organisation with what is proposed in the case of a public school. What definite laws (I wish there were a few) can we either keep or break? What definite results can be placed in the column of a return, out of all the manifold influences which go towards constituting an education? We shall be told that this inspection will supply a valuable stimulus, to the teachers towards increasing their assiduity, to the scholars towards learning their lessons. I emphatically deny the necessity of such a stimulus. Even Dr. Ridding, the chairman of the very committee which lent itself to the original suggestion, declares candidly that he feels and sees no need of it. It is a mere popular error to suppose that public schools at present need a stimulus as regards amount of work. We 'came out of Egypt' in Dr. Arnold's time, and have been fighting Amalekites ever since; and one of the principal foes, that of simple idleness, we may now consider that we have fairly vanquished. I grant that the schools have many and serious faults; we are not yet fully drinking the rivers of milk and honey; we make mistakes, we are cowardly, we are shortsighted, we have (I shall not deny) radical and perhaps incurable defects. But they are not mistakes or defects which a University inspector can either disclose or cure. They are not such as need a 'stimulus.' Heaven help the school which sees so little of its own shortcomings as to suppose that the report of a commissioner from Oxford or Cambridge can reveal or obscure their existence!

I have just quoted Dr. Ridding's avowal that he has no wish of his own for the stimulus of which I have been speaking. But he goes on to say that the public seem to wish it. Granting for a moment that this is the case—assuming, that is, a proposition for which no evidence has yet been shown—what ground is there for supposing that an inspection by the Universities is the right way to tell the public what they want? Parents wish, it is suggested, to know which are the best schools to which they may send their sons. Does any person with the smallest experience in education suppose that the reports of these delegates will be a body of evidence on which they may rely for a decision? As it is, the materials for a choice are abundant. Between the public schools at the present moment there exists the keenest rivalry, and it is as easy to ascertain their relative merits and defects as those of a college or a watering-place. In all probability the grounds for choosing this or that school must be often grotesque in their variety. But, while the parent is justly culpable who sends his son to Harrow because his second cousin had a friend there, or because Lord Byron carved his name on the desks, he is probably not much more irrational than another would be who should select it because a senior classic of Cambridge averred that some particular form had learnt their irregular verbs well. Why, then, do we have examiners now from the Universities for the work of the higher forms? In the first place, because labour is so heavy that fresh hands must be called in to do it; then because an examiner may sometimes

introduce a new stamp of ideas, suggest weak points in scholarship, give a little dignity to the work of those boys whose efforts he is testing ; and lastly, because it seems to some people only fair that the most important prizes of a school should be assigned by a person who cannot possibly be biassed in the award. But which of these objects can be attained by a scholar who comes down to superintend a portion of the examination of a portion of the school in a portion of the work which has been done in a portion of the year ? I read, on the authority of one of the head-masters, that he may at all events 'sink a shaft' in the school, and test the whole by a part. The simile exactly suits my argument. What value would be set on the report of a mineralogist who would propose, by sinking a shaft of casual depth in a casual valley, to form an estimate of the metalliferous wealth of Cornwall ?

Let it be remembered that it is this, and this only, which it is proposed to carry out. The inspector of a primary school, who has to report on a definite issue with reference to distinct and binding standards, examines personally every child in the building, and pronounces a positive judgment upon each. In the case of a boarding school, with its various culture and complex organisation, the University inspector of the future will take a specimen here and there of the results, and write word to his central Board what he thinks the institution is worth. He might as well try to estimate the working of a parish by hearing the village choir sing. 'So far as to enable them to report on the general character and efficiency of the whole.' Are we talking of the inspecting of schools or the tasting of cheeses ? And yet everyone knows that a complete examination of the results even in one single subject would be next door to an impossibility. The expense alone would put it out of the question. Nor if this were even possible would it render the result a satisfactory one. I cannot but think that copies must still be extant of the letters which were written ten years ago by the authorities of the Seven Schools, when the Royal Commission hinted that perhaps it might be well to submit the whole body of pupils to an examination. If they are still in existence, they might possibly furnish an interesting supplement to the suggestions of the committee of 1871.

Is this really what is most important in schools, the capability of passing an examination so as to satisfy, according to certain vague standards, the taste of an inspector in Latin or Greek ? We all are convinced of the contrary. A school is good if it makes the best of its materials, if it is full of good traditions, if its standard of intellectual interest is high, if it is strict in discipline, if it is vigorous in games, if its teachers are gentle and just, if its organisation is careful and sensible, if it is well ordered in diet, service, ventilation, drainage, space ; and also if it attains, as the crown of its merits, what I understand to be the very cream of University distinction, the proper appreciation of the sound of the Roman consonants. Give me an envoy from the Universities who can pronounce on all those at a single visit, and I will say not a word against his mission. But, I shall hear, it is worth while to have an



estimate of the pupil's knowledge of Latin, even granting that the judgment is as partial and limited as it must needs thus be. Why? Merely for the purpose of emphasising a fallacy? Merely in order that the public may be induced to look upon a part as the whole, and consider that as a complete estimate which all those concerned will know to be utterly insufficient? 'But the Universities do this to a certain extent already by their scholarships, and nobody complains. They are allowed, without any challenge, to give glory to schools by success in intellectual competitions alone, and those of a limited kind.' Nobody complains, I reply, because nobody has anything better to suggest. It is clear that this is all that they can possibly do. It is desirable that intellectual success should be rewarded, and schools have, heaven knows, enough interest already in winning these prizes and payments. I am told on the best authority, that at a certain school every scholarship gained at the University is as tangibly marked in the applications for entrance during the following week as if it were registered on a thermometer. Surely we do not want still further to persuade the public that these results alone are the standard by which our work is to be valued, even though it were possible for a score of examiners, at the cost of a year's income, to satisfy themselves to the last shred of knowledge on the attainments of every pupil in the school. How much stronger the argument becomes, how much more fallacious the fallacy offered to the intelligence of parents, when, instead of this searching inquiry, there is to be an inspector with the office merely of a roaring lion, who is to go about seeking some one to examine, grasping at an induction for morsels of evidence, listening to a lesson here, reading an exercise there, and returning to his Athens much (as I should venture to picture it) with the feeling that Peisthetærus must have experienced after his sojourn in the Region of the Birds, with the sense that he has been listening for a couple of days and nights to one universal gabble!

I am convinced that the sketch which I have drawn of the value of an inspector's work will not be considered overdrawn by anyone who accepts the premisses with which I started; which are, that schools have other merits than those which an examination can test: that the proposed inspector's office is to be simply that of a literary examiner: and that even this function is to be exercised in a partial manner. But I come now to what is the most serious, because the most far-reaching, danger of the whole scheme. When we were discussing the notion of a stimulus which this plan proposes to offer, it must have occurred to many to rejoin that though a mere stimulus to work might be superfluous, it would at least be useful to have some external guide to direct the energies of the school in the right direction, to correct extravagances, to keep the teaching in the proper or the established groove.

In other words, the schools are to be controlled by the Universities. The delegates, who may, it is suggested, be either resident or non-resident graduates, are to train the institutions which they visit in the way in which they should go. They are to hint that some subjects or some

methods of study are good and others bad, and as a matter of necessity the schools which wish to be praised will do well to adopt their advice. Now I most seriously urge that the present position of education demands that the liberty of teaching which exists at present in schools should be rather extended than curtailed. It is generally acknowledged that education is in many respects in a period of transition; that the established curriculum is, to use the hackneyed phrase, 'on its trial.' All the prominent movements at present are in the direction of enlargement and variety; there may be equal thoroughness, or there may not, in the prosecution of the old subjects, but at any rate hardly a voice is raised against allowing a fair field for the enterprise of the new. It is a time when experiments should be liberally tried, and difficulties fairly faced. Towards trying them, towards encountering the difficulties, the country starts with the inestimable advantage of having a number of schools, each of which boasts that within large limits it can take a line of its own, can turn itself in this or that direction, and retain its own peculiar 'genius.' The future course of education can be satisfactorily traced out only by the fullest indulgence which can be granted to this individual freedom.

I fully grant that by the existing University examinations on the one hand, and the public tastes on the other, this freedom is at this moment limited. I conceive that even the present limits are more narrow than is consistent with satisfactory progress; and certainly I can find in their existence no justification for further encroachment. Indeed, to anyone who reflects that less than one-fifth of the boys at public schools go to a University when they leave, it may appear surprising that the present control should be as great as long tradition and personal influence have rendered it. That the proportion should be greater is much to be wished: and when once the Universities shall have lowered their standard of age and enlarged their curriculum, it may well be hoped that it will increase. But it is time that any approximation of school and University work should be made by expansion of the elder, and not by regulation of the younger bodies.

It is not unfair to represent this enhanced control as an essential and inherent element of the scheme of inspection. It is impossible that the two should be separated. How is an inspector to assign credit to what he does not understand? And how, again, can he be omniscient? I am, I will suppose, a headmaster or a subordinate master of a school which, while it is bound, indeed, to train boys for the Universities, has also a freedom of considerable range in its instruction. It is my opinion that the Scandinavian language and literature afford the best possible means of cultivating the mind of a student. I find every advantage (let me imagine) in this study that can be offered by the most devoted professor of the established curriculum. I trace history which is as obscure as that of the Roman kings, and teach dialects as dead as a door-nail. I throw my scholars into frames of mind and busy them in the contemplation of processes than which not the most erudite of Æschylean controversies can have less connection with modern thought. I have the successes of

an enthusiast and a discoverer. I awaken interest, I train to logical sequence, I load with varied information, I exercise cultivated imagination: my pupils write verses like the Eddas, and get by heart mythology like a Skald: I am even about to initiate a majestic reform in the pronounciation of the Scandinavian *c*; and all this training is based on the languages and doings of the sea-kings who lived before Rollo. Now I may be wise in this course, or unwise; but is it not desirable that my idea should have at least as fair a trial as the present matriculations and army examinations allow it? I shall soon find out my error if I am wrong, and others will not imitate me if I fail; and all the time I have to bear in mind that the Universities still expect Latin, and parents insist on arithmetic. My eccentricity is carefully hedged: are not the prospects of education the better for a moderate indulgence of my caprice? But mark how the plan of University inspection tells upon my work. A college Fellow, or it may be a country clergyman, comes down to judge the teaching of the school at which I am engaged. As it is not to be supposed that he will know the ancient Norse, he will find it convenient to take, as a specimen, some other portion of my work than that in the results of which I take such pride; or else he will put me aside altogether, and devote himself to some non-Scandinavian class; and all that the inquiring parents are likely to know of my splendid successes is that my neighbour's form are found to be good in their Greek. Or—should it happen that the Board of Control at the Universities have searched out and sent down some scholar who has devoted himself to the same results as I, who comes, hears, sees, and passes a judgment which is probably valueless from the absence of a standard of comparison—much light will the public receive from the assurance that my work is excellent, and—*ex pede Herculem*—the school is admirably conducted, when it is notorious that among my colleagues he knows nothing of A, who goes to sleep over his Virgil; B, who puts the cricketers systematically first; or C, whose class-room is a bear-garden. More probable than either hypothesis is the third: that the inspector will appear some day provided with an array of established tests in classical scholarship, and a couple of questions in Icelandic literature which he has begged or stolen from Dr. Dasent; that the report which will appear of my work will run, 'Moderate success in the normal subjects; shows some curious Scandinavian energy;' that with a sigh and a blush I shall give up my northern studies, abandon Wodin and Thor, stick to the construction of the prolative and quid-quod-qualitive verbs, and the light of Scandinavian learning will be quenched in schools for ever!

It will be observed that I am not contending for absolute freedom of teaching in schools; I am arguing against the curtailment of that amount of freedom which we have. But turning now to the second of the suggested methods of bringing the University influence to bear upon school education, that of leaving examinations, it will be remarked that to a considerable degree it is open to the same objections which have been brought against the scheme of inspection, and that its dangers are only less



threatening because the project is of narrower range. Its evils will be brought to a minimum, while, on the other hand, its practical difficulties will reach a climax, if it be extended, as it surely ought to be, to the entire youth of the country. It is fair to confess that, with the extension made, a simultaneous examination of all boys of a certain age by a combined Board from the Universities would have much to recommend it, and the necessity of the case would operate towards rendering such an examination as elastic as possible. But, remembering the enormous labour and the serious difficulties which the University of London has to face in carrying out a similar plan, it would require a very sanguine confidence to believe that a scheme of the kind is likely to be adopted; and were it even moderately easy, it would be a function which would be performed equally well, and ultimately much better, by a central public authority. The Universities have now devoted at least enough of their energies to examining, and it would be well that the next steps of progress for some time to come should lie in the direction of further teaching. Delegates would be quite as usefully employed in instruction at Birmingham and Bradford as in adding to the already abundant examination of boys whose life is one continual test. But, however this may be, the head and front of the objection to the plan is its tendency to cramp study. When a pupil of mine tells me that he is about to try and prepare himself for some special external examination, it is with but little exaggeration that I mentally reply, 'Then so ends your rational education.' I am quite for competition in the public service, because I know no better mode of selection; but its results are annoying enough already without a fresh set of fetters from the Universities. To use Dr. Ridding's admirable phrase, which is a perfect addition to the stores of the language, the chief effect of such an examination would be its operation as a *negative* stimulus.

If complete, systematic, and open to all the country, such a test would be open, I have urged, to fewer objections, and would at any rate confer a general benefit, even though at the cost of the liberty of school teaching. If confined to particular schools, it would retain this great disadvantage, and from the necessarily varying standard would be misleading and wasteful of energy. If limited to the subjects taught at the school, and regulated according to the proportion which these subjects bear to one another, it would cease indeed to be cramping, though it would still be delusive, and its full execution next door to impossible; but it does not appear what object would be served by its existence. You cannot compare the results of two examinations of which the materials vary, nor can you offer University advantages in return for successes of which you have not beforehand determined the conditions.

But, it is gravely argued, it is better to fall into the hands of one's friends than of one's enemies; if the Universities do not institute these leaving examinations (and perhaps these inspections too), the Government will. In the first place, I demur to the prophecy. There seems no reason whatever for the supposition that the Government intend to interfere in the education of the schools, except the clauses in the second part of Mr. Forster's Endowed Schools Bill, which were rashly conceived

and quickly dropped out of sight ; and the Education Department has far too much work on its hands at present to be likely to undertake any fresh labour on so vast a scale. But, in the second place, I am far from being convinced that the work, if done at all, would not be better done by a central department of the public service. It would so avoid the difficulty which the co-operation of two independent bodies must involve, and it would always be open to the influence, which is extremely strong, of the leading public schools. It is argued that 'we know the animus' of the Universities but not of the Government. Surely, if we are to be examined and inspected at all, it would be more satisfactory on public grounds to rely on the verdict of judges who have no animus of any kind to start with. I should prefer that the thing should not be done at all at present, because, as was said above, we are in a period of educational experiment, and perhaps transition ; but in twenty or thirty years' time it is possible that, without more injury than all control inherently involves, the Minister of Education may bring forward a plan similar to that of the German leaving examinations, with the concurrence of public opinion, and even with some advantage to the schools.

The *Abiturienten-prüfungen* of Germany are constantly being brought forward in connection with this argument ; and it seems to be thought that, whether the conditions of the examination are similar or not, the fact that German boys are examined on leaving school is a solid fact which has in itself all the weight of a logical process. Let us recall a few of these conditions. The *Abiturienten* examinations are conducted mainly by the teachers of the schools ; they take place at the national day-schools only ; they are very wide in their range ; they are supervised by Government officers ; they deal not only with results but with training, as they demand that a certain length of time shall have been spent in the advanced classes of the school ; they bear record of morality and diligence ; they extend over bodies far larger than our English schools, being in connection with a national educational system ; and, most important of all, they confer a right of entrance to the Universities, to which there is no other access. Let us put this question distinctly to the Oxford and Cambridge syndicates. If we submit to the burden of these leaving examinations (inspection being put aside), and confer on them the right of testing us at their pleasure, what are they prepared to offer in return ? Do they engage that they will admit none to residence but those who have satisfied the standards ? Do they undertake to exempt those who have done so from any further matriculation test ? Do they promise that the colleges as well as the University shall consider these certificates as sufficient ? Are they even disposed to hold out any one definite exemption or privilege which shall attach to the fortunate candidates with whom they shall have pronounced themselves satisfied ? Surely, some engagements of this nature must accompany the scheme of school examinations if they are seriously offered for acceptance. It would be embarrassing enough to have these examinations at all ; but the dose might be sweetened by a bribe.

Such are the arguments which have occurred to me against the proposal for this regular examination and inspection of the public schools by commissioners from Oxford and Cambridge. If they can be fairly answered, I shall only be glad to think that a new field has been found for the growing energy of the Universities. If not, I hope that the schools may be left with their present limited freedom, and can only suggest that the Universities should devote themselves instead to examining and inspecting one another. The proposal lacks, as it seems to me, all the elements of a *bonâ fide* reform. It corresponds to no pressing needs, it leads to no definite ends: it is doubtful whether it originates in any deliberate expression of opinion on the part of its reputed authors. But I should be very sorry to give the impression that I consider no reform at all necessary, and no inspection desirable. I am not one of those who believe that the schools can be safely left altogether to themselves, or that the Universities have no duties in connection with them. I will conclude this paper accordingly by mentioning, with but little argument, the reforms which I should be glad to see accomplished, and which would meet, I think, all reasonable demands. The points I shall set down are those which bear upon the relation of the schools to the public, and of the Universities to the schools.

1. There should be a Council of Education, under the department of the Minister of Education, charged with the duty of inspecting the public schools of the country in all matters that relate to finance. It remains yet to be seen what relations in matters of teaching and discipline the new governing bodies of the schools will bear to the headmasters, and what share they will take in supervision of studies. Without expressing any opinion on the subject, I will venture to predict that those relations will, as a matter of fact, become in future years somewhat different from those which have hitherto existed. However this may be, the governing bodies and the teachers are together competent, under the control of public opinion, to settle matters of organisation and instruction. But the nation has a right to make sure that there shall be no jobs; and the auditing of the school accounts should at first be the principal work of the proposed Council. In future years the same body will form the centre round which may gather, slowly and tentatively, a system of national secondary education; but the experience of French Government control is sufficient to warn us against proceeding otherwise than with the greatest caution in the matter.

2. Further, and much more systematic, steps might be taken by the colleges towards organising their entrance examinations in such a way as not to interfere with school studies. All the authorities, when appealed to, declare that they see the inconvenience of the present system, but are powerless to effect a remedy. It has sometimes occurred to me to wonder how many months it would take to effect a cure, if the headmasters of half a dozen of the principal schools were to declare that henceforward no boy should leave his work for a temporary sojourn at the University except in the months of January and June. I do not advocate this course,



which would be churlish, and it is pleasant to keep the relation of the colleges and the schools on the cordial footing on which they happily stand at present; but it is not too much to suggest that some slight degree of pressure from without might induce a more zealous co-operation at the Universities.

3. The same considerations apply to the competition for scholarships, though here the difficulties of co-operation are presumably, indeed necessarily, greater.

4. It is hardly necessary to point out as indispensable in the interest of the schools a further enlargement of the University curriculum; for both Universities seem alive to the importance of the step, and though they proceed slowly, it may be hoped that they proceed surely.

5. The principal of all the reforms which deserve consideration at the hands of schools and Universities, though it lies chiefly in the hands of the latter, is the lowering of the age of the students. It is too large a matter, and not sufficiently germane to the immediate subject of these pages to discuss; but it may be included in the list of reforms which the committee of headmasters would do well to bring before the syndicates which are appointed to treat with them. It seems to me certain that the schools keep boys too old: that the Universities accept them too late and keep them too long: and that if the average age were a couple of years younger, the number of those who would be able to look forward to a University education would be largely increased. I should be glad to see a statute passed at once that no undergraduate should be received (unless exceptionally) after his nineteenth birthday, or admitted to his final examination after his twenty-second: and I should hope that the standard might eventually be placed a year younger still. Then, if it were thought desirable, two years or two years and a half might be given to additional study by those who chose to proceed to a further examination for the degree of Master of Arts. If such a regulation as the above were insisted on at Oxford and Cambridge, the schools would be able, and might bind themselves, to refuse to keep any boy who had passed the age fixed for University entrance.

6. I cannot but think the time has come when the headmasters might with advantage concert a plan for carrying out a conscience clause in their schools, either by the distinct enunciation of its principle or by adopting such arrangements as would involve its essence.

7. In the event of such a change in the tenure of Fellowships as should render essential to the receipt of a dividend from college funds some service done in teaching either at the Universities themselves, or at other centres of instruction in the provinces, it would be worth considering whether the less richly endowed schools might not be allowed to confer such a title to the receipt of the payment, in virtue of assistance which the holder of the Fellowship might give towards their school work.

## VI

GAMES: A 'U.U.' ESSAY<sup>1</sup>

[1884]

I AM going to write a plain, practical discourse, with no jokes or paradoxes or epigrams, and one which will be intelligible to the meanest capacity here. I had thought at first of describing, after the manner of Swift or Erewhon, and with a view of suggestive contrast, a school in which the development of the body was the primary concern with boys—was, in the time-honoured phrase, 'what they came there for'—and the cultivation of the mind was considered laudable and useful if only undue time were not thrown away upon it; but I stopped this train of fancy, from finding that I had drifted into something curiously like the education of ancient Athens. I also had it in my mind to put before the meeting an imitation of a Platonic dialogue, in which it would be shown from first principles that the sort of person who is fit to bowl is also the sort of person who is fit to bat, and should combine the two functions simultaneously (why how not? Theætetus would say)—and, that a high score being the right thing, it would follow—would it not?—that the best and more perfect hit was the hit which went highest (it would seem so, says Philebus), and so on. Racks shall not tear from me the reason for which I in the end abandoned this brilliant idea. And, in the end, I fell back upon the plainest prose, and am much confused by having just read in Ruskin that the man who can do things best is always the man who can discourse upon them worst; so that, if this essay is tame and barren, it follows that my cricket average is likely to be something quite out of the common. I have often been told that the mind is superior to the body; I do not think this has ever been proved. It seems to me to be of the nature of those things which are called pious beliefs. As a rough test, let us think what it is that we most value our friends for: is it for their delicate choice in optatives, which my friend the composition-master assures me is the loftiest mental development which we can put before our youth; or is it their temper—in other words, their digestion—which is their body? That isn't fair, says the composition-master: no cogent argument ever is in the opinion of the cogue. He will urge that the optatives are not the tip-top greatness, but only go with it and connote it. Well, drop the digestion itself too, and put instead the fine complexion and something round the chest and proper coloured hair which connote

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Journal of Education*.

it. I don't think the scale has turned. Tom Hughes says somewhere that your real friend is the man whom, if you saw alone and penniless and naked in the street among the carriages, you would take and dress and feed and be a brother to. Well, everyone knows you wouldn't if he had a decided squint. Anyhow, you wouldn't merely because you knew he was clever. How is it practically with us? I certainly don't think I have any one really *very* ugly friend (I smile to myself as I write this, to think how when I read it I shall see every one furtively glancing at his neighbour to see if *he* is looking at *him*). I repeat, I haven't any *very* ugly friend. And, on the other hand, I must say of some of my friends, with all respect, that their minds and intelligences are at any rate no better than they should be.

Well, then, let us assume, till the contrary is proved, that body is as important as mind (I speak popularly for convenience: gentlemen who have been reading their magazine literature diligently can of course translate this into the proper dialect)—that a well-developed tendo Achillis is about equal in value to firm grounding in grammar, that you may put into the same sort of category a tendency to false quantities and to freckles. Now, will anybody here please to be good enough to tell me why we schoolmasters should give all our care and thought, from one end of the year to the other, to one side of this equation, and leave the other to take care of itself?

I seem to hear the tinkling of many answers—'Because boys like bodily exercise well enough as it is.'—'Why don't they like their lessons?' 'Because things do better if left to work naturally.'—Just go and apply this to Greek. 'Because you can't make all boys strong and active.'—Whereas you *can* make all learned and clever? 'Because some of the choicest intellects would be ruined by being forced to play and run.'—And are no fine animals ever ruined by being made to conjugate and compose?

If any one comes and says—'Well, then, do you propose to organise athletics like school, or to disorganise school like athletics?' I reply to him that it is I who am writing this essay, and not he; and that I am the best judge of what questions it is convenient to answer. But this much I will say, that I don't know whether the system of letting boys do what lessons they like has ever had a fair trial, and that, with a few limitations and laws, I should uncommonly like to see it tried. And, whether it is tried or not, I declare upon my honour as a U.U. that the consideration, which I have been pointing out, seems to me to be serious and enormously suggestive.

Whether to any extent, and to what, the schoolmaster should scholasticise athletics, let us now consider. I will treat the question without any reference to particular schools, or any particular customs; and I would suggest that, in our subsequent discussion, we shall gain more light in proportion as we avoid individual instances and speak of common customs. I begin by the proposition that the common English school games are of indescribable value. Without any exaggeration,



I declare that in our whole system there is nothing which, in my opinion, approaches them in value. I merely mention that the battle of Waterloo was won in the playing fields of Eton, because that remark will have been generally expected, and it will now not be necessary to make it again. But I have no objection to add to it, that the existence of the playing fields at Eton has been much more to the advantage of the world than the winning of the battle of Waterloo. There will be none here who will deny that games are good, of course; but there may be some who will not join in the strength of my language; and I will enlarge upon this thesis for a few moments.

In the first place, a good run at football is absolutely a good thing, and grand and beautiful, simply because I say it is. It is good in the same sense as an eloquent speech. When it forms part of an organised game, and is seen and appreciated by others, the world is *ipso facto* a gainer. The body for ever! *Sursum crura!* I do not see why this argument or assertion should not be true, though I cannot take the trouble of putting it in that particular metaphysical form which would dazzle and convince. These games are a joy for ever, and that is the long and short of it.

Next, they give a vast quantity of pleasure.

Next, the social gain is beyond calculation.

Here one drops perforce into truisms, except that truisms spoken in the ordinary tone do not sufficiently express my opinions, and I am driven rapidly towards capital letters. I who write have seen and played probably more school games than any one now alive; and my verdict is, 'Very good.' It would be tiresome to dwell on this; but consider rapidly the habit of being in public, the forbearance, the subordination of the one to the many, the exercise of judgment, the sense of personal dignity. The day I began to write this essay, a captain of a house football eleven asked me to go down to his house-game that day. There was a small local trouble: two important boys had a quarrel on, and it was very awkward, and, in short, he wanted to be advised. I played; everything went on as usual. After it was over, I asked about the quarrel. It had vanished into the delight of exercise and the glory of play.

Think again of the organising faculty that our games develop. Where can you get command and obedience, choice with responsibility, criticism with discipline, in any degree remotely approaching that in which our social games supply them?

Think of the morallo-physical side of it; temper, of course; dignity and courtesy. I asked a new boy this quarter what, on the whole, struck him most in school life as being unexpected and remarkable; he said, the politeness with which boys spoke to one another as compared with preparatory schools.

Has it never struck us all, when looking on at a game or playing in one, that now is the very moment one would choose for getting something heroic done? Does it never occur to us, in the flush and glow of play, how little and unimportant things boys' offences are?—a consideration

which always (and *not* its opposite) seems to me to constitute the finest atmosphere of moral school life, and which always presents itself to me with amazing force when I see a boy sick or hurt. Has it never happened to us to find, in a walk home from cricket or football, but especially football, the very best and choicest time for saying the particular thing that we want a boy particularly to take to heart?

And, once more, I offer it as my deliberate opinion, that the best boys are, on the whole, the players of games. I had rather regenerate England with the football elevens than with average members of Parliament, who are, of course, our wisest men. When I reflect on the vices to which games are a permanent corrective—laziness, foppery, man-of-the-worldness—I am not surprised at being led to the verdict which I have just delivered. And, having known more than one period, at one school at any rate, when cricket was distinctly recognised as being on one side, and very serious evils on the other, I find a cricket ball or a football becoming in my eyes a sort of social fetish, of which it is difficult to realise the fact that our ancestors never dreamt the value.

There be three occasions which fairly overcome my sensibilities—yea, four—when you might borrow a five-pound note of me. One is, when a master has been leading up to the solution of some small intellectual problem, and has had the skill to make it interesting and fairly easy, and the moment has come when the form has to find it out, when every single boy is attending, when brainwork is going on from one end of the class to the other, and when every face in the room gets a sudden brightened look as the guesses shape themselves to a solution. Another is, when something very good in its way has been done or said among an assemblage of companions, and there leaps forth that burst of clapping with the hands which in its high key seems to pervade space and almost to speak. And, thirdly, when, on the day of the long-expected football match, the moment has really come, and that which was to be, is, and the ball is really kicked off, and *now* the play has begun. *There* is education. *There* is enlargement of horizon: self sinks, the common good is the only good, the bodily faculties exhilarate in functional development, and the make-believe ambition is glorified into a sort of ideality. Here is boyhood at its best, or very nearly at its best. Well, after all, to what was the greatest of the Beatitudes allotted—*οἱ καθαροὶ τῇ καρδίᾳ*? Not to unsensuality only, as the commentators think, but, higher still, to simple-mindedness. And when you have a lot of human beings, in highest social union and perfect organic action, developing the law of their race and falling in unconsciously with its best inherited traditions of brotherhood and of common action, I think you are not far from getting a glimpse of one side of the highest good. There lives more soul in honest play, believe me, than in half the hymn-books.

*Quo, Musa, tendis?* Let us get back to controversy. 'I distinctly prefer that my son should not be an athlete,' said a friend of mine, who is also a parent, to me the other day. 'I don't want all that excitement and display. I want him to have quiet family tastes, to care for beetles

and butterflies, to be sober-minded, reasonable, domestic. Your games are a mere excrescence on a properly disciplined life, are a factitious pleasure and an artificial employment of energy.' 'Thou fool!' I said to him (I am not habitually unpolite, but I have been pursuing my theological studies a good deal lately), 'is not all school artificial to the last degree? "So much the worse for it, is it?" "That is just what you complain of?" Why, is not *all* our life a purely artificial produce from the lives of past ancestors, and is not the business of each generation, if Darwinism be true, nothing else than to artifice its successors? Beetle me no beetles! I am not going to give up what I see visibly to be the food of health and virtue, because you consider that a Swiss Family Robinson could do very nicely without it. There were not enough for an eleven in the days of Adam and Eve, so they had to do without. But, if you find people now-a-days trying Locke and Rousseau in practice, and deliberately preferring them after trial, it will be time enough then to talk of domesticity.'

Well, but there may have been a grain of sense in what my friend said. It is possible that the present form of some of our games may tend just a shade too much towards self-display. So far as this is the case, I should like to point out that it is not the games that are to blame. A person who did not happen to be a little behind the scenes of the athletic world would hardly believe what an eagerness there is in it to *exploiter* the schools, to get hold of them and make them minister to the distinction and the purses of enterprising gentlemen in London. In schools near London, it needs constant watchfulness to parry these attacks, and it is impossible altogether to defeat them. In such matters as this, authority has a legitimate function. It may regulate with despotic control the conditions under which a game shall turn into a public exhibition, in cricket, rowing, football, athletics, shooting, racquets, or even the lawn-tennis of the future. Ticket this as Number One.

Akin to this is the danger of extravagance. Cricket and racquets both foster this a little, and they have an excellent counter-agent in football, which, in the outer world, tends in the happy direction of cheapness. I didn't say—I did *not* say, vulgarity. In matters of expense, then, the master is useful and necessary. This is Number Two. 'Sumptuary laws,' said some one to me, in the tone of a Pallas Minerva, last time the subject was uppermost here, 'sumptuary laws always are unwise.' I found it hard to select the most appropriate answer; and I think I have remarked upon some of my friends that their heart was sounder than their head. My friend might as well have said that moral enactments are out of place, or that a regulation of locking up at dark had failed when tried in the form of curfew. The truth is, that sumptuary laws are fitted for children exactly to the same extent as all other laws are—until, that is, they can do without them. A master does not do his duty to his games who does not enact how much shall be paid to cricket professionals, within what limits the tailor and hosier may have their fling, what shall be the maximum value of cups given as prizes.



There is one large question of practical organisation which fairly falls under the control of masters—that of compulsory games. ‘Brethren, in the primitive school’—so will hereafter run the service of the Religion of Corporeal Humanity—‘there was a laudable custom that all boys were obliged to play at games, and, if they didn’t, were beaten;’ and then Professor Harrison or Beesly will wink a noble wink as he goes on to lament that it can’t be revived again. Now, what is our duty by this custom? Evidently it leans for help upon a worthy idea, that boys form a community, that every member of the *δῆμος* must play his humble part, that *incivisme* is the worst of vices. This idea is the most pregnant and the most formative that schoolboys have. It has immensely wide affinities. *Atque utinam ex vobis unus* is, I suppose, next to longing for Chloe, the most passionate sentiment of our nature. But, though leaning, as I said, on this sentiment, the custom rests, I imagine, on an intelligible practical foundation; it began when schools were smaller, and when play languished if there were too few players, or if many boys grew up unfamiliarised to games. That boys should, under these circumstances, oblige each other to play seems reasonable and right; whether it is their wisest plan is not to the point. If they think that the general happiness gains from individuals joining in football, they have as much right to impose it as we should have to oblige Samson to pay police rates, though the police were of no value to *him*. Just up to this point, then, as long as the custom is natural, masters should recognise it; when it goes beyond this, when it takes some shape of superstition or priggishness, or simply ministers to tyrannical love of power, they should regard it jealously, or even interfere against it. Number Three.

Health, again, is obviously a matter for superior control. You may with propriety, if you think it wise, prevent cricket before Lady Day, or abolish pole-leaping, or forbid races over a mile long, or modify bathing rules, or enforce the wearing of hats or caps. In particular, you may with advantage insist on the substitution of civilised football rules for barbarous ones. If you are wise, you will interfere as little as possible, and as cautiously; but, when you do, you must enforce your decrees with the absolutism of a Peter the Great, and leave no food for grumbling in the shape of a hope of reversal. I think I must drop the counting.

How far, however, may masters go with advantage into the region that lies midway between authority and fellowship? Some headmasters almost directly organise games; some assistant masters teach very elaborately the art of good play; a great many assistant masters join in games if nothing else. I fear that nothing but commonplaces modified by experience will answer the question. Masters should not teach boys to do what they can do for themselves; and self-organisation we all allow to be half the good of the play. But in many cases, boys, and chiefly small boys, need to be helped to self-organisation as they are helped to construing. Big boys have traditions to guide them, and have more sense and versatility; but even they are often very stupid and uninventive, and, if you don’t help them, they go on unimproved—small

boys *à fortiori*. If, then, we say that you mustn't be unnecessary, you mustn't be officious, you mustn't vulgarise yourself into a professional coach, you mustn't seem ostentatiously unintellectual—outside of these limitations you will very often do good by giving your help; and a game well directed gives much greater happiness to the players than one [of which the organisation is suggested by the untrained heads of a single generation. Don't do all or nearly all for the boys; but don't be afraid of doing something.

As to mere joining in the games, do so on two conditions of the utmost strictness: (1) That the boys like your doing so; (2) That you are perfectly sure of keeping your temper. Avoid thoughtfully such rocks as these: Becoming a partisan on one side with too argumentative eagerness, *hurting* the boys at football, taking personal lead in cases where others can do it, wearying them by an overlong innings for your own amusement. Seek social relaxation in it even more than exercise. One hears the phrase used at times, So-and-So, a master, is popular because he plays at games. That is purely ridiculous. To play is no more popular in a man than in a boy. To play genially, modestly, good-temperedly, is popular in both; the more so, perhaps, if the player is really worth looking at for his skill, though this is of quite secondary value. And I suppose that, if a man is strong-minded, sensible, unselfish, brave, sympathising, lively, these virtues will have their course, work their influence, reap their fruit, as much in games as in school. Now, each of us believes that, as it so happens, these are the particular virtues which he himself possesses in perfection. That being the case, I advise everybody, subject to the two conditions named above, to play with the boys if he can.

One incidental question: If we play in school games and hear boys use words and phrases which—well, which are compatible with faint praise, but not restricted to it, what are we to do? I myself am one of those who think swearing rather a bad vice; we all know that it is in reality hardly a vice at all, and the fact merely is that the Teutonic race is, in moments of excitement, prone to the employment of the medial mutes; but it is specially wicked because the criminal knows it is a little wicked, and could stop it if he liked. Well, then, in the middle of a game we hear some young St. Athanasius making a characteristic remark. Shall we go away from the game as if shocked, which is ridiculous hypocrisy; or punish him, which is contrary to the theory on which we play—namely, that temporarily and for the purpose of the game we partly divest ourselves of our cap and gown; or shall we pretend not to hear it, which is a suggestion of the devil? I should say, behave exactly as you would wish one of the bigger boys to behave. If it is *not* a special moment of excitement, abuse the boy openly, a little angrily, without any shyness; if you are shy and underspoken on the ground of being a guest, things will seem unpleasant. If the offence was almost excusable, even still abuse him, but don't exaggerate; you are not a prig or a Puritan. If the moment isn't adapted for moral exhortation, put it off till it is, and

then take him to task, and, if he is a big boy, take him to a good deal of task.

How very little organisation by authority after all! How very free it is! How largely nature and instinct, limited only by a few big rules, is left to itself for the purpose of training the body! Can you imagine now, gentlemen, an arrangement by which this shall be otherwise; in virtue of which these muscles shall be trained on one day and those on another, in this manner the back shall be straightened, in that the sinews shall be developed, in a third the lungs shall have their work cut out for them? Can you conceive that the master shall lay down and enforce the degrees and the order in which physical energy shall stiffen into rule, and pretend to be physical enjoyment? I can; it is in the gymnasium. There it is; it exists. It is recommended by no scientific authorities of repute; it appeals to no traditions of past enjoyment; it awakens no social interests, and trains no administrative faculties. It is the mere Greek Iambics of physical training; has its element of truth, as all pedantry has, and has in its physical results a certain poor degree, as all pedantry has, of success. But what a substitute for football, and what a reflection for us, that men who know and have tasted the powers and the pleasures of play should yet in cold blood drive the children into this dead and barren routine! Don't suppose that great traditions can be trampled on with impunity. How do we know that the school games are so immovably fixed in school life that the meddlesome intrusion of formal gymnastics may not in some degree blight and spoil them?

O pauvres chers enfants, qu'ont nourris de leur lait  
Et qu'ont bercés nos femmes;  
Ces blêmes oiseleurs ont pris dans leurs filets  
Toutes vos douces âmes.

Si nous les laissons faire, on aura dans vingt ans,  
Sous les cieux que Dieu dore,  
Une France aux yeux ronds, aux regards clignotants,  
Qui haïra l'aurore!

We must not exaggerate: it will take a good deal of authoritative gymnastics to spoil cricket; but I do feel, towards anything which goes in its influence against the games of which we are so proud, a jealousy and an aversion which almost make me blind to its merits.

[The short remainder of the essay is suppressed as being frivolous.] <sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> This note is attached to the essay as originally printed.



## VII

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS, 1871<sup>1</sup>

I AM about to sketch the story of a series of events which took place in 1871, and occupied two months: events which in their dramatic interest, their novelty, the marvellous paradox of the situation, have probably never been equalled. The period of the Commune of Paris presents a picture military, social, and political, quite unparalleled in history.

The outline of the story is, that when peace was concluded between the Germans and French, and while the invading armies actually half encircled Paris, there arose a civil war between its inhabitants and the Central Government of M. Thiers; and after a siege of two months the Versailles army—as that of the Government was called—succeeded in taking the city, not without frightful carnage and massacre. By the word ‘Commune’ is meant the municipal council which governed Paris during this period.

The great Franco-German war was begun in August 1870, the Emperor Napoleon III. having seized an occasion of quarrel against Prussia. The radical deputies of Paris had opposed the war, and M. Thiers had voted against it. But the political necessities of the Empire were paramount, and war was declared. Its early calamities soon destroyed what popularity and internal strength the Imperial Government had, and upon the capitulation at Sedan, in which MacMahon’s army, and the Emperor with it, surrendered to the enemy, a bloodless insurrection in Paris proclaimed the downfall of the Empire; and the republican ‘Government of the 4th of September,’ as it was called, came into existence. It was composed of the deputies of the capital; it had no formal sanction from the French people, but it was tacitly accepted as a government which could and would fight the Prussians.

The German armies soon surrounded Paris, and the famous siege began. Gambetta escaped in a balloon; some of the ministers joined him at Tours, where he organised fresh levies; others remained in Paris. The siege went on; suffering began, and the sorties were unsuccessful; no army of succour appeared. The democracy of the city began to cry out that they were being betrayed. The only regular force, they said, that the city walls contained, was under the command of Imperialist officers; there was no heart in it, no popular sympathy or popular strength; the city militia was ill organised, and generals like Ducrot and Vinoy, and a commander of Paris like Trochu, seemed little to trust it. Away, it was said, with such half-hearted relics of the past, and

<sup>1</sup> A lecture delivered at the Harrow Liberal Club on October 31, 1887.

let the people show their strength! The bourgeois citizens, the shopkeepers, and capitalists had had their day; was not the turn of the workmen come? So the cry ran; socialist doctrines of all shapes were preached, even amid the din of arms; the rights of labour were discussed as loudly as the operations of warfare; and one day at the end of October some battalions of the National Guard invaded the Hôtel de Ville, from which the ministers escaped by the window. But the movement was premature, and broke down; and the siege went on.

But so, too, did the irritation of the multitude. Just before the capitulation the National Guard insisted that where the regulars had failed, they would succeed if tried. They had their chance accordingly; they poured forth to the last sortie, to meet a terrible slaughter and defeat, and they came back saying that they had been betrayed once more. There was no love lost between the Government and their generals on the one hand, and the workmen, with their committees and clubs, on the other.

Now, suppose peace made early in 1871; Paris, which has endured real hardship, and has borne it bravely, is provisioned again. But how are rents to be paid? How is work to be found for immediate needs? How are men to live?

Peace is made; but who had made it? The answer to this question is important. That France was beaten had been clear enough; that she must submit and agree to terms had been equally clear. But, as Bismarck put it to himself, who is France? Usually a government acts in the name of a nation, and the nation is bound by the promises which it makes in its behalf. But the difficulty was that there was no formally accepted government. That of September 4 was a merely extemporised piece of machinery, and something else was necessary, unless Bismarck was prepared to run the risk of making agreements, and finding them repudiated by some fresh authority after six months. I will make peace, he said, if you summon a regular assembly, duly elected, which in the name of the nation shall form a regular government to arrange terms with their conquerors. This, then, was done—done, it need hardly be said, in great haste: deputies were sent from all parts of France, men who could be depended upon to secure that peace which was now necessary for the country. The leading gentlemen of each district were in general chosen, and it was commonly believed to be the most aristocratic parliament that had ever sat in France. It met at Bordeaux, and elected M. Thiers chief of the new Government; a ministry was composed under his auspices, and the treaty with Bismarck was signed.

The assembly at once dissolved itself, to make way for a more formally and deliberately chosen Parliament. That is the way you might perhaps expect me to proceed, and the course would not have been unreasonable. But that is not what did happen. This same assembly considered that it sufficiently represented France; it continued its sittings, removed to Versailles, and obtained an assurance from M. Thiers that he considered it free, provided that for the moment it kept to questions outside of

constitutional politics, to adopt hereafter either a monarchical or a republican form of government as it should think best for the country.

The position, then, is this. You have on the one hand a Parliament which was chosen expressly to make peace, and which goes on to make laws and governments, intending hereafter to frame constitutions, and, if it likes, to bring back kings. It has few popular sympathies; it is terribly afraid of Paris; and, by refusing to hold its sittings there, it offers a mortal affront to the one city which had suffered so much for France. On the other hand, you have the population of the capital, angry, suspicious, proud of what they had gone through, intensely determined upon the maintenance of a republic; and the mass of them not knowing where—until commerce and labour are organised again—they are to earn their bread. For the moment, as long as they are serving in the National Guard, they receive a trifling pay, and that is something.

I have spoken of the mass of the population as workmen. The mass of every town population consists of workmen; but Paris was composed of them at the time to an exceptional degree. Partly, the rich and the idle people had fled beforehand from the prospect of the siege. Partly, I am bound to confess, a good many more fled now, because they began to be afraid that fresh troubles were coming.

As for the workmen, they were enrolled in the National Guard, and elaborately organised, with a representative committee formed of delegates acting in the name of each battalion. Gambetta was not among them; nor indeed was he, however much they admired him, a man of their class. Rochefort was there, half liked, half distrusted; not now swaying thousands, as he did twelve months before, with a word. They had no longer Blanqui, the idolised champion, the martyr, as they termed him, of popular rights; the Government had got him in prison. But they had Millière, the lawyer; Flourens, the gay clever student; Assi, the leader of strikes; Raspail, Varlin, typical working men; Cournet, Vermorel, Félix Pyat, journalists of various types; Delescluze, the venerated hero of old-fashioned radicalism; and Lullier, the drunken humbug. They hardly could judge between them, hardly sort worth from imposture. But do not judge too hastily men whose liberties have grown up among every form of repression, and for whom to be an enemy of existing authority becomes at once a badge of merit.

But what did they want? Perhaps they hardly knew. They differed as much as other people differ—as much as English workmen differ among themselves, and more. Many simply desired that Paris, self-governed, and freed from the perpetual yoke of a central authority which controlled it alike in small things and in great, should be an independent head of the French Commonwealth. A large number wished to see a state of things in which labour, organised and politically effective, should make its own terms with society, and oblige the middle class to submit to its conditions. Not a few were members or supporters of the 'Internationale,' the international society of working men, an organisation which held its annual congresses and issued its programmes to the



workers in all countries; dreaded, naturally, by those who had capital, and believed to have more power than it actually had. And every form of socialism, from the temperate and philosophic to the violent and communistic, had its representatives among the population of Paris.

As for the party of the Assembly, the party of Versailles, their views were more simple. They hated radicalism, and they feared Paris. The question of the constitution with which they should endow the country was by consent adjourned. Meanwhile the majority of the Assembly hankered after the good old days when kings reigned in France, and many of them were engaged day after day in efforts to bring about, later on, a restoration of monarchy. This, you will remember, was the one thing which Paris, almost to a man, was against; and it should be added that M. Thiers, though he never expressed himself plainly, laid it down that, for a time at any rate, republican institutions must be considered to exist, and was no doubt rapidly coming to the conclusion that they must continue to do so.

Now to return to the story. It was pretty certain that a conflict was coming. It began also to be certain that the troops of the line who had been left in Paris sympathised with the populace. Proclamations began to appear on the walls from the Committee of the National Guard on the one side, and from General Vinoy on the other. The critical moment came, when—according to a condition of peace which, however humiliating, it was decided for certain reasons to accept—a detachment of the Prussian army was to enter Paris in triumph. This took place, and for two days they occupied a certain strictly limited portion of the city. During this period a line of French soldiers fringed with an impassable cordon the barriers which had been happily raised round the district. Meanwhile, through the city shops were shut, carriages disappeared, not a newspaper was printed, and in the night some one covered with a black veil the statues in the Place de la Concorde. The time was one of terrible suspense, but no collision happened. The German troops were withdrawn, and they shortly removed altogether from the western side of the city, retaining still the eastern forts in their possession.

Now in the district thus temporarily occupied were a large number of cannon which had contributed in the siege to the defence of the city, and which clearly could not remain where they were. To whom did they belong? Settle that, and you settle the whole case between Versailles and Paris. 'To us,' said the National Guard; 'they were bought by our contributions' (it happened that this was to some extent true), 'and they have never been made over to anyone else.' 'To the Government,' said M. Thiers; 'guns cannot belong to soldiers; they are national property, and we represent the nation.' I defy anyone to pronounce which of these claims was the more just. That is what comes of revolutions; questions of national rights, public property, the authority of government, get entangled and insoluble. You must remember that the authority which the Government of M. Thiers claimed to have was one conferred solely by the Assembly late of Bordeaux, now of Versailles.

It was argued with some plausibility that the Assembly had no mandate from the country to make governments ; it had been hastily summoned—summoned, indeed, one might almost say, by Count Bismarck—to make peace and nothing more. Anyhow, the Parisian Central Committee judged sagaciously that the party in a dispute which has guns and ammunition has some strong practical arguments on its side, and it carried the cannon off to the top of the hill of Montmartre, where they remained in the custody of battalions of the National Guard. And, as their hand was in, they thought they might as well annex what other guns and ammunition they could meet with in other parts of Paris, and these were secured in like manner.

M. Thiers, and General Vinoy under him, quite understood what was going on. But what could they do ? Even the soldiers of the line were not to be trusted to obey their orders. M. Thiers determined to appoint a new chief commandant of the National Guard, who might perhaps be listened to. He unfortunately selected an old and unpopular general for the post, and the National Guard replied by electing a commander of their own. The old general published an order of the day declaring his authority, but no one paid it any attention. The Minister suppressed six radical journals by a decree. He could not have taken a more unwise step ; Paris knew too well what the suppression of journals meant, and what came of it.

March 18 saw the first appeal to force. Before daybreak that morning a detachment of the line, under orders from the Government, occupied Montmartre, seized the guns, and began to carry them off. The surprise was complete, and the Government was in possession. But their triumph was brief. The Paris battalions—the ‘Federals,’ as they called themselves—were speedily called to arms, and swarmed round the hill. There were nearly 200 cannon, all massed and entangled together ; and there were not enough horses. Still, some of the guns were carried halfway down the hill. But by this time it was daylight ; women and children crowded round the soldiers and appealed to them ; company after company gave way and joined the insurgents. General Lecomte, who was in command, was carried off from among his own men ; and by midday the hill, guns and all, was once more in Federal possession.

A bloodless victory ? Alas, no ! Now comes a sad story. The first hours of the morning had been fairly good-tempered ; but passion woke as the day advanced. There were those present who bore a bitter hatred to General Lecomte, some of his own soldiers among the fiercest. He was carried off to a private house where some Federal officers were in council ; a few of his staff were taken along with him, and shortly another general named Thomas, who had been found near the spot, was brought there also. Crowds surrounded the house, clamouring for vengeance on officers who had, as it was believed, told their men to fire on the people. The Federal officers within had no wish to be murderers. They tried to send Lecomte off under an escort to a prison, but he was stopped and brought back. They tried to gain time by pretending to set on foot a

sort of court-martial; for two hours they kept off the crowd, who had begun to threaten them too. At last the doors were forced. A mob, chiefly of soldiers of Lecomte's own regiment, burst in, hurried off the two generals to the garden of the house, and shot them down as they walked. The officers of their suite were allowed to escape.

It was a cruel and wicked deed, and it shed a lurid light on the events of the two months that followed. But I will ask you to take particular note of this fact. You will often hear it said that the Commune—that is, the city-government of Paris—were guilty of this crime. Now the Commune was not yet in existence. Nor was the Central Committee guilty of it; nor, indeed, was the National Guard at all. The generals were murdered by a tumultuous mob consisting chiefly of their own soldiers. The guilt of the Commune and of the National Guard alike was this—and it is grave enough—that they never took steps to punish those who had committed the murder.

That day and the next Federal troops took possession of all the important positions in the city. The Government officials were withdrawn one after another to Versailles; such of the regular troops as had not fraternised with the insurgents were brought off; the Central Committee installed itself in the Hôtel de Ville, and the red flag floated on its roof. Civil war may be said to have declared itself.

Do not suppose that Paris was as one man. The National Guard with its Central Committee had both power and, on the whole, popularity; but it had no regular and established authority. The city had its proper municipal officers, the 'mayors' of the several districts, responsible in ordinary times to the Government; and most of them, though sympathising with the cause of Paris, still protested against the military usurpation of power. Protest they might; but the bureaux of all the districts in turn were occupied by order of the Committee and their ridiculous and incapable chief Lullier. The mayors, however, and those who thought with them, had no easy task. They had no fancy to throw themselves into the arms of what they deemed to be the monarchical assembly at Versailles, bent as it was, now more than ever, on restricting the liberties of the city. On the other hand, they believed in law and order; and the National Guard, however much they judged it to have right on its side, was now acting against both. It is fair to say that the Central Committee professed no intention of usurping a permanent authority. Their first desire was to secure the election of a regular municipal council; and to this end orders were at once given that elections should be held in all the districts. The Assembly, it is true, refused its sanction, and the mayors declined for a time to co-operate, but they finally yielded, and the elections were held. The Municipal Council of Paris, or in French phrase the Commune, was the result. It represented Paris just as much as the Town Council of Birmingham represents Birmingham. The word has nothing to do with what is called 'Communism,' and it implies no political doctrines; it is a word many centuries old—older than the word 'House of Commons,' and similar in meaning to our



English 'Commonwealth.' To this body, properly elected, the Central Committee formally resigned what civil authority they had assumed. They continued, however, their own organisation and their military control, and later on they exercised a disturbing and mischievous influence on the fortunes of the city.

The Commune consisted of about eighty members, some of whom, Conservatives and Moderates, at once resigned. It comprised several veterans in the cause of liberty, not to say of revolution. Beslay, the president, honest and respected; Delescluze, eager and earnest in spite of years of imprisonment and exile, a man of more actual influence than any; Vallès, a conspicuous member of the 'Internationale;' Vermorel, Cournet, Ranvier. There were a good many journalists, lawyers, literary men, some good and honest, some noisy and self-asserting. Félix Pyat was a type of the latter kind. When he escaped afterwards, I asked a colleague of his about him. 'Yes, Pyat has got off,' he said with a smile, 'he has spent his life in getting off.' A third of the number were artisans, well selected on the whole by their class, and comprising some of the best of the Commune—Varlin, Theisz, Malon. And, finally, there were many who had secured a seat by mere clamour and fluency of tongue, and who hindered more than they helped.

The Commune had to frame an administration, arrange finance, organise an army, and defend a besieged town. They had over 200,000 soldiers at their bidding, while Versailles had at starting some 40,000, but these latter were augmented every day by fresh arrivals from the provinces, and prisoners of war now released from Prussian prisons. The Commune named secretaries and committees for the various departments of work, and a general executive commission of nine members. The Prussians had by this time evacuated all the forts south of the city, and retired to the right bank of the Seine, leaving the left bank in French hands. Thiers withdrew the garrisons from the five forts south of Paris, as it was necessary to concentrate the few troops that he had, and even the magnificent fort of Mont Valérien, which towers over Paris from the west side, was left either almost or altogether without troops. The Federals immediately took possession of all the southern forts, including those of Issy and Vanves. A few hours more and they would have occupied Mont Valérien, but wiser counsels had reigned at Versailles, and a regiment was sent just in time to garrison it before the Federal troops could arrive, which Lullier, half drunk, had for a whole day neglected to send. Those few hours decided the result of the siege.

For the next two months, then, consider that the Versailles army—the 'rurals' as their enemies called them—occupy all the west fringe beyond reach of the city guns from Asnières round by St. Cloud to the southern hills, joining both on north and south the Prussian lines, from which they are separated only by the river. The Prussians look on grimly, taking no part, and waiting till the end. Was ever such a scene witnessed in history? The conquering legions, secure and impassible, sit viewing, as from an umpire's seat, a bitter civil war between the

opposing fractions of the nation which they have just subdued. They are absolutely unmolested, and, except quite at the end, observe a strict neutrality.

Hostilities actually commenced in the first days of April. An affair of outposts took place, to the advantage of the Versailles; and the next day, in obedience not indeed to an order of the Commune, but to a popular cry for action, three large columns of Federals started by various routes against Versailles. They hardly expected any resistance; they organised neither commissariat nor ambulance. The northern columns were met by a tremendous fire from Mont Valérien, and turned at once to flight. One of the chief in command, Gustave Flourens, a popular and brilliant man of letters, was wounded and taken prisoner. He was kept some time in a house close by, then brought out and cut down with sabres, under orders of, if not actually by the hand of, a Versailles officer. So at least the story went, and it was told to me not long after by a person whom both sides respected; but he said he had no certain proof of the details. The other column started on the south side and made its way nearly to Versailles, but it was met by some of Vinoy's best troops, and after hard fighting was repulsed. Duval, its commander, was taken. He was being led along to Versailles when Vinoy himself came riding by. He stopped and asked who it was, and when he was told, 'Let him be shot,' he said. Duval walked towards the wall that was pointed out, leaped over the ditch, placed himself upright, said, 'Vive la Commune!' and fell dead. He was just thirty: he had been a workman, and for six months an officer in the National Guard. He knew little about commanding armies, but he knew how to die.

People talk of the atrocities of the Commune. I wish to point out to you that here, at the very commencement of the struggle, we have a prisoner killed in cold blood by the enemy to whom he had surrendered; and the person who orders the murder is not a drunken soldier, not an excited private enemy, but the commander-in-chief of the army of Versailles.

When the news of these disasters reached Paris, people began to reflect that an ill-organised tumultuous sortie is not the way to conquer disciplined troops, however inferior in number. Delescluze, for one, was furious. Who is to command, he said, we, or the caprice of the army? One wise step was taken at once. A real soldier, Cluseret, was put at the head of the War Office; he had served under Garibaldi and in the American Civil War, and under his direction the Federal troops quickly gained in stability and discipline. They never were wanting in courage; and now, with positions skilfully fortified, and duties adequately arranged, their military value was doubled. No fresh sorties were made, but the batteries engaged one another day after day, and irregular fighting went on almost without intermission at Asnières, Neuilly, and the scattered villages that lay between the two armies.

But it was, above all, important to stop the massacre of prisoners of war. It would have been easy to make reprisals, but such a method of

warfare suited the taste of the great French generals better than that of the Commune. This is what they did. They passed a decree that a certain number of persons selected from among those men of Paris who were known to be friends of the Versailles Government should be taken and kept as hostages. They selected important people—the Archbishop of Paris, the Chief Justice, and others of less rank—and they declared that as often as a Federal soldier was killed in cold blood, vengeance should be taken on some of these hostages. Was this measure justifiable? I have often heard it discussed, and it is not a question easy to settle. The hostages were quiet citizens, who took no part in warfare on either side. But, the Commune argued, 'We do not want to hurt them. It is no worse a crime to kill an archbishop than to kill a soldier after the battle; we say that we can prevent the latter by threatening the former.' I am bound to say that on the whole I think a strong case was made out for the measure. The *Commune* did not, as a fact, put these men to death (you will afterwards see what I mean); they perhaps never intended to do so in any case, and what is most important to notice is this—the decree gained its end. The murder of prisoners on the part of the Versailles army ceased completely for the next six weeks, and till near the end of the struggle the war was conducted according to the ordinary custom of belligerents.

As for Cluseret, he insisted on the enrolment of all citizens, hunted up defaulters, rigorously closed the gates on the Prussian side of the city as well as the other, tried ineffectually to prevent his officers from wearing gold lace and plumes at their own sweet pleasure, and even held his own for a time against the Central Committee, which still claimed the control of the army, and were little pleased at having a master in the Bureau of War. He did not venture, except in special cases, to interfere with the fatal right which they maintained of appointing their own officers. The best of his subordinates were Dombrowski, a Pole by birth; La Cecilia, an Italian; and Rossel, a young officer of artillery, who had joined the cause of Paris from ardent republican conviction.

Meanwhile, what confusion, what rashness, what selfish vanity, what capricious and bewildering changes of policy in the Commune itself! Its debates remind one of a dictionary of general knowledge with the pages sorted wrongly; of the House of Commons on a real Irish night; of a game of football when the players have not yet agreed upon the rules. Some things were excellently done. Theisz got the postal service in order within forty-eight hours. Jourde managed finance not without skill. Rigault, a profligate and hot-headed leader, was made Minister of Police, but mismanaged it so that it was handed over to Cournet, who was honest and capable. He had his difficulties, no doubt. He was surrounded with spies. 'You yourself had spies at Versailles,' I said to him once. 'Yes,' he said, 'and the men whom I paid to do the work were at the same time in the pay of the other side. I knew it all the while, but we got more out of it than they did.' Active though the Commune no doubt was, it utterly failed in the power of enforcing



obedience to its decrees ; and in political experience—by which I mean the habit of handling political subjects, the capacity for seeing what things are important at each moment, of adjusting one line of conduct with another, of taking general views instead of mixing up details—they were hopelessly and fatally wanting. One thing I am convinced that they did, with all their failure—they saved the French Republic. While the contest lasted, no one at Versailles breathed a word about a restoration of kings ; and when it was over, M. Thiers, who saw that the country on the whole was for a republic, was in complete command of the situation. Whether the Commune was in the right or the wrong, of which I leave you to judge, at any rate I believe that but for it France would have been a monarchy in the spring of 1871.

About the middle of April, I applied at the Charing Cross booking office for a ticket for Paris. The face of the clerk was as though I had asked for a ticket for the inside of Colney Hatch. ‘ Well,’ he said at last, ‘ I suppose I can give you a ticket, but——’ The pause implied that the company did not issue tickets of life insurance as well. I went a step further, and begged for a return ticket. There he absolutely drew the line ; the idea was preposterous, and I had to abandon it. I was accompanied by one friend ; we crossed to Calais, where the Prussians were in full possession, found a train to Amiens, and another to Paris. But it had very few passengers, and those few gradually diminished. As we approached the city through the Prussian lines, every other person in the train, except the guard, dismounted, and I and my friend entered Paris alone.

I am sure that you will now expect me to tell you of wild scenes of disorder, of tumult and outrage, of strange escapes and romantic disguises, and the usual stories of a revolutionary time. If so, you will be disappointed. To say the truth, I am not sure that we were not disappointed too. Paris was absolutely tranquil—if at least a city can be called so whose ramparts are being bombarded every day. We went to a small quiet hotel ; I need hardly say that there were no other guests. The streets were strangely quiet ; no carriages ; very few carts ; about a third of the shops were shut. Everywhere the red flag was flying. We went where we liked and saw what we pleased. There was no famine ; not much meat to be had, but plenty of vegetables. There were barricades at all the important corners of streets ; while they were in making, every passer-by was required to add one stone as he went through—that is the rule in revolutions ; but fortunately for us they were mostly finished when we got there ; and splendid bits of architecture some of them were, solid, tall, and mounted with cannon. Sentries everywhere were as civil as possible, and they seemed to pride themselves on showing what an army of the people could be. ‘ Move on, please, citizen,’ was the utmost remonstrance we incurred, even at the dangerous points near the batteries. We mixed sometimes in crowds, and never once were robbed or insulted. One phrase comes to my mind, which I heard from a ragged-looking unwashed fellow in the middle of a mob one day. ‘ Yes,’ he said, ‘ the rich people

have no tyranny over us now; they only exist on sufferance'—on sufferance—he rolled the *r* in a way which sounded quite terrible. But he never tried to take my watch. What he said was true; the rich did exist, and exist on sufferance, just as much as they do at this day in London or any other civilised community which knows that it is for the common advantage that property honestly gained should be securely held. 'What about crime?' I said to one of the mayors whom I mentioned before, an ex-member of the Commune who knew Paris intimately. 'We have none,' he said. 'No crime?' I asked; 'do not people rob and murder each other?' 'No,' he answered, 'we have no magistrates, no police; and that in a city which under the Empire took 10,000 gendarmes to keep it in order.' I am sure that what he said was in the main true; the excitement of the time, and the fact that occupation, with a low pay, was found for every one in the ranks of the Federal army, really prevented mischief for these few weeks; and no doubt if plunder had occurred on a large scale, a detachment of troops would have stopped it. 'And,' my friend added, 'the school children go to school every day.'

One of our favourite walks was to the south-west corner of Paris, just where the Seine leaves the city. It was a very vulnerable part, though fairly safe as yet; and we used to watch the duel that went on between the forts of Issy and Vanves which guarded it, and the Versailles batteries on the hills beyond. Another walk was to the top of Montmartre, from which one gets a splendid view of all the west country; there was always a crowd of idlers here, to whom we could listen as they discussed the situation, sometimes with jokes, sometimes with passion. Here it was that, as a friend (an enemy of the Commune) told me, a lady one day was standing close by a woman who seemed distressed at the sight before her. 'The rascals!' she finally said. 'Yes,' said the lady, 'I wish the Versaillais would come and kill them all.' It was an unfortunate remark, as the woman's exclamation was directed not against the Federals, but against the enemy. There were angry looks at the lady; the bystanders abused her, and—she went away! The incident was told me as a proof of the ferocity of the populace. I thought it myself a specimen of very remarkable mildness. The great delight here was always to look at the *wagon blindé*, the ironclad engine down at Asnières in front of us. There was a long iron screen which hid its movements from the enemy. Behind this it would get up steam, load the gun that it carried, and then creep to one end or other of the screen, deliver its shot, and be out of sight again before Valérien or some other battery could reply. All over the country puffs of smoke were going up from either a battery or the explosion of a shell on one side or the other; occasionally a house would be set on fire; sometimes, but not often, we could distinguish the harsh metallic sound of a mitrailleuse. It was at Neuilly that the hardest fighting went on; here it never stopped in fact. I went to see one of the hospitals, which was admirably managed: a Federal captain was dying of his wounds at one end; at another a lady was teaching a convalescent soldier his alphabet—he had got as far as E. The surgeon told me the

fighting had been very severe—a great many bayonet wounds, especially at first.

One morning we were awakened by a tremendous noise of firing, and thought the enemy was in the city. We rushed to the window, and saw the solitary hotel servant below. 'What's the matter?' we cried together. 'Rien, monsieur—on se bat,' was the reply, which I have often thought of as significant. However, we dressed and dashed off towards the noise. It was not inside the city, but at one of the gates, against which a violent cannonade was being directed, and it was replying as well as it could. We got as near as we thought it safe to go. An ugly black fragment came flying across the street and struck a house corner; I carried it home as a souvenir and have it here.

We succeeded, not without some trouble, in getting passes to enable us to leave Paris at pleasure, and very convenient they were. We might indeed have got out among the Prussians and come round to Versailles; there was nothing to prevent our seeing M. Thiers or Marshal MacMahon (who now, by the way, had returned from his captivity along with many thousand soldiers of the line, and was in chief command), and bringing them plans and pictures of the defences. Was a war ever known before in which there was almost free communication between one headquarters and the other? Indeed, we were rather tempted to spend a day or two among the other side; but we were afraid of getting into some trouble, and gave up the idea. But one or two days we got outside the city, and went down to the river towards the blown-up bridge at Asnières, where the soldiers were lazily firing at one another across the river. They did not hurt each other much. 'Don't stand just there,' said one, 'that is a bad corner; two men have been shot there this morning.' We got up into a half-finished house close by and had a look at things, making friends with the men by dividing our lunch with them. One man wished it was over; he 'didn't like it; shooting anybody was bad enough—though Prussians after all mattered little—but shooting Frenchmen, that was different.' On the way home I passed a solitary sentry, an ordinary specimen of what the English newspapers called the bloodthirsty ruffians of the Commune, and offered him the remaining half of a chicken sausage that I had brought from London. He refused to take it, as it was the last I had.

Then another day we strolled out among the Prussians, and saw their army, and the awful havoc that had been made in the great sortie of December, village after village in ruins. We got on a hill, and sat in the sun and ate our lunch; a burnt village was at our feet; the Prussian soldiers near us; the birds were singing gaily over our heads in the trees; and far away on the other side of Paris, Valérien was thundering against the city walls.

The attacking forces were no doubt courageous and well commanded. Half of them were returned prisoners of war, and half were drafts collected from the rest of France. Everything was done to animate them for work. 'What! was one city to set itself up against the nation? Just when



the terrible war was over and peace made, was the country to be plunged in fresh conflict just because a handful of selfish adventurers set up some fancied municipal rights and asserted a ridiculous claim to govern themselves in defiance of the national sovereignty? It was time,' they cried, 'that once for all Paris should be taught who was master.'

But it would be endless to describe the profound interest and the amazing contrasts of this strange phase of politics and of war alike. One thing was clear enough to us, that Paris would be beaten. From the time when the Commune had made up their minds that they must act on the defensive alone, and it had become certain that the other towns would not, or could not, come to their aid, the besiegers were bound to win. It is true that at Lyons, Marseilles, and elsewhere in the South, attempts had been made to establish a similar Commune and to cope with the power of the Central Government; but one after another these efforts had been suppressed; and it was clear that the mass of the nation were on the side, not indeed of the Assembly as such, but of the Government of M. Thiers. And slowly the military strength of Versailles increased, and that of Paris diminished. Even the political force of the Commune seemed to grow weaker. Public order, however, still reigned; there was little or no violence. The first thing done by the people of Paris when they felt themselves free was to burn the guillotine. When I hear of the atrocities of the Commune, I always ask the person who speaks if he can mention to me an instance of a single life which was taken by order of the Commune, or during its reign of seven weeks. My belief is that as long as that reign lasted, and till it was broken up by the entry of the troops, there was not one. A court-martial would sometimes pronounce a sentence of death, but it was never carried out. Private property, with the exception of three or four houses, was respected. The Bank of France had eight millions sterling in its vaults. The Governor said to the Commune, 'Plunder this and you ruin France. But you say you want funds. Well, draw upon me for what money you want, sign a receipt, and you shall have it.' Beslay, the President of the Commune, a man of the strictest integrity, was appointed to arrange matters with the Bank, and from time to time sums were paid out across the counter. As much more was raised by taxation; and though money was squandered, of pillage and robbery there was none.

It may be asked, How far did the Commune attempt to carry out the programme of organisation of labour, of the exaltation of the artisan class, the socialist or semi-socialist ideas with which so many of its members had started? It was not only a movement for republican and free institutions, it was also at bottom a protest against the social system which it found existing under the Empire. What came of that side of it? Very little. Empty workshops were to be reopened with associations of artisans, but there was no time to organise them. Bakers were forbidden to work at night, on the ground that fresh bread is less important than the baker's health; but people wanted their bread fresh, and the order was never obeyed. Of course the Commune was anti-clerical;

many churches were used as club-rooms, but there was no prohibition of the Mass on Sundays, and but little destruction of what was valuable. Once a body of soldiers came to the great cathedral of Notre-Dame, the St. Paul's of Paris, and began to pack up the church furniture and load it in a van. A bold beadle went off straight and told the Commune. They sent down a delegate, who replaced everything as it was, and the beadle graciously wrote to the Commune that he was satisfied. Decrees were made to renew for a certain period commercial bills that were falling due, and to suspend the payment of house rents. These things were matters of necessity in time of war, and the Assembly itself, in a less degree, did the same. But the greater part of the meetings of the Commune were spent—it is a matter of mere history—in ignoble disputes, displays of petty vanity, futile and ridiculous proposals, and daily conflicts of authority. How can men govern if they have never learnt? What chance under an imperial system could there possibly have been of acquiring even the elementary maxims of the conduct of public business?

One thing they were determined upon—that the Vendôme Column must be thrown down. That was the big column erected in honour of Napoleon's victories, and coated with the bronze of conquered cannon. Trophies of imperialism and military pride were offensive; down the column must come. But when it came down they managed the business with such regard for the neighbouring property that the fabric of the work was but little damaged, and it stands there again now tall as ever.

Meanwhile the Federal troops were being overmatched at Neuilly, and MacMahon's trenches were creeping nearer and nearer to the forts of Issy and Vanves. Few shells fell inside the town, but the bombardment outside was terrible. Cluseret had been dismissed, and Rossel took his place. He was young, of great intellectual ability, stainless in life, romantic; he cared little about the current disputes, but he cared heart and soul for the Republic; an active soldier, though inferior in military skill to Cluseret. But he never had a fair chance. Military affairs were almost an anarchy. The Committee of Public Safety, as it was called, had been set on foot by a majority of the Commune; a large minority, including some of the best of them, were with difficulty prevented from seceding altogether. The disorder of affairs increased; some newspapers were suppressed; arbitrary requisitions began to be made. As for the War Office, it was hampered in every step by the old Central Committee, which insisted on its own way in military action; and when Rossel complained to the Commune, they were powerless to assist him. Fort Issy was crumbling beneath the Versailles fire. Once it was almost abandoned, then quickly reoccupied. But the moral effect was fatal, and early in May Paris learned that the tricolor flag was floating over its ruins.

And yet the Federals fought well. Day after day I saw them march to the front, singing and gay, each with his loaf impaled on his bayonet. 'They got paid for it,' says some one. Yes, a shilling a day. I wonder how many of those men were alive a month afterwards. They were mostly ignorant, often reckless and vicious. But they had an idea that

in some way or other the reign of emancipation and brotherhood was come, and that they had to fight for it. Of the temper in which they worked I have said something already, and I will only add this. I have before me a pile of newspapers that were sold by thousands in the streets, the typical journals of the time: the 'Vengeur,' the 'Cri du Peuple,' the 'Mot d'Ordre,' the 'Rappel.' Find, if you can, in one of these a single word of instigation to disorder, to outrage, or to cruelty. And all the while not only the newspapers of Versailles, but the Assembly itself, was proclaiming every day that the criminals of Paris must be taken and shot. One more thing: there was plenty of literature sold in the streets that was infamous and disgusting, as, for that matter, there is still. But if there was any difference in public manners, in the general tone of decency at meetings of amusement or of politics, if there was any distinction as regards the places to which an honest woman might go, between the time of the Empire and that of the Commune, I believe the advantage to have been on the side of the Commune. I cannot say it for certain; I only know that I heard mob orators proclaim it aloud amid the applause of their audience.

Rossel, who declared that if his orders had been carried out he could have saved Fort Issy, now resigned, and went straight off to prison. He had no military successor; Delescluze was nominated as Delegate of War. He was not a soldier, but he was respected, and they hoped he would be obeyed. Probably by this time few of the defenders of Paris had much hope of success. Thiers was besieged by applications from persons, many of whom were probably impostors, who sent word that they would abandon to him this or that position of defence. Once a proposal of the kind was very near succeeding; some culprits were caught in the act of arranging matters with the emissaries of the Government. Strange as you may think it, they were not put to death, but only sent to prison. But now in the Versailles army the massacre of prisoners began to occur again. Thiers actually promised the Assembly that no pardon would be granted without their consent to the leaders, and the soldiers were unchecked in the ferocity with which they began to treat their prisoners. Some time afterwards I was rambling over what was left of Fort Issy,<sup>1</sup> and talked to a soldier who had been one of those engaged in its capture. 'A difficult matter?' I said to him. 'No,' he said, 'in the end we had only to walk in.' 'Many prisoners taken in it?' I asked. 'No,' he simply answered, 'on tua tout ce qu'on trouva.' There were some in the Commune now who began to remember the hostages, and ominous suggestions were made. But still the reluctance to shed blood prevailed, and the proposal found no favour.

The end came at last. The means of defence were worn out; discipline was almost gone, though men like Dombrowski still played their part bravely; and MacMahon was close to the gates. Fort Vanves had fallen

<sup>1</sup> The great bombardment of Issy and its capture were after Edward Bowen had returned to England. The allusion in the text is therefore to a second visit to Paris, which he paid some months afterwards.



on May 13; on the 19th the Central Committee declared itself responsible for the conduct of the war, and if the struggle had not been hopeless before, it would have become so now. On Saturday, the 20th, a tremendous fire was opened upon all the west and south-west of the city ramparts. On Sunday, the 21st, they were almost abandoned, and by three o'clock that afternoon the Versailles troops were pouring through the breaches in the walls. Dombrowski receives the news, sends for reinforcements, despatches a note to the Commune that if they are sent he can be responsible for the city. The message was read as they were assembled at the Hôtel de Ville; it was the last sitting of the Commune. It disappears now from history. Some of its members met repeatedly during the scenes that followed, those of the 'Public Safety,' those of the delegations, and others; but all that was done after this was done either by the remnants of the old committee of the National Guard, or by individuals acting together or alone as best they could.

That Sunday evening was mild, calm, and starry. The streets, the cafés, the theatres were full. A rumour of the entrance had spread, but it was not believed. All through the night the troops poured in, as the Greeks poured into Troy. No one had organised a system of defence, if indeed any were possible. On the Monday morning came an appeal from Delescluze, characteristic of the man. 'Enough,' he said, 'of military nonsense. No more gilt lace and strategy. Make room for the people, who fight bare-armed, and want no generals for their barricades.' That was stirring, but it was not the way to win; some battalions obeyed it only too well, and broke their ranks. But still Paris was roused. There were those, it is true, who, like Félix Pyat, showed themselves once at the Hôtel de Ville, talked much of dying for the cause, and then disappeared altogether. But now barricades rose in every street, and as the Monday went on, and for the four days that followed, the soldiers of Versailles made their way inch by inch through streets and houses, amid fire and corpses, till all was over.

I need not describe the whole week. Imagine only the troops crowding in in resistless numbers, fighting furiously, and rarely giving quarter; and the defenders falling back from point to point, weaker and weaker, knowing that they fought for their lives, or rather for a bare chance of life—wild, desperate, half maddened by passion and defeat. There were three principal columns of invaders, Lamirault on the north, Douay in the centre, Cissey along the south. For the defence one notices as most energetic Dombrowski above all in the centre, a prodigy of activity and devotion, Malon and Vermorel on his right, Varlin on the left. Mere workmen were as good as soldiers now for animating the resistance, and the steadiest men came to the front. Delescluze, though ill and exhausted, was not one to flinch from his post, nor Cournet. 'I saw one barricade,' said one of the principal actors to me, 'where we went in two hundred strong, and came out fifty.'

There are in Paris three elevated spots which might serve as citadels of defence, the Trocadéro, the Panthéon, and Montmartre. The first of

these was never held in force; it was seized the first afternoon. On the Tuesday, Lamirault was in possession of Montmartre, which had been ill defended; and by the afternoon of that day shells were pouring from its height upon the Federal batteries in front of the Tuileries. In the centre and on the south side the resistance was more sustained. The Ministry of Finance was in flames; gradually the troops crept round and along the southern wall, and burst through from house to house; the streets were flowing with blood.

The morning of Wednesday brought to the civilised world news which none that heard it will ever forget. Paris, so the message ran, was in flames. The Tuileries were burning, the Palace of the Legion of Honour, all the chief buildings of the city, even, a little later, the Hôtel de Ville. Viewed from Versailles it seemed as if the entire city were ablaze. 'The destruction of Paris' was the heading which appeared for some days in the 'Times.' It was an exaggeration; but several public edifices and some hundred private houses were, that day and the next, in ashes. Against the defenders of Paris rose a cry of horror, of which the echoes are not dead yet. What is the truth on the subject? This only can be said for certain. Some buildings and some houses were undoubtedly burned intentionally by the Federal commanders, in some cases to gain time for retreat, in others to prevent the turning of a barricade. Some buildings were with equal certainty set on fire by the attacking batteries, partly without intention, some (I can guarantee the fact) of set purpose. As to the Tuileries, a strong sympathiser with the party of Versailles told me that he saw shells from Montmartre dropping all the Tuesday in its neighbourhood. On the other hand, there is some evidence for the theory of incendiarism; and without attaching much weight to the testimony—which exists in profusion—of witnesses who seem to me quite untrustworthy, I am inclined on the whole to lean towards the view that the Tuileries were set on fire at the last moment by the actual soldiers who had been defending it. 'A crime, if so,' says everyone who hears it; 'to destroy the monuments of history, and the triumphs of architecture, is a barbarous act.' Well, barbarous perhaps. But remember that you are speaking of men who did not look on the glories of Louis XIV. and the trophies of art as we do. I think they saw in them big buildings into which a common man was never allowed to penetrate, which existed for the pleasure of emperors and courtiers, and, moreover, buildings the blaze of which might give the defenders some twenty-four hours longer life in this world. As for the Hôtel de Ville, the case is different. It was the centre of the insurrection, the pride of the Paris commonalty; and no motive of spite could operate to its injury. How it fell, in the middle of the Wednesday, is a profound mystery. It certainly was not, any more than the destruction of the Tuileries, by the decision of the few leaders who were there; it may have been the work of a private incendiary, but I fear the question must remain unsolved. I may remark that the famous art gallery of the Louvre was never even threatened, though at one time it was in danger from the spread of the flames; and that if the Federals

had wished to blow up half Paris, they could have done it in a few hours. However it may be, Wednesday saw, amid the blaze of burning buildings, a further advance of the army; more than a third of the city was in their hands; they reached now to the foot of the Panthéon on the south, irresistible in their progress, and not without massacre of even unarmed prisoners, and on the north side the defenders were driven back into the eastern half of the city.

Thursday came with fresh horrors. By this time almost all attempts at concerted defence were abandoned; each leader did what he could with those whom he could get to follow his guidance. And now, in the midst of the agonising struggle, there arose in some of them the tiger which lies crouching beneath some human hearts, and which defeat and despair will, at a terrible moment, awaken. Of many of those who were fighting there in the first rank, I believe that even in that death-agony they would have done no cruel thing, and unquestionably no cruel thing was ever done by their common resolve. But yet that Thursday is a day of bitter memory. The hostages were still in prison. Already on the Tuesday evening Rigault had bethought him of one prisoner against whom he cherished a violent enmity. He went to his prison, asserted what authority he had, and on a frivolous ground of treachery caused him and three others to be shot. On this Thursday, Jules Ferré, of his own accord, and without consultation with the other leaders, went to the prison of La Roquette, where the hostages were detained. He called out six of the most important, and brought in a detachment of thirty men. They came out into the courtyard of the prison; the archbishop gave his absolution to the other five, they took their places and died with him.

The same day there were in another prison twenty Dominican monks who had been accused—no one knows on what evidence—of making signals to the enemy. These were now told to go out into the street. Men with guns were waiting there as they came. Eight escaped, twelve were killed. This was done by a colonel in the National Guard.

Once more—it was the following day—a body of prisoners collected from more than one prison were being marched along under an escort of Federals, in the Rue Haxo. A cry arose that they were to be shot, and in some minds the thought was father to the wish. Some took their part; others cried out for blood. Varlin, who had been leading the resistance in this quarter for four days, tried to save them. He was threatened himself by the mob; savage passion won the day, and one by one they were shot down.

These are the massacres of the Commune, as they are called. Terrible indeed they are, and so terrible that some people forget that there remained to the last two hundred more hostages who were *not* shot. But I would ask you only, with regard to these crimes, to remember this. They were perpetrated by men who had been fighting through the week amid shot and flame, who had seen friend after friend die at their side, and who knew that if they fell themselves into the hands of the enemy death was their certain fate. The defenders of the city were being shot



down, in cold blood, literally by thousands. A well-known doctor, who had taken no part in the events of the last two months, was shot because he was a socialist. Wounded men in the hospitals were taken out and shot by order of officers, because the fact of their being wounded proved that they must have been fighting for the Commune. Horrible as the deeds which I have related are, do they equal in ferocity and guilt the murders to which officers like General Vinoy and General Gallifet were leading, and some of them encouraging, their soldiers?

That same night Dombrowski's body was brought in. He had died fighting. He was a simple soldier, almost the only one who had taken no part in the struggles of faction, but had done his very hardest from the first day to the last in a cause which he thought a good one. His body was laid, by torchlight, beside the Column of July, and each of his soldiers, as they passed beside it, stooped down and kissed his forehead.

It is easy to picture the last two days of the week, during which, inclosed in a circle drawn nearer and nearer, the relics of the defeated party still carried on a hopeless struggle. Hopeless indeed it was, for victory was out of the question, and every man taken who had his hands black with powder, or who wore any uniform, or who looked in any way suspicious, was put to death at once. A few last scenes have yet to be told.

The Belleville quarter made in the end but little resistance; the men there were simply exhausted. But the Bastille barricade and the Château d'Eau barricade were defended with extraordinary resolution. Near a barrack in the east of the city there is a large open space with a fountain in the middle; the army had carried the streets which commanded it. Two members of the Commune called on those behind them to make a charge. They leaped forward and reached the middle of the square; not a man had followed them. Bullets were coming like hail. They couched behind the fountain and then rushed back. One, Vermorel, fell; the other, Cournet, escaped and survived.

The Panthéon had been carried, and Millière, a journalist, was arrested by the troops. A captain of the line came up: 'Shoot him,' he said. 'I am neither a combatant nor one of the Commune,' said Millière; 'I am a journalist and a deputy of the Assembly.' 'You are a viper and an enemy of society,' answered the captain. He made two soldiers force their captive upon his knees on the steps of the church of the Panthéon. 'Vive l'humanité!' were his last words as he fell dead. The captain (his name is Garein) told this story himself with pride at Versailles. General Vinoy perhaps was present himself: it is a certain fact that he gave his subsequent approval to the murder.

But it is not necessary, perhaps not desirable, to go through the scenes of butchery, as they are to be found in the evidence of the 'Times' correspondent, of sworn witnesses—some of them Versailles officers—at subsequent trials, of more than one eye-witness who has related them to me himself. You have probably heard the word *pétroleuse*. The story

ran that women had gone about with petroleum, setting fire to houses out of mere malice. Every woman who looked ragged, or who could not stammer out a good account of herself, fell under suspicion, and no sooner was the cry of *pétroleuse* raised than all hope for that woman was gone. No one knows how many wretched creatures perished under the accusation. Well, it was false from first to last. Not one single woman was ever proved to have acted thus from one end of the week to the other. If you wish to know on what authority I say this, it is on the authority of the chief law officer of the Versailles Government.

I have named some few of the leaders as resisting to the last. Vallès was believed to have been taken and killed, but he really escaped. Theisz and Cournet, when the last barricade fell, found refuge in a house, disguised themselves, and after some adventures fairly got away. Rossel was captured and shot six months afterwards. Varlin was seized when all the fighting was over, and brought before one of the generals, who ordered him away to execution. They made him walk for an hour through the streets, bound, insulted, attacked. He gradually sank. 'That young meditative head,' so writes one of his friends, 'which had never had a cruel thought,' was hacked with sabre cuts. He was carried along, placed on the ground, and shot. He was the man, you will remember, who risked his life to save the victims of the Rue Haxo.

I believe the number of those killed to have been at least twenty thousand. As many more—for they became too numerous to shoot—were carried away as prisoners. I spare you the recital of some of the things that occurred at Versailles. It happened that shortly afterwards I had an opportunity of using some slight influence with the Government of Versailles. I had a promise that if I could name one man among the Commune for whom I wished to intercede, an application should be made to M. Thiers in his favour. I named Malon. I had a message afterwards that he was safe in Switzerland, but how he got there I do not know.

To relate the escapes of some of them would be interesting, but I have not time. Let me tell you the end of Delescluze. His health had long failed, and labour and anxiety had exhausted what strength was left. On the last day but one he saw that the cause was utterly lost. He did not wish to survive it. 'I have had enough of Cayenne and the hulks,' he said. His comrades spoke to him as to a man about to die. From a few friends only—one of whom described to me the scene—he concealed his intention. The sun was setting behind the smoke of burning houses. The street and open space by the Château d'Eau was empty, close to an unoccupied barricade. Dressed in ordinary costume, but with the scarf of his now extinct office, carrying no arms but a walking-stick in his hand, he walked slowly across the boulevard. He was the only living creature there. His grave austere face looked solemnly onwards, he never once turned round. When he came to the barricade, the old man mounted it steadily, and stood quietly for a moment on the top: then the fatal bullet struck him. He was a man, as I humbly think, of partly mistaken aim, and partly perverse action. Would you rather have been Delescluze,

who fell on the barricade in a ruined cause, or the Marquis Galliffet, who shot old men and women as they marched along in the ranks of the prisoners to Versailles, and is now an honoured and decorated general?

Some months afterwards, being in Paris, I heard that there was to be a private auction of Delescluze's few books, for the benefit of his surviving sister, and I went to it. Only a small group of men was there; among them I remember one young workman close to the table, a tall fine-looking man, much interested in what was going on. There came in the middle of the sale one book in which were written a word or two of affectionate dedication, rather touching in their expression of respect for the old revolutionary leader. The young man I mentioned began to bid; five francs were offered, six francs. 'Ten francs,' he said. There was a pause; and then there were one or two more bids of eleven or twelve. 'Twenty francs,' said the workman. The small group seemed surprised, and I saw even looks of emotion; but there was another bid. Twenty-one francs—twenty-two francs. 'Thirty francs,' cried the man, and he had the book. I bought one or two myself for a few francs; they are of no value; here they are.

On Sunday morning, May 28, a handful of insurgents still held the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, in the extreme east of the city. I have seen it said that there was no fighting there; no one who saw the place afterwards could suppose so. They fought behind tombstones and trees, beaten back and shot down; I know of one man who fought to the very last, even with the butt of his rifle in the end; then threw it down, climbed over the wall, and by some miracle escaped.

So ended an experiment in political government, which seems to me more dramatic in interest and more fertile in instruction than the history of any similar period that I know. These things happened sixteen years ago in the most cultured capital in Europe. As there are no books on the subject which are even approximately truthful, I have thought it worth while to put together an outline of the facts, on every word of which, if you will only take my own veracity for granted, you may rely as certain, up to the limits that reasonable evidence and proof can guarantee. I am not now going to ask you which party was in the right in a contest where one side wrote on their standard 'The Unity of France,' and the other 'The Rights of the People.' There are few struggles—and I am not prepared to say that this is one—where virtue, loyalty, and wisdom are all combined and banded against their opposites. Nor am I going to draw any moral from the story that I have told. I shall have told it to little purpose if those who have done me the favour of listening cannot draw morals, of probably equal value, for themselves.



## VIII

EVIDENCE BEFORE THE ROYAL COMMISSION  
ON SECONDARY EDUCATION[On July 25, 1894]<sup>1</sup>

THE Commissioners present were : The Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P. (in the chair), the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Hibbert, K.C.B., M.P., the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, M.A., Sir Henry E. Roscoe, D.C.L., M.P., the Very Rev. the Dean of Manchester, D.D., the Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Mr. R. C. Jebb, M.P., Mr. R. Wormell, D.Sc., Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., Mr. M. E. Sadler, Mr. H. Llewellyn Smyth, Mr. G. J. Cockburn, Mr. J. H. Yoxall, the Lady Frederick Cavendish, Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the Hon. W. N. Bruce (Secretary).

I. *The Examination by the Universities of Secondary Schools*

*Question.* (Chairman.) I believe that you entertain decided opinions on the question of the extent to which it is desirable that the Universities should be given any control over the secondary schools of the country ?

*Answer.* A good many years ago I ventured to print something on the subject,<sup>2</sup> which is perhaps out of date now, but I still entertain the same opinions, generally speaking, that I entertained then.

*Q.* Do those views which you have expressed go at all to the action of what is now known as the joint board of the two Universities ?

*A.* The experiment has been conducted with more success than I could have expected, chiefly because it has been carried out in a less ambitious way. No attempt has been made to carry out the larger programme which was before the country, or, at any rate, before the headmasters, some twenty years ago. The result is, I think, fairly, and not more than fairly, satisfactory.

*Q.* As regards the various methods which have been suggested for the

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted from the Report of the Commission by leave of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office. It should, however, be stated (*a*) that the evidence is not given quite in its entirety, since a few of the questions put to the witness were either unimportant, or were not such as to elicit from him any additional opinion or argument ; (*b*) that the evidence has been somewhat rearranged so as to bring together all the answers upon one point.

<sup>2</sup> *Vide* pp. 316 ff.

examination of schools, is there any one which you are inclined to prefer? I will call your attention particularly to the action of the joint board, and to the habit which the greater schools themselves have formed of inviting examiners, who are usually University men, to come and examine their pupils, as also to the proposals that have been made with regard to submitting boys leaving school to an examination similar to what is called in Germany the *Abiturienten-Examen*?

A. The old system of private examination always worked fairly well; at any rate, the schools that could afford to pay large prices always got good examiners. As regards the general examinations—what are called the certificate examinations—my knowledge of the subject ought not to be put against that of any experienced headmaster, because it does not fall to me except indirectly to appreciate what has taken place. But as far as that experience has gone, the examinations have been but moderately good; they have not, for example, been, in my opinion, as good as those that are conducted ordinarily by the Civil Service Commissioners. Putting the Oxford and Cambridge examinations of schools against the Civil Service Commissioners' examinations, I should say that the latter are, on the whole, the better of the two. It is perhaps almost paradoxical to say it, but I think it is the truth. The Civil Service examinations seem to me to be, on the whole, very good ones, and not sufficiently appreciated by the world, and I suppose that in the case of a general public *Abiturienten-Examen* it is that Commission which would do the work, or something analogous to it.

Q. (A commissioner, later on in the examination.) In what respects do you think that the examinations conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners are better than the examinations conducted by the Oxford and Cambridge Joint Board?

A. There I simply speak as a professional examiner and schoolmaster. Reading over their papers, and seeing the questions that are set, and the carefulness of the arrangement of the standard, I should say that the former seem to be on the average better than the latter.

Q. It has been suggested that if there were an *Abiturienten-Examen* it should be placed under the control of a public department, or under the control of the Universities. I gather from your answer that you would prefer the control of a public department to that of the Universities?

A. Yes, personally.

Q. (A commissioner, later on in the examination.) How would those remarks apply to inspection, not examination?

A. I am against inspection altogether.

Q. Against inspection by any body whatsoever?

A. Yes.

Q. But in the schools that are aided by public money and local taxation grants, or under the Technical Instruction Acts, you would recognise that there must be some form of control by the granting authority, or the rating authority, which makes those grants?

A. I conceive that it is so, but I have no knowledge myself upon it.

II. *A General Leaving Examination*

*Q.* Would you desire to see a general *Abiturienten-Examen*?

*A.* I am not desirous of it at present. Considering the very great trouble and very great cost of such a system, I do not feel very anxious for it at the present time, but I should say again that my opinion is not a very good one in that respect, because I have not a large knowledge of any other than the chief public schools. My acquaintance with those is considerable, but I do not know very much of the larger circle of schools. Speaking only of what I do know, I think it is easy to pay too large a price for an ordinary *Abiturienten-Examen*.

*Q.* Do you conceive that the multiplicity of the [various] examinations [for entrance to the professions] is a practical difficulty in the way of schools?

*A.* No; that is not true, I think, as regards the chief 'public schools.'

*Q.* Would it, for instance, be an advantage to the schools if, instead of having to provide for the needs of boys who are going to offer themselves for these different examinations, there were one uniform examination which should govern the various branches of public careers and the various professions, whether such an examination were conducted apart from the school examination or were conducted in the form of an *Abiturienten-Examen*?

*A.* My answer as far as my experience goes is this: I should not attach a very great value to it; I should be so very much afraid of the practical difficulty of working, the great expense, the constant friction with schools, the overpowering pressure that would be brought to bear by such an examination on the curriculum. I should be very much afraid of obstacles being placed in the way of free development of our studies.

*Q.* (A commissioner, later on in the examination.) I understand that you are opposed to any compulsory leaving examinations, because of the effect of the compulsory leaving examination upon the curriculum, cramping and affecting the whole course of the work of the school?

*A.* I am anxious with regard to it.

*Q.* On the whole you would not recommend the Commission to set up any compulsory leaving examinations for the use of secondary schools?

*A.* I am rather nervous and anxious about it than actually opposed to it. I can conceive it done, but I can foresee so many difficulties that might arise that I should look upon it with some apprehension.

*Q.* You would fear that the whole course of a scholar's life at school, and the whole teaching in a school all a scholar's life, would to some extent be directed with a view to the ultimate examination?

*A.* Yes, I should fear so. Everybody knows that we are greatly influenced by examinations. I think that the general complaint is that we are too much in fear of examinations now.

*Q.* (Chairman.) You mean it often happens that the master sees a line in which his teaching might be developed properly, but is deterred from following that line by thinking that no value could be given to it in the examination?

*A.* Yes.



III. *Best Age for passing from a Public School to an University*

Q. Have you any opinion to express upon the proper age at which boys should pass from one of the what are called 'public schools' to the Universities?

A. Yes, I have a somewhat strong opinion upon that, which, rightly or wrongly, I have preached for a long time. I am of opinion that the age tends to become too high for leaving school for the University. . . . I should say that in the last generation the age has become higher; whether it has become so in the last few years I have some doubts. I have taken some pains to inquire, and I do not learn that the immediate tendency in the last few years has been to raise the age; but I should wish that the age should be distinctly lowered.

Q. What age would you think the proper one?

A. I am sorry when a boy goes to the University later than his eighteenth birthday. He now goes much oftener after it than before.

Q. Would you not say that it might be still better if he went about his seventeenth birthday?

A. I should not go quite so far as that. I should hardly go farther than I have gone. I should prefer that a boy should join college before he is eighteen; that leaves a considerable limit.

Q. What do you consider to be the causes which have made the age of going from school to the University somewhat later than it used to be?

A. It tends to keep high through several reasons. The chief of them, I think, is the pleasantness of schools. Fathers do what their boys wish, and the boys are always happy at school. That pleasure at school is altogether a different thing since fifty or sixty years ago. The particular eminence of games is one which is entirely of late creation. That tends very largely indeed to keep boys at school, because there is such a grip kept upon the good players.

Q. Is this grip kept upon good players by the sentiment of the school and the houses, or also by the masters?

A. I am afraid it is quite as much one as the other. . . . When a boy becomes seventeen or eighteen years of age he is very often a *persona grata* to his master, and the master likes to keep him for the sake of discipline and example.

Q. That is assuming him to be a good boy?

A. Yes; but it is very largely the case that a master prefers not to let his big boys go, for considerations which it would be perhaps harsh to call selfish.

Q. Has the fact that the college scholarships can now be competed for in most, or nearly all, colleges up to the age of nineteen, and sometimes up to the age of twenty, any influence?

A. Large influence, because the scholarships are gained, as you are aware, at the age of nineteen, and a boy may stay at school in some cases for nearly another year afterwards.

*Q.* So it may happen that a boy may stay at school till nearly his twentieth birthday?

*A.* Yes. That, of course, is rather a warm subject at present. Something is being done at the Universities towards attempting to remedy the defect you have mentioned.

*Q.* Are there any scholarships which can be competed for after the age of twenty?

*A.* I think not. The disadvantages of boys remaining at school so late seem to be both as regards themselves and the school. I consider it a disadvantage for a boy to begin life and work much later than twenty-one. It does harm to the school in so far as it tends to make masters treat boys as older than they are. There is something unnatural in telling a boy of nineteen to go to bed at a fixed early hour. That sort of thing cannot but tell awkwardly upon the whole school.

*Q.* You mean it leads inevitably to a certain relaxation of discipline, because the discipline which is suited for the younger boys is not suitable for a boy of nineteen or twenty?

*A.* It is very difficult indeed to arrange that it shall be the same; and, generally speaking, boys, because they like to remain, submit themselves to restrictions which ought not to apply to them at all. When you let the best boys stay, it tends to raise the general age. There are, it is true, in most schools rules of superannuation; but it is not the wish of some masters, and it is difficult for others, to enforce them.

*Q.* Are you in a position to say how far the views which you have expressed to us are shared by other masters of public schools?

*A.* I am afraid there would be a great difference, and very warm difference, of opinion.

*Q.* The views which you have expressed are, I believe, held by a good many people at the Universities?

*A.* Yes. The Universities throw the blame on the schools for keeping the boys, and we throw the blame on the Universities for not asking for them earlier. Dr. Ridding, who was the headmaster at Winchester, wrote to me in reply to a certain pamphlet which I published nearly twenty years ago, saying that his opinion strongly coincided with mine upon that subject, and I have very often heard it since, of course. Still, there are many wise people who differ.

*Q.* I suppose you would feel, on the other hand, that the very causes which have brought about this raising of the age are the forces which would oppose themselves to such a reform as you suggest?

*A.* The pleasantness of schools is a new thing, and the publicity of the games is a new thing.

*Q.* Do you think that the extreme devotion to what are called athletics will be a permanent factor in school life?

*A.* Yes, I should think so, speaking merely of games.

*Q.* You do not think that it may to some extent prove a passing passion or fashion?

*A.* I think not; I hope not.

A. Yes.

Q. Would you see any great difficulty in requiring those who intended to devote themselves to the profession of teaching to attend a course of lectures extending, perhaps, over one or two terms in the science and art of teaching, and during that time to practise themselves a little in teaching in schools in the place ; or would you consider that that, although easy, would be valueless ?

A. I should attach very small value to it. A really good master for such a school as that from which I come is a very valuable thing, and a headmaster would think twice before he would reject him because he had not gone through that course.

Q. The question would rather be whether he would not be more efficient for the purpose of teaching if he had received that training, and whether it would not save him from some of those mistakes which inexperience might lead him into at first, and make him sooner fitted for the intellectual part of his work ?

A. Although I acknowledge that to some extent that is the case, I think it is commonly exaggerated. That is all I can say.

Q. You said that a master in one of the great public schools is chiefly a moral and social force ; but, after all, does he not give teaching ?

A. Yes.

Q. And his teaching may be better, or it may be worse ?

A. Yes ; but I think it will not be very much better or worse in virtue of what you have described. It may be perhaps a little, but I think it is commonly exaggerated.

Q. In other words, you do not think that such instruction as can be given in the science and art of teaching, based either upon psychology or upon ethics, will make any substantial difference to his ultimate effectiveness as a teacher ?

A. Quite so ; I think that it would make a very small difference.

Q. You think it is so much a matter either of natural gift or the power of picking up from experience, that the element of systematic training may be practically ignored ?

A. I almost go as far as that.

Q. Then, in other words, you have not come across persons whose mistakes and deficiencies as teachers would have been to any sensible extent cured by their having received a better special preparation before they entered upon their teaching work ?

A. It would hardly have been touched by the books they have read. I cannot conceive that they can, without enormous cost of time and money, have gone through a practical training such as would have cured those mistakes to any great extent. I accept the few words you said a few minutes ago, but so much depends upon persons' idiosyncrasies that this will have but small effect.

Q. And although you spoke more particularly with regard to the public schools—that is to say, to the great boarding schools, where the master is constantly in communication with the boys during their play



hours as well as their work hours—you would extend those observations to teaching in secondary schools generally, including, of course, the day-schools, which form the great majority of secondary schools?

A. The argument which I use appears less in proportion as the mere intellectual teaching forms a larger proportion of the school-work.

Q. That is to say, in a day-school where the master's sole business, or almost his sole business, is the imparting of knowledge, you think the element of special training might have more relative value than in a boarding-school?

A. Yes, I quite accept that; but even then I do not agree with the very great stress laid upon it by most persons.

Q. (A little later in the examination.) Is there any other point upon which you would like to express an opinion to the Commission?

A. I should like to add to what I was saying about the training of teachers, that I have been unable to conceive any machinery by which the art of teaching can be given practically to masters. The art of teaching seems to me so much a matter of personal power and experience, and of various social and moral gifts, that I cannot conceive a good person made a good master by merely seeing a class of boys taught, unless he was allowed to take a real and serious part in it himself; unless he became a teacher himself. I can understand that at a primary school you can learn by going in and hearing a good teacher at work; but the teaching of a class of older boys is so different, and has so much of the social element in it, and it may vary so much, that I should despair of teaching a young man how to take a class, unless he was a long time with me. To try to do it hurriedly, or to do it perfunctorily, seems to me useless.

Q. You do not think that there are certain mental laws or processes common to, or applicable to, the teaching of all scholars alike, whether primary, secondary, or University, which it is possible to understand better by having one's attention systematically called to them, and the use that may be made of them?

A. No, I do not think so, although it seems rash to say it, because a bad man teaching history well is a far worse thing than a good man teaching history badly.

Q. But what is suggested is that a good man might teach history better?

A. Still, all the same, I venture to suggest that the man himself is so much more important than the details of school-work, that it is not worth while thinking of the second in comparison with the first.

Q. (A Commissioner.) You said that the teachers of the public boarding schools were chiefly moral and social forces. Does it not occur to you that it is possible that the moral and social force, even in a most admirable person in that capacity, may be largely discounted and counteracted in schools by want of ease and power in the art of teaching?

A. Yes.

Q. And I suppose it often happens that a graduate going from a university to school of the type we are now considering finds he is

inclined to be a failure in the art of teaching and has to give up the work?

A. Very seldom, if he is such a person as we are thinking of.

Q. But there is no guarantee that he is likely to be a suitable person for the work to which he goes?

A. The headmaster would never think of taking him unless he was.

Q. I am thinking of the pedagogic qualification. Neither the assistant master nor the headmaster can know that this particular graduate is likely to be successful as a teacher?

A. I can hardly agree with that, because when you know a man you can pretty well form an estimate beforehand as to whether he will be likely to succeed. One can gauge to a very large extent his qualifications; for instance, say, good humour, good health, the tone and justness of his mind.

Q. Then you take the view that the art of teaching in practice, and discipline in particular, may be considered as very largely the reflex of a man's character upon the children?

A. Yes.

Q. And therefore nothing but inherent character can go a very long way towards effective teaching?

A. I would go a very long way towards that.

#### V. *Public Schools and a Central Authority*

Q. (Chairman.) Have you anything to say with regard to the relation which what are called first grade secondary schools, such as Harrow, should hold either to a central educational authority for the country or to any local authority within whose bounds they may happen to be situate?

A. This only, remembering again that I represent only a certain number of schools. We are very largely before the eye of the public, and we are in less need of what you suggest than some other schools might be. That is the important thing to remember. In ten or twenty of the large schools everything that is done is known to the public and to their *clientèle*. At the present moment they do not need what you are describing.

Q. In other words, you do not think that there are any points on which they could receive substantial help or aid, either from a local authority—by which I mean a county or provincial authority—or from a central educational authority?

A. No, I do not. As regards the first, I really see no connection; as regards the second, while education is in its present state I am so afraid of our being cramped. I believe the Commission has before it the original author of a certain story with regard to a French minister having pulled out his watch. I invented that story some thirty years ago. There is no pressing danger of that at the present moment, but I can of course easily conceive that with the examples of France, Germany, and Sweden before us, there might be.

Q. You would conceive that would be a danger to be guarded against in the formation of a central authority?

A. Yes.

Q. You would not feel that such schools as Harrow or Eton, which are, as you say, in the public eye, and whose *alumni* continue to be interested in them, would be sure to be preserved from any encroachments?

A. I should still be very much afraid of being cramped. One knows that the Germans are of the same race as we are, and education in Germany is seriously affected by the power of the Government. It is true, in fact, of every civilised European country except England.

Q. Of course, in all those countries education has been organised by the State?

A. Yes.

Q. In England there never has been any State organisation of secondary education at all?

A. Quite so; and whatever merit it may have, the danger of cramping the work of schools seems to me one that it is almost impossible to over-rate.

Q. Would you apply that even to entrusting further powers to the Universities than they now enjoy?

A. I should be very sorry to give the Universities further powers.

Q. You think the same danger of cramping might apply in the case of any control by the Universities?

A. I have no reason for wishing to be controlled by the Universities.

Q. I will not say controlled, but influenced?

A. I think the influence of the Universities is as great as it should be.

## VI. *Headmasters and their Assistants*

Q. (Chairman.) Have you any opinion to express upon the question of whether an assistant master should have an appeal against dismissal by a headmaster, or whether a headmaster should have an appeal against dismissal by a governing body?

A. As regards the first there is, I believe, no difference of opinion among teachers on the subject. If it were not for difficulties which may be familiar to, at all events, the Chairman of this Commission, a Bill would have been passed long ago in Parliament to alter the present law.

Q. That is to say, to give the assistant master a right of appeal to the governing body?

A. Yes; I know nobody who does not think so. Things work smoothly at schools without it, but at any moment occasions might arise which would make it highly desirable that there should be an appeal, and an Act of Parliament with a single clause would give it, practically.

Q. What opinion would you express with regard to the question whether a headmaster, dismissed by the governing body of his own school, should have an appeal to any other and what authority?



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*Q.* What opinion would you express with regard to the question whether a headmaster, dismissed by the governing body of his own school, should have an appeal to any other and what authority?

11. I cannot conceive any authority at this moment which would be capable of exercising such a function usefully.

Q. It would be a question of what authority, of course, but the point is rather this: whether there are cases in which the dismissal of a headmaster by a governing body ought to be subject to review by some external authority?

A. I am afraid I cannot offer an opinion about that. My knowledge is limited; and nothing that I could say, I think, would be of value with regard to any but the chief schools.



## IX

ARNOLDIDES CHIFFERS;  
OR, THE ATTITUDE OF THE SCHOOLMASTER

A 'U.U.' ESSAY<sup>1</sup>

[1897]

THE biographer of Arnoldides Chiffers seems to have regarded that eminent man as an ideal ruler of boys.

'No one [he writes] ever left the school without bearing the impress of his striking personality. His rule was inflexible, but just. He would sink, indeed, the master, and become a boy himself among boys; he would seek at times the popularity that flowed from his joining personally in their games; but he could resume on occasion a dignity which would tolerate no compromise. Caring for nothing in the world but the success of the institution which he helped to govern, he regarded its fame as the first of objects, and its very cricket matches as tests of its welfare. Work with him was work, and play was play. No lounging or smiling before the desk of such a teacher; every pupil feared him while at class, but, the lesson over, had nothing to fear. Lavish in rewarding excellence, he never passed over a fault. Schoolboy errors, indeed, he saw with the eye of a schoolboy, unless they trenched on what to him was sacred ground—study, order, the majesty of work; and he hated above all things, in a growing mind, slackness and inattention and frivolity. As the "Times" writer said of Dr. Benson at Wellington, it was a treat to see the zealous satisfaction with which he chastised the boy found out in a lie. In a word, he studied day by day to bring his own moral influence to bear on the characters of those entrusted to him, he made his approval their standard, and taught them to regard one another, not from the point of view of fleeting popularity or schoolboy honour or social gifts, but from the eternal point of view of right and wrong.'

The little that I know of Arnoldides makes me believe that it would have given him great pleasure that I should quote this estimate of him in the forefront of an essay. But he would have been gradually mystified as I go on. For, paradox though it may be, I am about to hold up the distinguished schoolmaster that I have named as the example of all the things that one of his trade should not be. I had thought of calling this paper 'The Idols of the Profession'—meaning Baconian idols—but I could not think of four emblems to call them by; so I must fall back on Arnoldides, and let us consider his excellences in some sort of order.

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted by permission from the *Journal of Education*, April 1897.

Regard, for example, the crisp division of his day into times of work and play. In a copy-book, this would come well. In the educational leading article of a daily paper, it would have its merits. I can think of nothing so appropriate for the training college in which our successors will all have to spend a couple of years. But on what, in reality, in the heaven or earth or the waters under the earth, does it rest as a basis? Why are we to dissolve the natural and fruitful marriage of grave and gay? I can just imagine some one arguing that you do not bring quadratic equations into football. Well, there is not time for them; the play is so short and the lessons so long; and yet there is more in the 'Mr. Barlow' idea than modern preceptors are usually willing to allow. But wilt thou know, O vain man, that play without work is dead? Work is systematic effort, conscious progress, deliberate ambition to be better to-morrow than to-day, the delight in new-developed gifts—and who would care much for games unless all this were included? So, again, humour, paradox, fancy, nonsense gild the solidity of a lesson. But it is not worth while to argue against an idea which no one holds. If a passage in the book lends itself to fun, we neither repress it nor wish to. Why not be as natural over your Tacitus as you would be if you were working some Wednesday morning at the proofs of your dictionary of *pædagogics*, and some one brought the new 'Punch' into your room for a moment? 'Why not, then, make half the lesson play?' Because it would be a waste of time. You can afford one minute in sixty; you cannot afford a dozen. But that is the only reason, and not the dignity of your teaching.

I hope, however, that when I speak of work enlivened by play, I shall not be supposed to mean merely jokes. The schoolmaster's jests have been satirised, from Goldsmith downwards, quite enough to place us on our guard. I mean, of course, the *spirit* of play, the good temper, cheerfulness, gaiety, if you will, the disposition to make the best of things, the absence of suspicion, the tolerance, the forbearance, the unity. Let there be make-believe war, if you like, between the master and the form; it may help the game along; if they perfectly know that it is make-believe and nothing more, they will play their part dutifully, and not take unfair advantages. Such a temper does not lend itself to idleness or disorder; it does not even tend to it, as far as I can see. To whistle in school would have been a crime under Mr. Chiffers, of course, and his boys were afraid to do it. But the class that I am describing will not whistle because it would spoil the understanding, it would argue a selfish isolation of temper, it would not be the proper thing, it would interrupt the proceedings, it would not be 'playing the game.' A pupil who behaves in this spirit does not need punishments, any more than he needs them when fielding at cricket; he ought to feel the suggestion of such a thing, unless in the remote background, as an affront. Nor will he much need prizes and rewards either. Perhaps it may be remembered that the model whose biography is so thumbed in all educational libraries was lavish of rewards for merit. We are not told about his punishments; we only know

that his attitude towards the falsehood was what, archbishops or not, we should all be ashamed of. But he ought to have known, as we know, that rewards are almost as demoralising as punishments, and that the less we have of them the better. Very few boys want them ; the energy that they impart to the few does no good to the many. They are unsocial, they discriminate where we want to solidify, they feed vanity where we want to inspire companionship. A very little temperate praise, just to give voice to the common admiration for excellence, is the best reward, and generally enough. Mr. Chiffers gave Jones a book bound in calf for translating a satire of Horace without a mistake. If he had only remarked that Jones was not such a very bad construer after all, it would have had as much effect, and would have been more in the humour of the game.

And so with the lounging. Why should not they lounge ? ‘ Because they cannot attend to the work ? ’ That is certainly not the case. Every gentleman whom I am addressing at this moment is sitting with the easiest adaptation of himself to his chair that he can command ; but I am nevertheless sure either that he is attending, or, anyhow, that he will not contradict my argument on the ground that he is not. One listens better if one is comfortable—except, perhaps, on warm afternoons. May they then loll anyhow ? They do not want to ; but, if they did, no. The limit is simply that point at which they would cease to show respect, I do not say to their beloved instructor, but to each other, and the system, and to him as representing it. So long as they demean themselves as they would in a drawing-room, he should be content.

You see, I am going on the theory that boys are willing to learn ; and, if an angel from heaven proposes any view of lessons other than this, or founds any pleas or maxims in defiance of it, let him—be certificated ! But, as this is so true that the exceptions must not be allowed to spoil the argument, we must work from first to last in the spirit of such an hypothesis. The schoolmaster of our biography, you may have noticed, never cares to make the lessons pleasant, which is the alpha and omega of teaching ; he is feared in school, but not out of school ; whereas the attitude of his pupils towards him ought at all times and seasons to be much the same. When lessons are disliked it is generally because they are too hard ; and of course everybody cannot have everything exactly suited to his powers. But climbing a rock and fielding a drive are hard work ; and it is never the hard work, in moderation, that is disliked, but the expected impossibility, or the want of companionship and friendliness, or physical dullness of soul which cannot at times be helped. And one’s brother must be forgiven until seventy times seven. If a boy wishes to work and wishes to attend, but cannot do either of them because human nature is feeble, there is a chance that sternness may mend him, but only when everything else has failed. The exceptional boy who does not wish to do either is different ; but slackness and inattention and frivolity, which the eminent schoolmasters hate, are things which many growing boys cannot avoid. All I mean to convey is that the great mass of our forms



would rather learn than not, and, if a master drive instead of helping, he will gain what is hardly worth gaining. With luck one may carry out the theory to almost unheard-of lengths. It is a solemn fact that a class that I know of came up voluntarily to school on a whole holiday morning last year—not for any bribe, exemption, or consideration whatever. It was, no doubt, a kind of freak; and they did it more or less by way of a show-off, and for the fun of narrating it to an incredulous world; but the thing was really done.

Look, too, at the attitude of our friend Arnoldides towards his pupils' games. He tried 'to be a boy among boys.' But why should he not have been just what he was? Why a boy at games more than a boy in walking up to school or in an arithmetic lesson? He was not ashamed, we read, to seek popularity by joining in play. He ought to have been ashamed of anything so silly. The notion that a master becomes popular by taking part in cricket or football is, of all absurdities, the most absurd. If he is good-tempered and gentle, and does not domineer, he will be popular, if he plays nothing more than the trombone. A taste for sports will give him the advantage of companionship, and an opportunity of studying human nature, but it will not make him liked or disliked any further than he intrinsically ought to be. And you will notice that the great Chiffers, essaying to be what he was not, a boy among boys, naturally omitted to become something more than his scholastic duties made him, and remained a sort of glorified tradesman. He had no outside pursuits. Perhaps he told his boys to have higher interests; but he himself cared, you will remember, for nothing but the success of his school. Change the surroundings, and he would have cared as much for the success of boots or bicycles. Politics, pictures, the future of the legitimate drama, the missionary movement at the South Pole, all passed on and left him a schoolmaster, and nothing more. I do not wonder that 'his rule was inflexible.' He had none of the moderating influences which help men to enlarge the narrowness, and withstand the domination, of the best professions in the world. To be inflexible is a vice, not a virtue. But, once you have lost citizenship and worldliness, the incompressible mind and the historic temper, it is not for nothing that you have been a boy among boys and not a man, that association with immature intellects has done the harm against which your precautions should have been taken, and that the teacher has—not, indeed, awaked and found himself a pedant; for a pedant never awakes.

'We next come to Cambodia. Cambodia,' said the governess, 'is almost as big as Siam.' 'Cambodia,' murmured the children, drowsily, 'is almost as big as she is.' This came into my mind as a jest, but remains as a parable. The children had been so long taught to think of their teacher, and her methods and her rules, that she remained their standard of comparison when it should have been a district of Asia. This is what the good Mr. Chiffers did when he endeavoured to leave upon the boys the impress of his striking personality. He devoted himself wholly, his biographer says, to bringing his moral energy to bear upon them.

But, you will say, if he is by hypothesis better than they are, why should he not do so? In the first place, it is not proved that he was better. He did not throw boots about the passages, or draw horses in his dictionary; but—although culture does help the judgment and offers wider horizons—it is not clear that he was beyond the boys in sympathy and self-restraint. But, secondly, what can be, and should be, consciously done in this direction is but little. The experience of teachers has not generally brought the conviction that specially directed efforts can do much to change a boy's nature. It does most of the changing for itself. The building grows, like the Temple of old, without sound of mallet and trowel. What we can do is to arrange matters so as to give Virtue her best chance. We can make the right choice sometimes a little easier, we can prevent tendencies from blossoming into acts, and render pitfalls visible. How much indirectly and unconsciously we can do, none but the recording angel knows. 'You can, and you should,' said Chiffers, 'go straight to the heart of every individual boy.' Well, a fellow-creature's mind is a serious and sacred thing. You may enter into that arcanum once a year, shoeless. And in the effort to control the spirit of a pupil, to make one's own approval his test, and mould him by the stress of our own pressure, in the ambition to do this, the craving for moral power and visible guiding, the subtle pride of effective agency, lie some of the chief temptations of a schoolmaster's work.

I am ashamed to confess that I cannot remember whether Arnoldides was a clergyman or not. It fortunately does not matter much to a schoolmaster's functions, unless he has to preach sermons; and, anyhow, none are extant in print under Mr. Chiffers' name. But, whatever opportunity he may have had for exhortation, we know from the biographer what sort of things he said. And in the pulpit discourses which we hear—not of course in the place where we are this evening, but at other schools a good many miles away—how much there is, Sunday after Sunday, of the Chifferesque! I am convinced that none of the preachers who address their immature congregations ever say on purpose what is not true. But a gay imagination enwraps and beatifies their conception of school life. 'You, my younger hearers,' said Mr. Chiffers, 'who have so newly left your homes for the first time to mix with a world of strangers'—and yet he knew as well as they did that every single young gentleman before him had been to another school for three or four years already. 'Beware of the false ensnarement of popularity,' he went on; 'it is not the best of your companions who are most esteemed by giddy applause.' But a day's observation would show to the teacher that this is exactly what does happen, and that, in most cases, a boy is liked because he deserves to be. 'If a thing that is wrong comes before you, say loudly, whoever hears you, that it is wrong.' Yes, but we know how a boy's more delicate reserve substitutes, with happy indirectness, the intellectual for the moral, and tells the evil-doer that he is a fool. 'Take my word for it,' Arnoldides would say, 'it is only the cowards who tell lies.' The boys will not take his word, if they are wise. They know only too well

that, while fear leads to some crimes of falsehood, it is more often the timorous who confess, and the bold bad boys who venture on the lie; and those are the worst lies that are told. 'Think much of your past faults,' said Mr. Chiffers. 'Think of any other mortal thing in preference,' a healthy boy's nature would reply. 'Away with false phantoms,' he cried, 'of what is called schoolboy honour'—as if schoolboy honour were anything else than honour; and that virtue is the same in every age and time. 'Cherish it,' he should have said, 'and believe in it, and trust it to lead you to something even better.' 'Too often,' he used to warn his hearers, 'the throng around you will ask you to join in laughing at what is good and right.' In a school novel of course they will; but outside those romantic pages what boy ever met with the phenomenon? 'Before giving your friendship to a schoolfellow,' he would tell them, 'test and probe his moral worth, and select your friends among those only who are good.' *That* advice fell, I trust, unheeded. The quality of friendship is not strained; and the boys know something of their Gospels. And he would conclude with telling the older boys to think every hour of the day about influencing the others towards virtue. Fancy the attitude of mind of the captain of an eleven who should say at the beginning of an innings, 'Go to, I will now use my moral influence on my team.' If a boy swears when hurt, he should tell him to stop that; and, if he cribs in school, he should say, in the euphemism just alluded to, that he is a fool; because everyone knows that you oughtn't to swear or crib. But that is not using influence; it is keeping up the spirit of the thing, exalted conventionalism. All through his years the schoolboy's cherished idea, and that which makes schools hopeful things, is the idea that things ought to go on in the proper way, and that he himself ought to contribute to the propriety. If he has thrown stones he is half, or a quarter, sorry—but the dog was so tempting. If he is likely to lean towards graver wrong, the sternest terror that you can hold before him is that his house will be pointed at and talked of. Look at the silly conventions of the boys among themselves, and what they will do rather than break them. And they will be correspondingly surprised if their superiors lapse from a standard of similar elevation. A little time ago, a headmaster, in addressing the school about catching cold and efficient clothing, when he wished to speak of 'sweaters,' did not indicate the garment by a periphrasis, but actually used the word. Some boys were discussing at dinner afterwards whether he ought to have done so, and generally came to the conclusion that he ought not. The dear little prigs! Depend upon it, the one foible of modern boys is that they are too prone to good behaviour. Conventionality rules the camp, the court, the grove, the fags below, and sixth form above. But it rules them slowly and progressively for their benefit. H——, with all thy virtues, I love thee still!

For, if you want to swim against the stream, you must first learn to swim with it. The civic temper is the preparation for the heroic, and to overcome is less glorious than to lead. It is the same in the inner life



of our profession, and we train ourselves, if we care for our work more than our hobbies, in smoothness, conformity, tolerance. Schoolmastering and politics—these are the two trades to which this art is needful beyond most others. Opportunism is the back view of the edifice of which statesmanship is the façade; the edifice is one and the same. The Exchequer and the Admiralty are at war, but the Government must pass the Budget. A permanent secretary finds his political chief hopeless and incapable, but he neither says so nor appears to think so. You are a headmaster, and your colleagues read the sporting papers; you are an assistant, and your head drones and sleeps; or your governing body does pig-headed things, or your boys are vulgar. But the art of life consists in making the best of the tools that you have, and playing your part with courage, as if they were all keen and strong. It is what the great Dundonald could not do, and that makes the moral of his life. You believe in Church and State, and your environment is radical; or you hold the newest heresies, and the tone of the place is all saints and mysteries. These things are all less important than what you have to do, and it is your business—to use the phrase once more—to play the game. Then, when you have once put self and vanity in the second place, you will be worth quite as much as a man, and worth much more as a schoolmaster. It will not seem unnatural if your pupils learn to do the same themselves. Character will shape together, interests will drift towards a common end. You will not have, like Mr. Chiffers, to pretend to take a boy's point of view; for, widely different as their thoughts are from yours, they will yet understand that your temper and desires are the same. If you talk with them, you may be a comrade without pretending to be a child: when they work with you, they will be your companions, wayward, frivolous, stupid, peevish, intractable perhaps, but companions, fellow-travellers, playmates.

On the tombstone of Arnoldides Chiffers I believe it is recorded that in every respect he endeavoured to follow the example of the great schoolmaster after whom he was named. It is probable that he did. A great man's weak points are more easy to imitate than his strong, and in the picture of Arnold himself, as he is drawn for us, there are features which further experience, if we had the creation of a new Arnold in our hands, would lead us to modify. He was no more a perfect teacher, we may presume to say, than Savonarola was a perfect divine. But all exceptional men have their special task, and that of a reformer is by common consent the hardest. Mix together, if you can, John Knox and Goethe: try a combination, *ad hoc*, of Ezekiel and Pascal. Who can be so many-sided, so broad of soul, as the ideal schoolmaster should be? Well, perhaps we shall never be so ourselves; but it is our business, by our own little efforts, by meetings and conversations on such occasions as this, to try and produce him for the coming years; assisted, I need hardly add, by a Teachers' Training Syndicate, and a department of the County Council.

SONGS AND VERSES<sup>1</sup>

## I

## FORTY YEARS ON

FORTY years on, when afar and asunder  
 Parted are those who are singing to-day,  
 When you look back, and forgetfully wonder  
 What you were like in your work and your play  
 Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you  
 Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song—  
 Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,  
 Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.  
 Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up ! Follow up !  
 Till the field ring again and again,  
 With the tramp of the twenty-two men,  
 Follow up ! Follow up !

<sup>1</sup> Most of these songs and verses were published by Edward Bowen in 1886, and the order in which he then arranged them has been retained, the few additional ones being placed at the end. The edition had the following preface :

‘The songs which are here reprinted were written at various times during the last eighteen years, and have found an indulgent reception at the hands of several generations of schoolboys. For whatever interest they may have awakened, they are chiefly indebted to the genius and skill of Mr. John Farmer, by whom nearly all of them have been set to music, and presented to an audience which, for the sake of the singers, as well as for his, has never been too harshly critical of the sentiments or the words. I ought to mention that some of the lines in No. XV. and two or three in No. XVIII. are the work of a friend.

‘A few other pieces are added, chiefly connected with Harrow ; these, though not of permanent interest, will perhaps find readers who may care to have them in print.’

An index to the Songs and Verses, as here printed, will be found at the beginning of the volume.

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,  
 Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,  
 Strife without anger, and art without malice,—  
 How will it seem to you, forty years on ?  
 Then, you will say, not a feverish minute  
 Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,  
 Never the battle raged hottest, but in it  
 Neither the last nor the faintest were we !  
 Follow up ! &c.

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,  
 Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,  
 How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—  
 Hardly believable, forty years on !  
 How we discoursed of them, one with another,  
 Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,  
 Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,  
 Hated the foe with a playing at hate !  
 Follow up ! &c.

Forty years on, growing older and older,  
 Shorter in wind, as in memory long,  
 Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,  
 What will it help you that once you were strong ?  
 God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,  
 Games to play out, whether earnest or fun ;  
 Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,  
 Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on !  
 Follow up ! &c.

## II

## LYON OF PRESTON

LYON, of Preston, yeoman, John,  
 Many a year ago,  
 Built on the hill that I live on,  
 A school that you all may know ;  
 Into the form, first day, 'tis said,  
 Two boys came for to see ;  
 One with a red ribbon, red, red, red,  
 And one with a blue,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,  
 Lessons he bade them do ;  
 Homer, and multiplica-ti-on,  
 And spelling, and Cicero ;



Red Ribbon never his letters knew,  
 Stuck at the five times three ;  
 But Blue Ribbon learnt the table through,  
 And said it all off,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,  
 Said to them both, ' Go play '—  
 Up slunk Red Ribbon all alone,  
 Limped from the field away ;  
 Blue Ribbon played like a hero's son,  
 All by himself played he,  
 Five ' runs up ' did he quickly run,  
 And Bases got five,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,  
 All in his anger sore,  
 Flogged the boy with the Red ribbon,  
 Set him the Georgics four ;  
 But the boy with the Blue ribbon got, each week,  
 Holidays two and three,  
 And a prize for sums, and a prize for Greek,  
 And an alphabet prize,—like me !

Lyon, of Preston, yeoman, John,  
 Died many years ago ;  
 All that is mortal of him is gone,  
 But he lives in a school I know !  
 All of them work at their football there,  
 And work at their five-times-three ;  
 And all of them, ever since that day, wear  
 A ribbon of blue,—like me !

### III

#### RALEIGH

WHEN Raleigh rose to fight the foes,  
 We sprang to work and will ;  
 When Glory gave to Drake the wave,  
 She gave to us the Hill.  
 The ages drift in rolling tide,  
 But high shall float the morn  
 Adown the stream of England's pride,  
 When Drake and we were born !  
 For we began when he began,  
 Our times are one ;  
 His glory thus shall circle us  
 Till time be done.

The Avon bears to endless years  
 A magic voice along,  
 Where Shakespeare strayed in Stratford's shade,  
 And waked the world to song.  
 We heard the music soft and wild,  
 We thrilled to pulses new ;  
 The winds that reared the Avon's child  
 Were Herga's nurses too.  
 For we began, &c.

Guard, guard it well, where Sidney fell,  
 The poet-soldier's grave ;  
 Thy life shall roll, O royal soul,  
 In other hearts as brave.  
 While Thought to wisdom wins the gay,  
 While Strength upholds the free,  
 Are we the sons of yesterday,  
 Or heirs of thine and thee ?  
 For we began, &c.

## IV

## QUEEN ELIZABETH

QUEEN ELIZABETH sat one day,  
 Watching her mariners rich and gay,  
 And there were the Tilbury guns at play,  
 And there was the bold sea rover ;  
 Up comes Lyon, so brisk and free,  
 Makes his bow, and he says, says he,  
 ' Gracious Queen of the land and sea,  
 From Tilbury fort to Dover—'  
 Queen Elizabeth, &c.

' Marry, come up,' says good Queen Bess,  
 ' Draw it shorter and prose it less ;  
 Speeches are things we chiefly bless  
 When once we have got them over ;  
 Spenser carries you well along,  
 And the Swan of Avon is rich in song—  
 Still, we have sometimes found them long,  
 ' I and the bold sea rover !'  
 Queen Elizabeth, &c.

' Queen,' he says, ' I have got in store,  
 A beautiful school from roof to door ;  
 And I have a farm of acres four,  
 And a meadow of grass and clover :

So may it please you, good Queen B.,  
 Give me a charter, firm and free ;  
 For there is Harrow, and this is me,  
 And that is the bold sea rover !'  
 Queen Elizabeth, &c.

'Bad little boys,' says she, 'at school  
 Want a teacher to rede and rule ;  
 Train a dunce, and you find a fool ;  
 Cattle must have their drover :  
 By my halidome, I propose  
 You be teacher of verse and prose—  
 (What's a halidome, no one knows,  
 Even the bold sea rover !)'  
 Queen Elizabeth, &c.

'And this is my charter, firm and free,  
 This is my royal, great decree—  
*Hits to the rail shall count for three,  
 And six when fairly over :*  
 And if any one comes and makes a fuss,  
 Send the radical off to us,  
 And I will tell him I choose it thus,  
 And so will the bold sea rover !'  
 Queen Elizabeth, &c.

## V

## ST. JOLES

WHEN time was young and the school was new  
 (King James had painted it bright and blue),  
 In sport or study, in grief or joy,  
 St. Joles was the friend of the lazy boy.  
 He helped when the lesson at noon was said,  
 He helped when the Bishop was fast in bed ;  
 For the Bishop of course was master then,  
 And bishops get up at the stroke of ten.  
 St. Joles hooray, and St. Joles hooroo,  
 Mark my word if it don't come true ;  
 In sport or study, in grief or joy,  
 St. Joles is the friend of the lazy boy.

If an *a* was possibly short or long,  
 St. Joles would whisper it right (or wrong) ;  
 If ever an *e* provoked a doubt,  
 St. Joles' Lexicon helped it out ;



Perhaps it wasn't in page and print,  
 But it hinted a probable friendly hint ;  
 And often indeed, if I must confess,  
 It was like to a sort of a kind of guess.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

No laws of scholarship, harsh and quaint,  
 Could ever perplex the useful Saint ;  
 No trouble of mood or gender come,  
 But he settled the rule by the rule of thumb ;  
 You could toss a penny, and surely know  
 The way the genitive case would go ;  
 For at tails and heads he was clear and true,  
 And it always turned up one of the two !

St. Joles hooray, &c.

But there came a morning of fear and dread,  
 When the Bishop was up, and the Saint in bed ;  
 And all the boys, from bottom to top,  
 Instead of bishop, pronounced bishóp !—  
 —However the guilty class might try,  
 They lengthened o and they shortened i ;  
 And the Bishop with righteous anger flames ;  
 And off he went, and he told King James.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

O then King James, in his wrath and ire,  
 Degraded St. Joles to Joles Esquire ;  
 And now, to punish the awful crime,  
 They get up at seven in winter time ;  
 And oft the vowels in prose and song  
 St. Joles' Lexicon tells you wrong ;  
 And if you believe me, down at play,  
 There's always fog on St. Joles' day.

St. Joles hooray, &c.

## VI

### SHE WAS A SHEPHERDESS

SHE was a Shepherdess, O so fair,  
 Many a year ago,  
 With a pail and a stool and tangled hair,  
 Down in the plain below ;  
 And all the scholars would leave their play,  
 On merry King Charles's own birthday,  
 And stand and look as she passed that way,  
 And see her a-milking go ;

But none, she said,  
 Will I ever wed,  
 But the boy who gets the Gregory prize,  
 And crosses his *t*'s and dots his *i*'s,  
 Down in the plain below.  
 Sorely the monitor, great in Greek,  
 Many a year ago,  
 And the cricketing captain, slim and sleek,  
 Down in the plain below ;  
 Sorely the Latiner daily tried,  
 With satchel and ciphering books at side,  
 To make her his beautiful blooming bride,  
 As he saw her a-milking go !  
 But none, &c.

So the Gregory prizeman won the maid,  
 Many a year ago,  
 And the bells were rung and the service said,  
 Down in the plain below ;  
 And the cows gave double their milk that day,  
 And merry King Charles came down to stay,  
 And the fags had a general hip hooray,  
 As they saw her a-milking go.  
 But none, &c.

And if this ditty of love be true,  
 Many a year ago  
 (And you'll please forgive our singing it you),  
 Down in the plain below ;  
 O was there ever so sweet a pair,  
 As both of them went a-milking there,  
 With a pail and a stool and tangled hair,  
 A-milking for to go ?  
 But none, &c.

## VII

### GRANDPAPA'S GRANDPAPA

Do you know, grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Had of study so unquenchable a thirst,  
 That he went off to Harrow, fa la la !  
 And was placed in Lower Lower First.  
 How the buttons on his blue frock shone !  
 How he carolled and he sang, like a bird !  
 And Rodney, the sailor boy, was one,  
 And Bruce, who travelled far, was the third.  
 For you know, &c.

Then to Bruce grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Said, 'Bruce' (who travelled far), 'come along,  
 We are ten summers old, fa la la !  
 So to hoops, and to merriment, and song !'  
 'Oh no ! though I mourn,' he said, 'in truth,  
 G.'s G., merry rollicking to mar,  
 What's hoops, and effusiveness of youth,  
 To a lad who has got to travel far ?'  
 For you know, &c.

Then to Rodney grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Said, 'Rodney, sailor boy, up away !  
 And with marbles, and with tops, fa la la !  
 'Mid the merry folks from town, pass the day.'  
 But Rodney, sailor boy, 'No,' said he,  
 'Brace tackles, and avast, and alas !  
 No marbles and jollity for me ;  
 I have got to beat the French and De Grasse !'  
 For you know, &c.

Then, then, grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Went revelling away, in and out,  
 'Mid the merry folks from town, fa la la !  
 While the marbles and the tops flew about.  
 And of all the merry folks, fa la la !  
 In buttons and in blue frocks drest,  
 Why be sure, grandpapa's grandpapa  
 Was the topmost and merriest and best !  
 For you know, &c.

## VIII

## 'BYRON LAY'

BYRON lay, lazily lay,  
 Hid from lesson and game away,  
 Dreaming poetry, all alone,  
 Up-a-top of the Peachey stone.  
 All in a fury enters Drury,  
 Sets him grammar and Virgil due ;  
 Poets shouldn't have, shouldn't have, shouldn't have,  
 Poets shouldn't have work to do.

Peel stood, steadily stood,  
 Just by the name in the carven wood,  
 Reading rapidly, all at ease,  
 Pages out of Demosthenes.



‘ Where has he got to ? Tell him not to ! ’  
 All the scholars who hear him, cry,  
 ‘ That’s the lesson for, lesson for, lesson for,  
 That’s the lesson for next July ! ’

Peel could never, you needs must own,  
 Rhyme one rhyme on the Peachey stone ;  
 Byron never his task have said,  
 Under the panel where PEEL is read.  
 ‘ Even a goose’s brain has uses’—  
 Cricketing comrades argued thus—  
 ‘ Will they ever be, ever be, ever be,  
 Will they ever be boys like us ? ’

Byron lay, solemnly lay,  
 Dying for freedom, far away :  
 Peel stood up on the famous floor,  
 Ruled the people, and fed the poor ;  
 None so narrow the range of Harrow ;  
 Welcome poet and statesman too ;  
 Doer and dreamer, dreamer, dreamer,  
 Doer and dreamer, dream and do !

## IX

## GIANTS

THERE were wonderful giants of old, you know,  
 There were wonderful giants of old ;  
 They grew more mightily, all of a row,  
 Than ever was heard or told ;  
 All of them stood their six feet four,  
 And they threw to a hundred yards or more,  
 And never were lame, or stiff, or sore ;  
 And we, compared with the days of yore,  
 Are cast in a pigmy mould.  
 For all of we,  
 Whoever we be,  
 Come short of the giants of old, you see.

There were splendid cricketers then, you know,  
 There were splendid cricketers then ;  
 The littlest drove for a mile or so,  
 And the tallest drove for ten :  
 With Lang to bowl and Hankey to play,  
 Webbe and Walker to score and stay—

And two that I know, but may not say,—  
But we are a pitiful race of clay,  
And never will score again.

For all of we,  
Whoever we be,  
Come short of the giants of old, you see.

There were scholars of marvellous force, you know,  
There were scholars of marvellous force ;  
They never put  $\mu\eta$  when they should put  $\sigma\upsilon$ ,

And the circle they squared, of course.  
With Blayds and Merivale, Hope, Monro,  
Ridley and Hawkins, years ago,—  
And one that I rather think I know—  
But we are heavy and dull and slow,  
And growing duller and worse ;

For all of we,  
Whoever we be,  
Come short of the giants of old, you see.

But I think all this is a lie, you know,  
I think all this is a lie ;  
For the hero-race may come and go,  
But it doesn't exactly die !  
For the match we lose and win it again,  
And a Balliol comes to us now and then,  
And if we are dwarfing in bat and pen,  
Down to the last of the Harrow men,  
We will know the reason why !

For all of we,  
Whoever we be,  
Come up to the giants of old, you see.

## X

## OCTOBER

THE months are met, with their crownlets on,  
As Julius Cæsar crowned them ;  
With slaves, the gentlemen thirty-one,  
And the ladies thirty, round them.  
But who shall be monarch of all, you ask ;  
Go ask of the boys and maidens,  
For that is the lads' and the lasses' task,  
And they choose him afar in cadence.

October ! October !  
March to the dull and sober !  
The suns of May for the schoolgirls' play,  
But give to the boys October !

*'I vote for March, may it please you,'* cries  
A student pale and meagre ;

*'He gives us theme and lesson and prize,  
And scholarship, O so eager !'*

But louder now in the distance floats

A choice there is no disguising ;

And you hear from two and twenty throats

The chaunt of the boys uprising.

October ! &c.

*'For May ! For May !'* the girls all say,

*'How mild the air that blows is !*

*How nicely sweet the soft spring day,*

*How sweetly nice the roses !'*

But girl and scholar may pray and plead—

The voice of the lads is clearer,

And forty and four are the feet that tread,

In time to the music, nearer !

October ! &c.

*'October brings the cold weather down,*

*When the wind and the rain continue ;*

*He nerves the limbs that are lazy grown,*

*And braces the languid sinew ;*

*So while we have voices and lungs to cheer,*

*And the winter frost before us,*

*Come sing to the king of the mortal year,*

*And thunder him out in chorus !'*

October ! October !

March to the dull and sober !

The suns of May for the schoolgirls' play,

But give to the boys October !

## XI

### EUCLID

O HAVE you, with Euclid before you,

Full often despairingly sat,

The Fifth Proposition to floor you,

Your mind getting blank as your hat ?

To the little black demon you owe it,

The corner at C is his den ;

He waits till you fancy you know it,

Then makes you forget it again.

For he sits, a sight for to dream on,

In his black boots, tall and thin ;

And some people call him a demon,

And others a hobgoblin.



O worse than the rock to the seaman,  
 O worse than the blight to the tree,  
 Is the face of the little black demon,  
 Who lives in the corner at C.  
 He hops and he jumps without reason  
 All over and under and through,  
 And grins as he teaches his treason  
 To logic, and Euclid, and you.  
 For he sits, &c.

How sides, by a curious juggle,  
 Together are less than the base ;  
 How parallel lines, with a struggle,  
 Succeed in enclosing a space ;  
 Then mixing up angle and angle,  
 Puts lines where no line ought to be,  
 And leaving your mind in a tangle,  
 Goes back to his corner at C.  
 For he sits, &c.

But I up and I went and I took him,  
 All capering under and o'er,  
 And didn't he cry as I shook him,  
 And didn't I shake him the more,  
 And taught him respect for his betters,  
 And thumped on his black little head,  
 And squeezed him the shape of all letters  
 And finally left him at Z !  
 For he sits, &c.

And often as, nightly or daily,  
 He dares to annoy you the least,  
 You have only to rush at him gaily,  
 Away goes the black little beast ;  
 And all the bad creatures forsaken,  
 That live on the page or the pen,  
 Can't bear to be worried and shaken,  
 And run away home to their den.  
 For he sits, &c.

## XII

### THE VOICE OF THE BELL

EVERY day, in the early misty morning,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding :  
 First for a waking, second for a warning,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding :

Oh, what a tongue to terrify the lazy,  
 Never a respite, never stops or stays he,  
 On till the ears of the listeners are crazy,  
 Ding, ding-a-ding !

Down at the game, a wearying and bruising,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding :  
 Comes now a truce to winning and to losing,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding.  
 Then, though the hill be muddy and begriming,  
 Victory yet can make it easy climbing :  
 Bless the bell, for the triumph it is chiming !  
 Ding, ding-a-ding.

Half-past five, in the gloomy winter weather,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding ;  
 Now to the fireside gather you together,  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding ;  
 Safe from the thought of boy or book or master,  
 Fourth school's bliss—or possible disaster—  
 Wish that the weeks might fly a little faster,  
 Ding, ding-a-ding.

Long long life to the bell and to its ringing !  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding :  
 Three hundred years with an ever fresh beginning !  
 Hark how the bell is ringing, ding-a-ding, ding ;  
 Long while it chimes to a newer life and sweeter,  
 Work's true sons shall welcome her and greet her,  
 Stronger than we, and better, and completer,  
 Ding, ding, ding.

### XIII

#### UNDERNEATH THE BRINY SEA

UNDERNEATH the briny sea,  
 Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
 There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !  
 Big fish and little there, each shiny day,  
 Climb up to construe, plunge down to play ;  
 Get wise speedily, up upon the hill,  
 Coming up to all schools just when they will ;  
 Play well easily, weed and sand among,  
 Never lose a match there, all the summer long ;  
 Never take to bad ways, bully, steal, or lie,  
 Fishes all are born good, naturally !

Underneath the briny sea,  
Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !

Bills when the fishes like, lock-up as they wish,  
Bolts and bars confine not independent fish ;  
Fruit sells for nothing there, if you like to buy,  
Ices all the year long tumble from the sky !  
No trouble anywhere, labour none at all,  
Twenty scores of fags come rushing when you call ;  
Twenty scores of fags come, never miss it—why ?  
Fagging does itself all by machinery !

Underneath the briny sea,  
Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !

Oh, what a life there, down below the wave,  
All among the sand heaps, merry fishes have !  
Lessons get the full mark, whether bad or good,  
Fishes never guess wrong—couldn't if they would ;  
Greek turns to English by the rule of thumb ;  
Sums have the answer written on the sum ;  
Repetition learns itself, never need to try—  
Everyone has prizes, generally.

Underneath the briny sea,  
Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !

Which is the better, man, or boy, or fish,  
To live life lazily, swimming as you wish,  
Lolling dull heads about, twirling weary thumbs,  
Or to take sweet and bitter as sweet and bitter comes ?  
Wealth without toil is a sorry sort of lot ;  
Learning unworked for is just as well forgot ;  
Good beats bad, when the fight is only free,  
Both up at Harrow here, and under the sea.

Underneath the briny sea,  
Where be the fishes and the mermaids three,  
There lies Harrow as it ought for to be !

## XIV

SOBER DICK

WHAT sober Dicky sees,  
When all aglow  
Fire lights the winter nights,  
Boys only know.



Out, gas—no soul it has—  
 Out lamp and wick ;  
 In the embers, ruddily gilt,  
 Wonderful things are often built ;  
 Sober Dicky can see them all, O sober Dick !

There lies a field of grass,  
 Ropes all around ;  
 Who's that has got the bat,  
 Hits off the ground ?  
 Who plays amid the blaze,  
 All ruby-thick ?  
 Coals applaud with a coaly cry,  
 Sparks in yellow and amber fly ;  
 Sober Dicky it surely is, O sober Dick !

See, in the stately light  
 Glows yonder Hall ;  
 Folks sent to Parliament,  
 Pitt, Fox, and all.  
 One big amazing wig  
 Flares hot and quick ;  
 Mr. Speaker is made of coal,  
 Yet you will think it wondrous droll,  
 Like to sober Dicky he is, O sober Dick !

Where, chin on hand, he looks  
 Right through the bars,  
 Yon grate is full of fate,  
 Cups, prizes, stars—  
 Gold tips—generalships—  
 Straight throw and kick—  
 Lucky Latin and easy Greek,  
 Holidays every mortal week,  
 Sober Dicky has seen them all, O sober Dick !

When coals are dark and dead,  
 All burnt to dust,  
 Sink, light, and turn to night—  
 So Fancy must !  
 Warm flame, vision of Fame,  
 Fades passing quick ;  
 Was the coal a teller of truth ?  
 Does imagining poison youth ?  
 Sober Dicky is dreaming now, O sober Dick !

## XV

## WILLOW THE KING.

WILLOW the King is a monarch grand,  
Three in a row his courtiers stand ;  
Every day when the sun shines bright,  
The doors of his palace are painted white,  
And all the company bow their backs  
To the King with his collar of cobbler's wax.  
So ho ! so ho ! may the courtiers sing,  
Honour and life to Willow the King !

Willow, King Willow, thy guard hold tight ;  
Trouble is coming before the night ;  
Hopping and galloping, short and strong,  
Comes the Leathery Duke along ;  
And down the palaces tumble fast  
When once the Leathery Duke gets past.  
So ho ! &c.

' Who is this,' King Willow he swore,  
' Hops like that to a gentleman's door ?  
Who's afraid of a Duke like him ?  
Fiddlededee ! ' says the monarch slim :  
' What do you say, my courtiers three ? '  
And the courtiers all said, ' Fiddlededee ! '  
So ho ! &c.

Willow the King stepped forward bold  
Three good feet from his castle hold ;  
Willow the King stepped back so light,  
Skirmished gay to the left and right ;  
But the Duke rushed by with a leap and a fling—  
' Bless my soul ! ' says Willow the King.  
So ho ! &c.

Crash the palaces, sad to see ;  
Crash and tumble the courtiers three !  
Each one lays, in his fear and dread,  
Down on the grass his respected head ;  
Each one kicks, as he downward goes,  
Up in the air his respected toes.  
So ho ! &c.

But the Leathery Duke he jumped so high,  
Jumped till he almost touched the sky ;

'A fig for King Willow,' he boasting said,  
 'Carry this gentleman off to bed !'  
 So they carried him off with the courtiers three,  
 And put him to bed in the green-baize tree.  
 So ho ! &c.

'What of the Duke ?' you ask anon,  
 'Where has his Leathery Highness gone ?'  
 O he is filled with air inside—  
 Either it's air, or else its pride—  
 And he swells and swells as tight as a drum,  
 And they kick him about till Christmas come.  
 So ho ! ho ! ho ! may his courtiers sing,  
 Honour and life to Willow the King !

## XVI

## JUNE AND THE SCHOLAR

## THE SCHOLAR

WHAT a tune,  
 Kind June,  
 You are singing all the noon,  
 Where the grove makes merry with the breeze, with the breeze,  
 Low and merry, all the song  
 That the wind bears along,  
 O June, be a sister, and stay among the trees !

## JUNE

Never fear,  
 Scholar dear,  
 In the morning of the year,  
 Was not all the sunny beauty made for you, made for you ?  
 Take the bright shiny day,  
 Take the pleasure and the play,  
 The shade and the twilight, the dawning and the dew.

## THE SCHOLAR

Do not fly,  
 Sweet sky,  
 Though the blaze of morning die,  
 Stay and linger in the flushing of the west, of the west  
 If you go, they will fade,  
 Soft meadow, sunny glade,  
 The glow into dullness, the music into rest.



## JUNE

When the rose  
 Full blows,  
 When the surly winter goes,  
 I will come with the swallows and the sun, and the sun,  
 And the grass shall be bright  
 In the glad June light ;  
 Far and away, till the world is dead and gone.

## XVII

## CATS AND DOGS

(He hath got a quiet catch.—*Taming of the Shrew*, II. i.)

For cats and dogs the custom is to wrangle as they play,  
 But youths intent on games should be more sensible than they !  
 A low dispute in scenes polite would not be thought the thing,  
 Where bright in light, with dance and feast and bowl, dwell Court and  
 King.

When in the yard at exercise you choose to take a part,  
 Converse with friends, whene'er you will, upon the batsman's art ;  
 And if about a catch you hold an independent view,  
 Reflect it may perhaps be false, and shout not out it's true.

Football, methinks, if played at all, should go with voice demure ;  
 Of lines of sight the human eye can hardly e'er be sure ;  
 But cries proclaiming eagerly where balls have passed in air  
 Would shame a wolf, and in the dust abase a polar bear.

## XVIII

## FAIRIES

WHEN in the morning cold and bleak,  
 In spite of wind and weather,  
 The wise and foolish, strong and weak,  
 Throng up to School together,  
 From off the plain, from round the hill,  
 The fairy thoughts arisen  
 Begin the day of work and play  
 With hope, and whim, and vision :  
 Awake the old, suggest the new,  
 Heart after heart rejoices—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !—  
 So sound the fairy voices.

From all the lowland western lea,  
 The Uxbridge flats and meadows,  
 From where the Ruislip waters see  
 The Oxhey lights and shadows ;  
 They tell of rambles near and far,  
 By hedge, and brook, and border ;  
 Of random freak and frolic war,  
 And Freedom born of Order ;  
 Of Friendship, knit with wealth of wit,  
 And wisdom linked about it—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !—  
 Or quite as close without it !

From Wembley rise and Kenton stream ;  
 From Preston farm and hollow,  
 Where Lyon dreamed, and saw in dream  
 His race of sons to follow ;  
 They point to Labour's leaden feet,  
 To Glory's glow and glitter ;  
 To sweets of Learning, partly sweet,  
 And even partly bitter ;  
 They chant in time a stately rhyme,  
 The sober songs of matin—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !—  
 And quaver into Latin !

And as from north and east amain  
 They throng, the fairy people,  
 The echoes range across the plain,  
 And gather round the steeple ;  
 Through football acres, grass and clay,  
 The mighty murmurs quicken ;  
 From goal to goal they swifter roll,  
 And swell, and throb, and thicken ;  
 Like beat of drums the music comes,  
 While viewless voices mingle—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !  
 And set the veins a-tingle.

O'er twenty leagues of morning dew  
 Across the cheery breezes,  
 Can fairies fail to whisper true  
 What youth and fancy pleases ?  
 As strength decays with after days,  
 And eyes have ceased to glisten,  
 Those souls alone not older grown  
 Will have the ears to listen.

Keep youth a guest of heart and breast,  
 And, though the hair be whiter,—  
 Ho ho ! ha ha ! Tra la la la !  
 You hear them all the brighter !

## XIX

## JACK AND JOE

JACK'S a scholar, as all men say,  
 Dreams in Latin and Greek,  
 Gobbles a grammar in half a day,  
 And a lexicon once a week ;  
 Three examiners came to Jack,  
 ' Tell to us all you know ; '  
 But when he began, ' To Oxford back,'  
 They murmured, ' we will go.'  
 But Joe is a regular fool, says Jack,  
 And Jack is a fool, says Joe.

Joe's a player, and no mistake,  
 Comes to it born and bred,  
 Dines in pads for the practice' sake,  
 Goes with a bat to bed.  
 Came the bowler and asked him, ' Pray,  
 Shall I bowl you fast or slow ? '  
 But the bowler's every hair was gray  
 Before he had done with Joe.  
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

Morning wakes with a rousing spell,  
 Bees and honey and hive,  
 Drones get up at the warning bell,  
 But Jack was at work at five.  
 Sinks the day on the weary hill,  
 Cricketers homeward flow ;  
 All climb up in the twilight chill,  
 But the last to leave is Joe.  
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

' Fame,' says Jack, ' with the mind must go,  
 Says Joe, ' With the legs and back ; '  
 ' What is the use of your arms ? ' says Joe,  
 ' Where are your brains ? ' says Jack.  
 Says Joe, ' Your Latin I truly hate,'  
 Says Jack, ' I adore it so,'  
 ' But your bats,' says Jack, ' I nowhere rate,'  
 ' My darlings,' answers Joe.  
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.



Can't you settle it, Joe and Jack,  
 Settle it, books and play ?  
 Dunce is white and pedant is black,  
 Haven't you room for gray ?  
 Let neither grammar nor bats be slack,  
 Let brains with sinews grow,  
 And you'll be Reverend Doctor Jack,  
 And you'll be General Joe !  
 But Joe is a regular fool, &c.

## XX

WIMBLEDON, 1879

WAKE, Harrow boys, together,  
 Wake, townsmen, up !  
 Here's the Shield, marching hither,  
 Likewise the Cup.  
 Drums, beat to rouse the people,  
 Fifes, tootle too !  
 Back home to Harrow steeple  
 Welcome to you !  
 Wake, Harrow boys, &c.

First day of summer weather,  
 First ray of sun ;  
 Twelve schools are in together,  
 Odds, twelve to one.  
 Twelve schools are off together,  
 Gone home to sup ;  
 Left the Shield, marching hither,  
 Likewise the Cup !  
 Wake, Harrow boys, &c.

In came the Duke all ready,  
 Plume, sash, and spurs ;  
 ' Who's that a winning,' said he,  
 ' Over the furze ?  
 ' Why, bless my hat and feather,  
 What can be up ?  
 There's the Shield, marching thither,  
 Likewise the Cup !'  
 Wake, Harrow boys, &c.

Bismarck and Cetewayo,  
 Pale down to boots,  
 Ejaculate ' O my O,  
 How Harrow shoots !

Once give them grass and heather,  
Once rifles up—  
Straight the Shield marches hither,  
Likewise the Cup!  
Wake, Harrow boys, &c.

## XXI

## LARRY

Who is Larry, and what is his sin?  
What has he done to be so discredited?  
String, and leather, and air within,  
Never an ounce of brains inherited;  
Up and volley him into the sky;  
Down he will tumble by-and-by;  
Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
Doesn't he like a journey high!

Tie up his throat, or he feels the air;  
Very unwise, to lounge and tarry is;  
Give him a kick, and it sets him square,  
Kicks are physic for such as Larry is;  
Over the grassy marsh and mud,  
Like a bubble of soap and sud,  
Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
Till he is down with a thump and thud!

Little he knows, and nought he cares,  
Whether you kick with grace and suavity;  
Down he will come without the stairs,  
All along of the force of gravity;  
Larry is fat, and needs to go;  
Larry is dull and plump and slow;  
Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
Wake him a bit with a touch of toe!

That is his path, where the swallows roam,  
That is a road that needs no gravelling;  
Life is dull, if you bide at home;  
Larry is made of stuff for travelling!  
Now you may lift him once again,  
Give him a view of park and plain;  
Flout and flurry him, kick and worry him,  
That is the way to induce a brain

## XXII

## ROOKS

HIGH on a tree,  
 Like a Pope to see,  
 A blackamoor rook (and as grave as he)  
 Laid down the law,  
 With ponderous caw,  
 With a tweak of head and a twist of jaw,  
*' Follow the rest  
 Out of the nest,  
 Perch on the steeple, and peck with the best !*

*' Try your wing,  
 Now in the spring,  
 Hop and flutter and fight and sing ;  
 Rooklings' joys  
 Are worry and noise,  
 Soon in the air you will gladly poise,  
 And follow the rest, &c.*

*' Branches yield  
 Shelter and shield,  
 But the best of the fun is far afield ;  
 Those who know  
 Where a flight can go,  
 Rob the wheat that the farmers sow.  
 Follow the rest, &c.*

*' Starlings preach,  
 With twitter of speech,  
 How many yards a gun can reach ;  
 Fly amain  
 Over the plain !  
 Chance the gun, if you get the grain !  
 Follow the rest, &c.*

*' Up with the head !  
 Fondled, fed,  
 Here you may rest awhile in bed ;  
 Wait for the time  
 When your wings shall climb  
 Over the sky in the morning's prime !  
 Follow the rest  
 Out of the nest,  
 Perch on the steeple, and peck with the best !'*



## XXIII

## DOWN THE HILL

Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we run,  
When the summer games come with the summer sun ;  
On the grass dreaming a lazy grassy dream,  
List to the merry click, willow tapping seam ;  
Balls ring, throats sing, to a gallant tune,  
Cheerily, cheerily, goes the afternoon.

Down the hill, down the hill, after dinner drop,  
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay upon the top !

Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill we scud,  
In the dull December, plashing in the mud ;  
Legs, as their manner is, turn to black and blue ;  
Mud spatters head to foot—well, and if it do ?  
Legs yet will carry us through another day ;  
Mud is only water modifying clay.

Down the hill, down the hill, after dinner drop,  
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay upon the top !

Jog, jog, tramp, tramp, down the hill at last,  
When the Tuesday morning tells of labour past ;  
Now, just a week or two, put the books to bed,  
Horse, dog, gun and rod, you come out instead ;  
Who wouldn't, now and then, amiably thus  
Gratify the home folks with a sight of us ?

Down the hill, down the hill, after dinner drop,  
Sulky boys, sulky boys, stay upon the top !

## XXIV

## AWAKE !

THE wind blew o'er the plain, and cried,  
Awake, boys, awake !

The best of the day is the morning tide,  
Awake, boys, awake !

With a plunge and a rush to the air, the air,  
And safe in the school, with a chime to spare,  
And who, if it freeze with winter breeze,  
Is half a coward enough to care ?

Or grieve if he, in his ardour bold,  
 Or even his master, catches cold ?  
     So awake, boys, awake !  
     The joys of the morning take !  
 They sleep in the city, and more's the pity,  
     But you on the hills, awake !

The spring came whispering, clear and low,  
     Awake, boys, awake !  
 The birds were building an hour ago,  
     Awake, boys, awake !  
 The lark is lost in the blue, the blue,  
 The cricketing fields are drenched in dew ;  
 The delicate things on feet and wings  
 Are busily finding work to do ;  
     And every animal, great or less,  
     Has dressed as much as it means to dress !  
     So awake, &c.

Work, with her sister, Play, came by—  
     Awake, boys, awake !  
 Plenty to learn from both, they cry,  
     Awake, boys, awake !  
 There's pleasure in toil no doubt, no doubt ;  
 There's also pleasure, perhaps, without ;  
 There's books that pray to be read to-day,  
 There's balls that long to be kicked about ;  
     But none who roost on the Drowsy tree  
     Can ever be friends with me, or me !  
     So awake, &c.

## XXV

## GOOD NIGHT

GOOD NIGHT ! Ten o'clock is nearing ;  
     Lights from Hampstead, many, fewer, more,  
 Fainter, fuller, vanishing, appearing,  
     Flash and float a friendly greeting o'er ;  
     Read them, read them,  
     Ere the slumber come ;  
     Goodwill speed them  
     Here across the gloom ;  
 All good comes to those who read aright ;  
 See they are twinkling, Good night !

Good night ! How they dart anigh thee  
 Bright glad rays for repetition known ;  
 If the task be crabbed and defy thee,  
 How they blink a sympathetic groan !  
     Wit acuter—  
     Guesses free and fast—  
     Tyrant tutor  
     Placable at last—  
 Such the blessings sparkle to the sight ;  
 Take them and answer, Good night !

Good night ! What shall follow after ?  
 Wish great play, and vigour ever new,  
 Wish for race and merriment and laughter—  
 Hampstead lights must surely wish it too !  
     Luck befriend thee  
     From the very toss ;  
     See, they send thee  
     Victory across ;  
 Speed the ball, and animate the fight :  
 So, till the morning, Good night !

Good night ! Sleep, and so may ever  
 Lights half seen across a murky lea,  
 Child of hope, and courage, and endeavour,  
 Gleam a voiceless benison on thee !  
     Youth be bearer  
     Soon of hardihood ;  
     Life be fairer,  
     Loyaller to good ;  
 Till the far lamps vanish into light,  
 Rest in the dream-time. Good night

## XXVI

## SONGS

How does the song come,  
     Whence up-swell,  
 Whence on the tongue come,  
     Playmates, tell !  
 Say, from the waste time  
     Chance sounds grow,  
 Throats' idle pastime ?  
     No, no, no !



While 'mid the breezes  
Life breathes free,  
Ere trouble freezes  
Youth's blue sea,  
'Mid hopes attendant,  
Play, work, home,  
Surging, resplendent—  
So songs come !

Where does the song go,  
While words fly,  
Somewhere along go,  
Somewhere die ?  
Say, into far land  
Sound-waves flow,  
Lost in the star-land ?  
No, no, no !  
Songs, where the thought was  
If aught true,  
If tender aught was,  
There hide too ;  
Down in the chamber  
Hearts hold deep,  
Cradled in amber—  
So songs sleep !

Can yet the song live,  
Once more come,  
Voiceful and strong live—  
Now all dumb ?  
Say, will it slumber,  
Faint, thin, low,  
Years not to number ?  
No, no, no !  
When droops the boldest,  
When hope flies,  
When hearts are coldest,  
Dead songs rise ;  
Young voices sound still,  
Bright thoughts thrive,  
Friends press around still—  
So songs live !

## XXVII

## THE NINER

HE may have been little, or may have been tall,  
But his tale is so sad, you will weep for it all,  
And it happened along of a bat and a ball!

Boo-hoo!

Of Cricketers never a finer,  
From Nottinghamshire to China,  
But he *never could manage a niner!*

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

CHORUS—Of Cricketers never, &c.

He planted his feet—and he lifted his bat—  
And his reach you would wonder excessively at:  
And the field said, 'For nine he will surely hit *that.*'

Boo-hoo!

But they ran and they scampered and fielded,  
And such was the work that their zeal did,  
That merely an eighter it yielded,

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

CHORUS—Of Cricketers never, &c.

But he finally struck a majestical blow,  
And didn't it, *didn't* it, DIDN'T it go,  
If not for a mile, for a quarter or so!

Boo-hoo!

Oh run, I believe you, he then did,  
With speed and celerity splendid,  
And stopped with the nine of them ended,

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

CHORUS—Of Cricketers never, &c.

And just as the niner was done and entire,  
He threw himself down to rejoice—(and perspire),  
'*One short,*' said the fair and impartial umpire!

Boo-hoo!

So he gave up and went and ate ices,  
Of various colours and sizes,  
And died of pulmonary phthisis,

Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!

CHORUS—Of Cricketers never, &c.

## XXVIII

## PLUMP A LUMP

[*A Football Song*]

WHEN suns are hot, and fields are full  
 Of shouts and cries that scare you,  
 You lie in corners dark and dull,  
 An empty lump of air, you !  
 You sit and sulk, a frozen hulk,  
 With pads and bats above you,  
 Till winter comes again, and then,  
 You ugly dear, I love you !  
 O then you dance and prance along,  
 A dancer, prancer, jumper,  
 You toss and thump, so plump a lump  
 As who can find a plumper ?

When boys are dressed in all their best  
 For church and school on Sunday,  
 And sober folk can take their rest,  
 And sit a bit for one day ;  
 You ne'er appear in gaudy cheer,  
 Nor freak nor fancy takes you,  
 But dream and doze in working clothes,  
 Till Monday, dear, awakes you !  
 O then, &c.

At night when we are wondrous wise  
 With Æschylus and Cæsar,  
 So weak you are in enterprise,  
 You hardly ask what these are !  
 No whit you care, your skin's so thick,  
 For learning, mind, or virtue ;  
 Oh I should dearly like to kick—  
 But not, my love, to hurt you !  
 O then, &c.

## XXIX

## TOM

Now that the matches are near,  
 Struggle, and terror, and bliss,  
 Which is the House of the year ?  
 Who is the hero of this ?  
 Tom !



Tom, who with valour and skill, too,  
Spite of the wind and the hill, too,  
Takes it along sudden and strong,  
Going where Tom has a will to ;  
And so let us set up a cheer, O,  
That Jaffa and Joppa can hear, O,  
And if a hurrah can waken the Shah,  
Why, then, let us waken him, singing, Hurrah

Rules that you make, you obey ;  
Courage to Honour is true ;  
Who is the fairest in play,  
Best and good-temperdest, who ?  
Tom !

Tom, who is sorry and sad, too,  
When there are bruises to add to ;  
Why did he crush Jack with a rush ?  
Only because that he had to !  
And so let us, &c.

Base is the player who stops  
Fight, till the fighting is o'er ;  
Who follows up till he drops,  
Panting and limping and sore ?  
Tom !

Tom, who with scuffle and sprawl, too,  
Knows where he carries the ball to ;  
Ankles and toes ! look how he goes !  
Through them and out of them all, too !  
And so let us, &c.

Some, who their Houses enthrone,  
Rest, when the victory comes ;  
Who will go on till his own  
Boasts an eleven of Toms ?  
Tom !

Tom, who in cloud and in clear, too,  
Goes with the lads he is dear to ;  
Is it a dream ? There is the team ;  
Tom may be real, and here, too !  
And so let us, &c.

## XXX

## A GENTLEMAN'S A-BOWLING

[Dedicated to F. S. Jackson, Lord's, 1888]

O CABBY, trot him faster,  
 O hurry, engine, on !  
 Come glory or disaster,  
 Before the day be done !  
 Ten thousand folks are strolling,  
 And streaming into view,  
 A gentleman's a-bowling  
 (More accurately, two).

With changes and with chances  
 The innings come and go,  
 Alternating advances  
 Of ecstasy and woe ;  
 For now 'tis all condoling,  
 And now—for who can tell ?  
 A gentleman's a-bowling—  
 It yet may all be well.

Light Blue are nimbly fielding,  
 And scarce a hit can pass ;  
 But those the willows wielding  
 Have played on Harrow grass !  
 And there's the ball a-rolling,  
 And all the people see  
 A gentleman's a-bowling,  
 And we're a-hitting he !

Ten score to make, or yield her !  
 Shall Eton save the match ?  
 Bowl, bowler ! go it, fielder !  
 Catch, wicket-keeper, catch !  
 Our vain attempts controlling  
 They drive the leather—no !  
 A gentleman's a-bowling,  
 And down the wickets go.

And now that all is ended,  
 Were I the Queen to-day,  
 I'd make a marquis splendid  
 Of every one of they !  
 And still for their consoling,  
 I'll cheer and cheer again  
 The gentleman a-bowling,  
 And all the other ten !

## XXXI

## IF TIME IS UP

If time is up and lesson is due, and youth has got to learn,  
 I creep to School, if needs must be, and masters soft and stern ;  
 And one will give me good marks, and one will give me bad,  
 And one will give me nothing at all for all the pains I had ;  
 But good come, bad come, for what you must you can,  
 And heigh-ho, follow the game, till boy shall grow to man.

The worse the time the better the end, and under sky and sun  
 I go to play the cricketer's part, and turn the bowlers on ;  
 And one will bowl me fast balls, and one will bowl me slow,  
 And one will bowl me cunning and straight, and then the bails will go ;  
 But fast come, slow come, the grass and winds are free,  
 And heigh-ho, follow the game, the world is fair for me.

They glide, the months of worry and work, of desk and floor and grass  
 And till you trust them, fright the soul, and as you trust them, pass ;  
 And one will bring me bright days, and one will bring me dull,  
 And one will bring me trouble enough, till all the days are full ;  
 But bright come, dull come, they came the same before,  
 And heigh-ho, follow the game, and show the way to more.

## XXXII

## MANY YEARS AGO

[*A Song for Old Harrovians*]

ONE look back ! as we hurry o'er the plain,  
     Man's years speeding us along ;  
 ONE look back ! from the hollow past again  
     Youth coming flooding into song.  
 Tell how once in the breath of summer air  
     Winds blew fresher than they blow ;  
 Times long hid, with their triumph and their care,  
     Yesterday—many years ago !

How throngs poured from the lesson to the street,  
     Straw-topped, busy, rushing by !  
 Stones rang brisk with the tread of many feet,  
     Fields laughed, merry with the cry.  
 Skill, high taught to endeavour and endure,  
     Plucked bright honour from the foe ;  
 Blood throbbed warmer, and fellowship was sure,  
     Yesterday—many years ago !



Fell sage counsel on never-heeding ears ?  
 Mixed frail folly with the good ?  
 Not less trust had a medicine for fears,  
 Hope built towers as it would.  
 Firelight dreams still summon from afar  
 Play's hot battle, ebb and flow ;  
 Hearts made one in the flush of mimic war,  
 Yesterday—many years ago !

All good things of the heaven and the earth,  
 Drop soft blessing on the hill !  
 Crown fair youth with her heritage of mirth,  
 Weak souls quicken into will !  
 Years, bear gaily the trophies you have won,  
 Strong life bringing, as you go ;  
 Shine, bright suns, shine happy as you shone  
 Yesterday—many years ago !

---

#### LORD'S, 1873

TELL them, Harrow has won again !  
 Shout with a heart and will !  
 Shout till it float across the plain,  
 And echo around the hill !  
 Four sad years of a long defeat  
 Over and gone to-day ;  
 Flash the news till the gladness greet  
 Continents far away ;  
 Say how, honour and fame at stake,  
 Somebody played for the old School's sake.

True as the speeding bullets go,  
 Quick as the fencer's wrist,  
 Eton played to the fast and slow,  
 Be it break, or rise, or twist ;  
 Faint and feeble we hung the head ;  
 Hope in the heart sank low ;  
 'Seventy-three, we surely said,  
 Will be just like 'seventy-two :—  
 Then was the turn of the wizard's wand—  
 Somebody, somebody, bowled left-hand !

Two of us all too soon are gone—  
 Hark to the Eton cheer !  
 One that we put our hopes upon  
 Had chosen to wait a year.

Slow we counted them—run for run—

How many more to tie ?

Loud we boasted the cut for one,

And treasured the single bye—

Somebody ! cover—or longstop—or—

Somebody's hitting about for four !

And somebody bowled them straight and strong,

And somebody high and true,

And somebody threw to an inch along,

Till somebody's hands were blue ;

And when at the last we trembling said,

' Can anyone now be found

To keep, with valour of hand and head,

For a hundred runs, his ground ? '

Somebody—ah ! he would, we knew—

Somebody played it steady through !

To the ropes the last hit gaily went,

As the first to the ropes had gone,

And we breathed as divers breathe, all spent,

Who rise to the air and sun.

And ever when Harrow toils in vain,

And the Harrow hopes are low,

May patience come to the rescue then.

And pluck with the patience go ;

And in all, and more than all, our play,

Somebody do as he did to-day !

### LORD'S, 1878

THERE we sat in the circle vast,

Hard by the tents, from noon,

And looked as the day went slowly past,

And the runs came, all too soon ;

And never, I think, in the years gone by,

Since cricketer first went in,

Did the dying so refuse to die,

Or the winning so hardly win.

Ladies clapped, as the fight was fought,

And the chances went and came ;

And talk sank low, till you almost thought

You lived in the moving game.

O, good lads in the field they were,

Laboured and ran and threw ;

But we that sat on the benches there

Had the hardest work to do !

Feet that had sped in games of yore,  
 Eyes that had guarded well,  
 Waited and watched the mounting score,  
 And the hopes that rose and fell ;  
 And girls put frolic and wagers by,  
 As they felt their pulses throb ;  
 And old men cheered—but the cheering cry  
 Went gurgling into a sob !

What is it ? forty, thirty more ?  
 You in the trousers white,  
 What did you come to Harrow for,  
 If we lose the match to-night ?  
 If a finger's grasp, as a catch comes down,  
 Go a thousandth part astray—  
 Heavens ! to think there are folks in town  
 Who talk of the game as play !

' Over '—batsmen steadily set ;  
 ' Over '—maiden again ;  
 If it lasts a score of overs yet,  
 It may chance to turn the brain.  
 End it, finish it ! such a match  
 Shortens the breath we draw.  
 Lose it at once, or else—A catch !  
 Ah !

#### LORD'S, 1900<sup>1</sup>

HARROW wins—declare it,  
 All the ranks of man !  
 Rhine to Tiber bear it,  
 Rome to Astrakhan !

O, the universe is small to hold the verses,  
 When for the lads who won the match you lift it all you can ;  
*Praise and pat and pet them, never more forget them,*  
 When for the lads who won the match you lift it all you can !

Cheer him, whale and porpoise !  
 Ocean fishes, cheer !  
 Over veldt and dorp, us  
 Krüger yet may hear !

See him hit and slash them, drive and cut and lash them !  
 On the top of the scoring-board his eighty-eight are clear !  
*Praise and pat and pet them, never more forget them,*  
 On the top of the scoring-board his eighty-eight are clear !

It will be observed that each verse is a semi-acrostic: First verse, Harrow  
 second verse, Cookso[n]; third verse, H. S. Kaye; fourth verse, Wilson; fifth verse,  
 R. Crake.



How the bat they wielded  
 Smote the ball around !  
 Kangaroos to field it,  
 Antelopes to bound !  
 Yes, and how they caught, too, clutched it as they ought to,  
 Ever so high, and near and far, and spinning, and close to ground !  
*Praise and pat and pet them, never more forget them,*  
 Ever so high, and near and far, and spinning, and close to ground !

‘ Well, has luck betrayed us ? ’  
 If you trust the Hill,  
 Luck may fail to aid us,  
 Skill and valour will !  
 Oh, to stop and feel them—then to rush and steal them—  
 Now or never to dare and do, when Daring matches Skill !  
*Praise and pat and pet them, never more forget them,*  
 Now or never to dare and do, when Daring matches Skill !

Runs but six to tie them !  
 Can they top the score ?  
 Rise and hover by them,  
 All the brave of yore !  
 Keep the sight from blinking, stay the heart from sinking,  
 End is coming ; a one, a four, a one—a tie—A FOUR !  
*Praise and pat and pet them, never more forget them,*  
 End is coming ; a one, a four, a one—a tie—A FOUR !

FROM THE VISITORS’ BOOK, BUTTERMERE INN, CRUMMOCKWATER

ST. GEORGE was spent—so runs the lay told still o’er pipes and flagons,—  
 With weeding Britain all the day of griffins, gnomes, and dragons ;  
 Of all the sprites of hill and tree, hard hitters, merry fighters,  
 And almost—but that could not be—of all the guide-book writers :  
 Now, fighting o’er, he needed sore—oh ! and his wings were weary !—  
 Some silent dell by fount and fell, quiet and cool and cheery :  
 He glanced at Malvern’s boasted side, Snowdon in cloud-land hidden,  
 ‘ Snowdon,’ he cried, ‘ is cockneyfied, and Malvern physie-ridden.  
 The Lakes will rest the good saint best ; unblessed with wife or daughter,  
 I yet can trace my cousin’s face, St. Patrick, o’er the water.’  
 At Lowood’s inn St. George he tried—what ? with no bride beside him ?—  
 At Ambleside he next applied—Miss Martineau defied him !  
 Rydal had got nor dish nor pot to welcome the new-comer,  
 Wast Head was full of Alpine men, in training for the summer.  
 At length he spied a smooth hill side, with lake and meadow planted,  
 Encircled all with mountain wall, deep bosomed, fairy haunted ;  
 He looked no more—his doubt was o’er—with most angelic flutter  
 His pinions drooped, and down he swooped, down, on the Mere of Butter.

The matron gave what matrons have of welcome and of dinner,  
 What best they give to all who crave, be they or saint or sinner.  
 She gave him eggs—she broiled him ham—she would have added nectar,  
 But who can think what saints may drink?—unless indeed the rector.  
 ‘Woman,’ St. George at parting said, ‘thy whisky’s not the poorest;  
 Thy chops are good for heavenly food, and any mortal tourist.  
 Be thou the patron of the vale, of cot and farm and dairy,  
 The queen of inns o’er hill and dale, of hostels tutelary;  
 And when the guest comes sore distressed from Pillar, Scarf, or Gable,  
 With thee he best shall find good rest, good bed and eke good table;  
 Nor when he begs with weary legs, feet sore, and empty stomach,  
 Shall see or hear of better cheer than by the Lake of Crummock.’

#### AN EPISODE OF BALACLAVA

WHEN slow and faint from off the plain  
 Pale wrecks of sword and gun,  
 Torn limbs, and faces racked with pain,  
 Crept upwards, one by one;  
 When, striving as the hopeless strive,  
 Ascare with shot and flame,  
 Few pallid riders came alive,  
 And marvelled as they came;

Dared any, while with corpses rife  
 Red gleamed the ghastly track,  
 Ride, for the love of more than life,  
 Into the valley back?  
 Pierce, where the bravest tarried not,  
 Stand, where the strongest fell,  
 Face once again the surge of shot,  
 The plunging hail of shell?

He trod of old the hill we tread,  
 He played the games we play;  
 The part of him that is not dead  
 Belongs to us to-day;  
 When next the stranger scans the wall  
 Where carved our heroes are,  
 Wits—poets—statesmen—show them all.  
 And then, the one hussar.

He sought his chief—a dim reply  
 From waving hand was brought;  
 ‘Passed on’—*to safety*, meant the cry;  
*Amid the guns*, he thought;

No question more ; in purpose clear  
 His soldier's creed was strong ;  
 Where rode, he knew, the brigadier,  
 Must ride the aide-de-camp !

He turned his horse's bridle round,  
 Ere one could breathe a breath,  
 And fronted, as on practice ground,  
 The nearest way to death.  
 In pride of manhood's ripest spring,  
 Hopes high, and honour won,  
 He deemed his life a little thing,  
 And rode, a soldier, on.

Up, slow, the homeward remnant fled,  
 Staggered, and fell, and ran ;  
 Down moved, through flying and through dead,  
 One hopeless splendid man ;  
 Alone, unrecked in heat of fray,  
 He stemmed the wave of flight,  
 And passed in smoke and flame away  
 From safety and from sight.

So ends the story ; comrade none  
 Saw where he wounded lay ;  
 No brother helped with cheering tone  
 His stricken life away ;  
 Alone, the pain, the chill, the dread,  
 Crept on him, limb by limb ;  
 The earth which hides the nameless dead  
 Closed nameless over him.

O soldiers of a bloodless strife,  
 O friends in work and play,  
 Bear we not all a coward life  
 Some moment in the day ?  
 So, lest a deed of gallant faith  
 Forgotten fade from view,  
 I take the tale of Lockwood's death,  
 And write it down for you.

P. L. C.

NOT surely a week since we saw him,  
 Health brimming in feature and limb ;  
 Let me try to imagine and draw him,  
 Ere fancy and feature are dim.



Tall, eager, a face to remember,  
 A flush that could change as the day ;  
 A spirit that knew not December,  
 That brightened the sunshine of May.

A child ; in his childhood contented ;  
 Soon clouded, and sooner serene ;  
 Faults many, and quickly repented ;  
 Much love, where repentance had been.  
 Strong life, and an ardour of living ;  
 Quick blood, to enjoy and to hope ;  
 Most happy when, void of misgiving,  
 He coloured the world to his scope.

Is gentleness dear to the sainted ?  
 Is simpleness precious above ?  
 Shall a soul, with humanity tainted,  
 Through humbleness quicken to love ?  
 O comrades, when, in him and through him,  
 As weakness and brightness would blend,  
 You saw the soft nature, and knew him,  
 What more will you wish for your friend ?

What is he ? No answer. Behind him  
 Press faces as gallant as he.  
 Perchance you may happen to find him  
 As you roam through the ages to be.  
 There will still be the smile, and more golden ;  
 There will still be the trust, and more true ;  
 And, with manhood to nerve and embolden,  
 The boy will be dearer to you.

1878.

## SHEMUEL

SHEMUEL, the Bethlehemite,  
 Watched a fevered guest at night ;  
 All his fellows fared afield,  
 Saw the angel host revealed ;  
 He nor caught the mystic story,  
 Heard the song, nor saw the glory.

Through the night they gazing stood,  
 Heard the holy multitude ;  
 Back they came in wonder home,  
 Knew the Christmas kingdom come,  
 Eyes aflame, and hearts elated ;  
 Shemuel sat alone, and waited.

Works of mercy now, as then,  
Hide the angel host from men ;  
Hearts atune to earthly love  
Miss the angel notes above ;  
Deeds, at which the world rejoices,  
Quench the sound of angel voices.

So they thought, nor deemed from whence  
His celestial recompense.  
Shemuel, by the fever bed,  
Touched by beckoning hands that led,  
Died, and saw the Uncreated ;  
All his fellows lived, and waited.

R. G.

STILL the balls ring upon the sun-lit grass,  
Still the big elms, deep shadowed, watch the play ;  
And ordered game and loyal conflict pass  
The hours of May.

But the game's guardian, mute, nor heeding more  
What suns may gladden, and what airs may blow,  
Friend, teacher, playmate, helper, counsellor,  
Lies resting now.

' Over '—they move, as bids their fieldsman's art ;  
With shifted scene the strife begins anew ;  
' Over '—we seem to hear him, but his part  
Is over, too.

Dull the best speed, and vain the surest grace—  
So seemed it ever—till there moved along  
Brimmed hat, and cheering presence, and tried face  
Amid the throng.

He swayed his realm of grass, and planned, and wrought ;  
Warned rash intruders from the tended sward ;  
A workman, deeming, for the friends he taught,  
No service hard.

He found, behind first failure, more success ;  
Cheered stout endeavour more than languid skill ;  
And ruled the heart of boyhood with the stress  
Of helpful will.

Or, standing at our hard-fought game, would look,  
Silent and patient, drowned in hope and fear,  
Till the lips quivered, and the strong voice shook  
With low glad cheer.

Well played. His life was honester than ours ;  
 We scheme, he worked ; we hesitate, he spoke ;  
 His rough-hewn stem held no concealing flowers,  
 But grain of oak.

No earthly umpire speaks, his grave above ;  
 And thanks are dumb, and praise is all too late ;  
 That worth and truth, that manhood and that love  
 Are hid, and wait.

Sleep gently, where thou sleepest, dear old friend ;  
 Think, if thou thinkest, on the bright days past ;  
 Yet loftier Love, and worthier Truth, attend  
 What more thou hast !

1884.

## F. P.

ONE friend and he, when thrills of warmer spring  
 Lent health and voice to boyish frame and tongue,  
 Stood side by side, or parted but to bring  
 Their treasured counsel to the scattering throng.  
 Tory, and Whig ; stout will, and courtly grace :  
 One strong for strife, one ignorant of foe ;  
 Both high of heart, and matched in honour's race ;  
 And in what else united ? Ah, we know.

Harrow, what service that from narrower soul  
 We give the hill where hopes and courage move,  
 Can rival his who spent, ungrudging, whole,  
 For thee, with thee, his seventy years of love ?  
 Eager in boyhood ; then a hero, great  
 In fields of sport, from vulgar flaunting free ;  
 Tried in life's larger labours, tasks of state ;  
 But most himself when caring most for thee !

How gentle, helpful, playful ! who that came  
 Shy, weak of limb, yet dreaming fame and skill,  
 But found, ere half he whispered House and name,  
 A voice that nurtured effort, strengthened will ?  
 And never a Harrow triumph swelled the heart,  
 And never a cloud fell dark on School or boy,  
 But he, strong brother, claimed the foremost part,  
 First in our griefs, and gladdest in our joy.

'So shifts the leg—so shapes the arm, the wrist'—  
 Ah, but the voice, the gesture ! see him watch  
 With English strength, with Irish warmth, or list  
 The boyish count of innings or of catch.



The sunny humour rippling on the lips  
 'Mid pleasant tales of ancient strife and stress ;  
 And hope that knew no languor nor eclipse,  
 And clear calm eyes, and gallant tenderness.

Our fields have lost his presence. Never more,  
 In the long splendour of the summer days,  
 Game after game, as swells the mounting score,  
 His temperate voice shall gladden into praise.  
 Others will toil as he did ; still shall hold  
 The chain that binds us ; skill nor love shall cease ;  
 But he, the first, the purest friend of old,  
 Rests in the silence of the endless Peace.

Yet, O dear memory of the friend of youth,  
 Die not, but stay, and quicken, at his name,  
 All that we have of valour and of truth,  
 Honour in strife, and simpleness in fame.  
 Still keep his teaching fresh, with arm and foot  
 Supple, and firm, and scorning sloth alone :  
 Keep fieldsmen watchful, batsmen resolute ;  
 But make our hearts as loyal as his own !

1895.



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